



FEMDOM STORIES

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Femdom stories

Long weekend away from home

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I was walking down the hallway at my workplace. Today's Friday wasn't much different from all other Fridays before. Another week has almost gone, meaning I would have a long weekend left for my pleasure. Waiting with anticipation for this day to end, I thought about all the exciting activities I would do. Being deeply into female domination, I relentlessly browsed the related sites, read stories, and dreamed that my fantasy to be someone's slave will eventually come true. However, shy and afraid of revealing my desires, I kept them secret from anyone including my close friends and family.

Absentmindedly, I entered the elevator and pushed my level's button. When the doors were about to close, all of the sudden, someone else entered the elevator.

"Would you please press 5", I heard instantly.

Mesmerized by the gentle commanding voice, I quickly obeyed. After that, I raised my eyes and took a look on the intruder. I saw a beautiful young women standing next to me. Her brown hair accompanied by blue eyes, thick lips, and tender body, made her look really fragile and vulnerable. From the other hand, powerful posture and stern face expression suggested determination and self-confidence. She was wearing a conservative blouse and short skirt, creating some glossy look too. Add to this her high heel sandals, perfect long legs, and red colored nails. Noticeably, she was well aware about the overwhelming impression she made, as she knowingly smiled on me.

"Hello, my name is Sydney. I was just transferred from Chicago office", she calmly told me.

I remained speechless, imagining her into my fantasies. She seemed to be the perfect fit for the commanding role, destined to pursue others to fulfill her orders. She was a natural leader, and I readily acknowledged that. Paying tribute to her flawless body, and obeying her every wish was all my desire at that moment.

The elevator came to stop and she was about to exit. At that moment, I realized that this is my best opportunity to know her better. I was afraid to

lose her and that gave me some courage.

“Wait, please excuse my rudeness”, I shouted in desperation.

“My name is Andrew, and I am really astonished by your beauty. Can we talk for a minute?”

“Hmm, OK. Let’s find an empty room”, she said while smiling broadly.

She went ahead to look for the room, completely sure that I will follow. Luckily, the next room to the elevator was empty and we entered inside. It was a small tiny booth with only one chair. Sydney instantly sat there, and that left me standing in front of her. Signaling me to start she stared into my eyes.

“I really find you very beautiful and attractive. Are you single? Can I invite you to a date?” I said in anticipation.

“Well, I am not interested in any relationships now. My previous connection turned to be very hurtful and painful. Thus, I am very hesitant to dive into something new. Thank you for your offer, though,” she quietly said.

I was upset by her refusal, but wasn’t willing to give up yet.

“OK, that’s fine with me. But if you will need my help, don’t hesitate to tell,” I said preparing to leave.

Her reaction absolutely surprised me.

“Do you want to help me? How? What are you willing to do?”

“Well, since you just moved, I can help you to arrange the house.”

At that moment a quick spark went through her eyes. She thought about something and then turned her attention toward me:

“Hmm, that actually sounds very interesting. Let’s meet after work at my place,” she smiled and quickly wrote down her address on the paper.

I was in heaven. I met this wonderful girl and even though it’s not a date, she already invited me to her house. When I left the room, I totally forgot about work and started to think about the coming adventure. Rest of the day was filled with continuous glances on the clock. Finally, when the work day was over, I drove to Sydney’s house.

I was met with the large 2 store building located in a quiet neighborhood. She greeted me at the entrance wearing tight shirt, jeans, and worn flats. My eyes instantly glued to her clearly visible breasts. Amused by my reaction, she motioned me to come inside, and turned around showing me her divine hips. Incased in a small jeans, they were just the right proportion and looked very suggesting. Her black sweaty flats appeared like a special treat to my twisted mind. The very thought of cleaning them with my tongue made me crazy.

“Thank you for coming. I need some help around the house. So, please change your clothes. As I don’t have any man’s clothes, I prepared my old sport suit for you,” she said to me while leading me to one of the bedrooms.

After her exit, I grabbed the sport suit and started to undress. Wearing women’s clothes was a completely new experience to me. Nice soft fabric touched gently my skin and made me shivering with anticipation. My hard bulge was clearly seen through small pants, so I tried to calm down and relax.

When I came back, Sydney approvingly looked on me and tasked me with the things to do around the house. I moved the boxes from one room to another, wiped the dust, and cleaned the floors. At some point, when I was cleaning one of the rooms, Sydney stopped by. She took off her flats and went barefooted to the bathroom. The temptation to touch the shoes was overwhelming. Quietly, I sneaked around, grabbed the flats, and smelled the insides. Pungent, strong odor of sweat reached my nostrils. I lost the track of time, and started to hibernate dreaming of Sydney. Suddenly, the bathroom door opened, and I saw her standing in front of me. Wordlessly, she took her flats from my hand and left the room.

I was sure she will kick me out from her house for such a perversion. Ashamed and worried, I prepared a whole speech explaining my motives. However, after three hours of heavy activity, Sydney called me to the kitchen for the dinner she prepared for us. She acted normal, so I concluded that there would be no consequences from my last actions. While eating my meal, I suddenly realized how ridiculously I looked now. In a women’s sport suit soaked with sweat, tired from all the work, I wasn’t that presentable, to say at least. My thoughts were read by Sydney:

“Oh, don’t worry about anything. You can take a shower and I will do a laundry for all your stuff. Just leave your clothes in the bathroom and wear my bath wrap,” she told me.

Cleaning myself in the shower, made wonders to my feelings. Wrapped in a towel, with the renewed energy, I walked into the living room. Sydney was sitting on the sofa waiting for me. She gestured me to stand in front of her.

“How do you like it here?” she asked politely.

“I like to help you to arrange the house,” I answered meekly.

Suddenly, she gave me a stern look and continued:

“Do you like to be ordered by the girl and wear women’s clothes? What do you think about my flat shoes?”

“I want to be with you. If it means to take your orders wear your clothes, or to perform other demeaning things, I am OK with it,” I answered instantly without thinking.

That was the moment of truth. For the first time in my life I admitted my true desires to another person. Never in my life before I was so honest and open. At that moment, I felt like I crossed a turning point and there is no way back. My whole life was about to change forever.

I thought she would be appalled by my answer and will show me the exit. In contrary, it seems to utterly delight her. She broadly smiled and continued:

“You are a natural submissive. I felt it in you from the beginning, but wished to be sure. I think, we both can greatly benefit from your feelings. I want to offer you to become my temporary slave, my possession for this weekend. I can give you a tremendous joy and fulfill your dreams. In return, you will obey my every command, and spend two days with me here serving my needs. I require complete submission and will punish severely for any refusal. Are you willing to take my proposal?”

“Yes, I want to become your temporary slave”, I told her, amazed by my openness. My dream started to become real. All these years I desperately tried to find someone willing to take me as a slave. I definitely didn’t want

for this opportunity to fade away now. At the worst case, I thought to myself, it's only for 2 days. It can be a good experience for me.

Pleased with my answer, Sydney ordered me to cross my hands behind my head, and to stand still. When I did so, she quickly approached and took off the wrapping towel. Being naked before this beautiful powerful women felt very exciting and arousing. My member instantly showed his delight too. Amused by my arousal, she slowly produced a collar from her pocket and secured it around my neck.

"From now on, you will always wear this collar, and stay naked when in this house. Later I will tell what you will wear outside. You will call me Mistress, and will not speak unless asked a specific question. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress", I hastily answered.

"Good, you are learning fast. Now let's check your compliance with my orders. Go back to the bathroom and shave all your pubic hair. That will keep reminding you of your changed status here", she ordered.

I quickly obeyed and went to fill my orders. A shaving cream and a razor were conveniently located on the shelf before me. Being accustomed to face shaving, it wasn't that difficult for me to shave the required area too. After I was done, I ran back to the living room and took the previous standing position. This time the feeling was somewhat different though. I felt much more vulnerable and colder in the shaved area. It was just like some protection level has been pulled off.

Mistress showed me a strangely looking metal tube with the locking mechanism at the end. As if explaining to a little kid she spoke softly and slowly:

"This is a cock chastity device and it will keep you from coming. More precisely, you will still be able to get stimulated up to the some point, but ejaculation wouldn't be possible. From now on, only I will decide when and how you will cum."

With that, she quickly enclosed my penis inside the chastity. At first, metal parts felt coldly along my soft tender skin and I started to tremble. With gentle reassuring hand touches Mistress calmed me down. She closed the device with the small lock and showed me the key. In a complete silence I

watched her taking a necklace and adjusting the key there. Afterwards, she slowly connected the necklace around her neck in a symbolic gesture of sealing my fate.

Part 2

Suddenly, the reality of the situation started to settle down upon me. I was standing naked facing the completely clothed woman. Moreover, that woman has an absolute control over my manhood and my future actions. From now on, I was at the complete mercy from the total stranger which I met just today. Am I doing a right thing? Maybe I should take all my clothes and run away from here as fast as I can? Will she publicize my perversion and thus ruin my whole life?

My hesitations were obviously well seen by my Superior. Mistress walked toward the sofa and made herself comfortable by taking the seat.

“Now you are starting to understand your position here. You are my toy, a tool in my hand to do everything I want. Don’t worry, whatever happens here, stays here. You re completely safe and secure with me. I will lead you through this wonderful path of submission to women. I will teach you how to worship and serve the eternal Goddess hidden inside every female being.”

“Let me now teach you some manners. As my slave, you are required to pay a proper homage to all women contacting you. You should never start a conversation, and look directly into the eyes. Asked about something, first you have to kneel and kiss the feet, and only then reply with all the honor and honesty. As a slave, you do not have any dignity whatsoever. So, terms like shame, and self-respect are not applicable to you anymore. Remember, your behavior shows my training. Any discrepancy in your attitude brings a shadow on me too. Of course, you will be severely punished if it would occur.”

“One more basic rule. Whenever entering my house, you have to take off all your clothes. You are not allowed to wear any clothes inside the house. Your status and place here should be apparent and clearly seen. Besides, your nakedness will emphasize your obedience and compliance with my rules.”

Next, she took off her flats, pointed toward her legs and ordered:

“Slave, kneel here and start smelling the odor. It’s a mix of the day sweat, dirt, and leather. Be assured, you will quickly find it very arousing and delightful. In fact, after few times you will desire to inhale that smell more than any perfume in the world. While you are cherishing my generous present, I will teach you how to treat my feet”.

Without any contempt, I protruded myself toward her soles and inhaled the stinky scent. No doubt, it was disgusting and smelly. My face expression probably told it, as Mistress laughed sarcastically.

“Take it deep down your nostrils. Learn to deal with this odor. Finally, I am doing it to you. From the moment I saw you in the elevator, I wanted to bring my feet to your nose. It’s so humiliating and arousing. Enjoy the reek of your defeat, slave.”

My humiliation was intense, indeed. The stinky scent was coming from everywhere. The feeling was like my skin and hair will carry this smell too, for ages to come. However, at that time Mistress already thought about the next step in my debasement.

“Let’s now talk about a feet worship. As a Lady and your Owner I will require frequent feet service from you. That means, cleaning my feet with only your tongue. In no way you are allowed to use your hands. You should start with the soles by moving from the heels all the way up to the toes. I expect all the dirt and crumbs being collected and swallowed. Crisp, clear soles should be your top priority. When you will arrive to toes, you should first lick each toe. Then, your mouth should suck each and every toe separately. A special attention should be given to the spaces between the toes as little dirt morsels tend to collect there.”

“Enough with the theory for now. Let’s start with the practice. Show me your tongue,” my Mistress ordered.

Obediently, I opened my mouth and stick out my tongue. She grabbed it between her fingers and pulled it out to the maximum with her hand. Then, she brought her right foot closely and calmly waited for me to start. I took a deep breath and slowly touched her heels with my tongue. My dream was about to become true. I was about to clean most beautiful feet ever, the feet of my Mistress.

Excited and trembling with anticipation I licked and licked like there will be no tomorrow. My whole existence was dependent on that job. Beginning with the heel, I gradually made my way toward the toes, scrapping all the dirt with my teeth. While cleaning all the salty sweat, my tongue also applied saliva to her divine skin. After leaving her sole spotless and shiny, I paid a special attention to the toes. Sucking each toe one by one, I heard moans of joy from my superior Lady. Reassured by my correct actions, I proceeded to the second foot. All this time, Mistress's hand was on my head leading and controlling me.

Delighted with my performance, Mistress told me to stand on all fours. She comfortably rested her legs on my back using me as her footstool. Then she started her monolog:

“You see slave, your servitude and humiliation proved to be very helpful for both of us. You saw your true nature, your destiny. Your feelings, attitude, and behavior, all were a clear sign of your submissive nature. No matter how you hide it, you can't run from it. I was just very fortunate to recognize your potential first. Stick with me and we will achieve unimaginable heights.”

Finally, this eventful day came to its end. Mistress showed me my room and left. The room was tiny with only one small piece of furniture, the lonely twin bed standing in the corner. Besides, a full bathroom was adjourned it. As I wasn't in any position to complain, I quickly took a shower and exhausted fell asleep.

Part 3

Next morning, I was woken up by the loud noise made by the bell hanging inside my room. My nakedness, collar, and a cock cage quickly reminded me yesterday's events and my true status. I slowly walked into the living room just to find there my Mistress waiting for me:

"Slave, the breakfast is ready. Let's go to eat," she pronounced and waved toward the kitchen.

In the kitchen I found two plates with corn flex, one on the table, and another on the floor. Wordlessly, Mistress sat at the table and started eating. I took my seat on the floor and savored my meal too. I just got another reminder of my position here, at the feet of my Owner.

After the breakfast, Mistress continued my training. This time she ordered me to stand on all fours and then sat on my back. I had to carry her through the house, like some sort of a pony.

"Slave, you have to walk slowly on your hands and knees. Watch the surrounding carefully, and always remember to hold the back straight. If I will squeeze my legs, that would mean the immediate stop for you. My slap on your buttocks should tell you to increase the speed. Now, let's move. Giddy up!"

I raised my left hand and leg and did a first step. The right hand and leg followed. After the few steps. I started to feel Mistress's weight more and more. In addition, my body began to fail on me. My breath became heavy, feet and legs started to tremble. Determined to carry on, I took a deep breath and continued walking. It took few more minutes until I fell down on the floor, totally exhausted. Obviously, Mistress wasn't satisfied with my effort:

"Your performance is a total disgrace. You are too weak even for such a simple task. You should only stop when I tell you. Don't worry, tough. After couple more rides, you will start to catch up."

She left me laying on the floor until I was able to stand again. However, at the moment I stood up, I had to crawl again.

“I am in the bad mood, and you have to make up for your last failure. We will play a simple, and easy game. I will throw an object and you will run and bring it back to me. All that time, you have to crawl on your hands and knees. In addition, you are not allowed to touch the object with your hands, only with your mouth,” she patiently explained to me.

I was shown with the small rubber bone, being thrown away through all the room. Without much thinking, I crawled and bite it with my mouth. When I brought the bone back I had to sit on my knees in order to deliver it to my Mistress. She laughed and patted my head.

“It’s so hilarious. You see, slave, that was not so hard to follow the instruction. You should always obey my wishes. I am so proud of you,” she said beaming with joy.

The game went on for another hour. At some point, the bone was changed by the rubber ball and flats.

The latest addition was more demanding, I wasn’t allowed to put any of my saliva on the shoes. Playing by the rules was very demeaning and humiliating. However, some part of me really welcomed such a degradation. Instead of dreaming, I had a real thing now, and was utterly enjoying it.

Part 4

My next task was even more debasing. I was led to the shoes closet and was presented with the pair of high heel black boots. The boots were all covered with mud and dirt stains.

“These are my favorite boots. I would absolutely love to wear them to work on Monday. Your job is to make them as clean as new. Meanwhile, I will prepare the lunch for us,” was all I heard from my cruel Superior.

I tried first to take off some mud parts with my hands. Careful not to scratch the leather, my fingers gently scrubbed the surface. The success was only partial, tough. Stains and sticky mud still remained everywhere. Without much choice, I put my tongue in service. At the beginning, I licked the soles taking away all the dust. I tried to moisture every sticky part with my saliva, and then grabbed it with my teeth. This process went on and on until the soles were clean and shiny. All the crumbs I found, I swallowed.

At some point I was called to take a lunch in the kitchen. As previously, I ate on the floor at the feet of my Mistress. We both had the same meal, and after we finished, each one of us continued with the last activities. I went to clean the boots, while the Mistress stayed in the kitchen.

When I finished with the soles, I thoroughly licked the leather. I rolled my tongue over and over some sticky spots and stains. During the whole process I lost the track of time again. My only goal was to satisfy Mistress’s demands and make the boots as neat as possible. At some point, Mistress stopped me and carefully examined my work. She pointed out to some unclean spots and went away. Eventually, this tedious assignment was finished. I proudly presented the boots to my Owner and got an approving smile from her. She patted my head and announced:

“You are becoming quite handy. I am quite satisfied with your efforts and dedication. As a gift, I will take you for a walk outside today.”

My mind went blank. I just couldn’t imagine myself being led naked on the street. Remembering to be silent, I rolled my eyes and begged for mercy. My plea was met by the smile from my Owner:

“Don’t worry little one, I will let you wear your clothes. I forbid my slaves from wearing the underwear, tough. You will always keep walking two steps after me looking only on my feet. No glancing around, no talking with anyone. If I stop, you stop too, and wait for my order.”

So, I put my clothes on and followed my Mistress outside. Our walk would be uneventful if not my pants scratching my cock cage and balls all the time. I absolutely missed a soft fabric of my underwear. Strict Mistress’s rules also prevented me from seeing the neighborhood. All I cared about was to keep my eyes on her feet and meekly follow her. She made frequent stops as if looking for something. After some time her quest came to the end. Angrily, she pointed to the pile of dog’s excrements and explained:

“It’s rude not to clean after your dog. Luckily, I have a slave willing to do that. Boy, go and take this filth to the trash can.”

I meekly obeyed and collected the disgusting material with my hands. Unfortunately, the trash bin couldn’t be found. Therefore, I had to carry the excrements with me. Astonished by passers were probably shocked by my actions. Number of times I caught people staring on me in disbelief. I didn’t paid attention, tough. All I cared about is to make my Superior happy. Everything else was unimportant for me. After it seemed like eternity, I found a trash bin and was able to get rid of my unappealing baggage.

Eventually, it became darker and we headed back home. Suddenly, when we almost arrived, Mistress made a stop and ordered me to stand on my hands and knees. When I obeyed, she sat on my back and commanded me to carry her. Enjoying my further humiliation, she shouted loudly, and joyfully slapped my bottom. I made my best to keep up. Luckily, we reached her house without meeting anyone. Exhausted, I laid on the porch, trying to take some rest. At that moment, Mistress gestured me to take off my clothes, and to lay on my stomach. After it was done, she thoroughly wiped her shoes on my back. Next, she left me staying there and locked the door. After some time, the door opened, and I was able to walk inside.

My day ended up exactly as the last time. I was sent to take a bath and then fell asleep in my room.

Part 5

Sunday, started in the same fashion as previously. I was woken up by the bell, and ate breakfast together with the Mistress in the kitchen. Today however she had different plans for us. We had to buy some groceries and other supplies for the house.

My Owner was already fully clothed, so I put my clothes on too. We went to the car, and I was sent to take the back seat. It didn't took us long to arrive at Safeway store.

Someone looking over our walk through the grocery shop would be thinking of us as a regular couple. Few details were quite unusual, though. I was always left pushing the cart few steps behind my Mistress. She always solely selected what to buy, without ever consulting me. At some point, Mistress casually grabbed an ice cube and viciously dropped it inside my pants. Bringing enormously unpleasant cold sensation, the ice started to melt adding the wet stains on my pants. When we arrived at the register, Mistress went ahead leaving me alone with the cashier. Obviously, I didn't have any money to pay for all the purchases. The cashier and the whole line, gave me weird looks. Luckily, my embarrassment was short as Mistress came back and swiped her credit card.

After that, we visited the pet store. We went straightly to the shelves filled with leashes. Mistress ordered me to stand still and started to test them by clipping to my collar. While she playfully changed leash after leash, I was worried that someone will see me. After the appropriate leash was found, we collected some pet food, a pet bowl, and walked toward the toys. I have been required to crawl, sniff fetch balls, and bring plastic bones with my mouth. All of the sudden I heard laughing behind me.

"What a wonderful doggy. Does it know some tricks? Puppy, what is your name?" some middle aged women asked my Owner and me.

"Oh, unfortunately he doesn't know much and goes without name. He had only started his training. But he is very polite. Go, greet the Lady properly," my Mistress angrily told me.

Instantly, I turned to the Lady and kissed her shoes. She was apparently working in this store as she wore its logo on her uniform. That probably was the reason for approaching us. I guess, it wasn't so uncommon to see such a couple nowadays. She asked my Superior whether I can carry her sandals to the counter. Mistress quickly agreed and explained how she deemed it should be accomplished. Finally, I took her sandals with my mouth and crawled toward the registers. Strong smelly odor of the daily sweat filled my nostrils. Laughing at my face expression, both Ladies accompanied my humiliated walk. As we approached our destination, I was rewarded by licking Lady's feet. All the way back to the counter she walked bare footed, so her soles were enormously dirty and smelly. My tongue and teeth were making wonders going back and forward. I even almost choked from all the swollen grease and mud. Amused by my sheer efforts, the Lady congratulated Mistress with obtaining such a helpful possession and asked to spend some more time with me. We left the store with her business card promising to return at the earliest occasion.

During our way back home, in the car, I was punished for the failure to properly greet a Lady in the store. My pants were taken from me and I rode naked at the back. Each time we stopped in traffic, my face turned red from the slight idea that someone will see me. Suddenly, our car made a sharp turn and went toward drive in restaurant. We waited in line until our order was taken. Young lady took Mistress's credit card, and on the way to return it, occasionally glanced on my ashamed position. Speechless, she wide opened her mouth in total disbelief. The awkward situation continued at the next window, when we picked our meals. This time, another young lady kept staring on me waiving her head.

Part 6

Several minutes later we finally arrived at Mistress's house. She parked the car outside the house and walked home taking my pants with her.

Sheepishly, I took our lunches and ran as fast as I could to the house.

Luckily, the door was open, and I was able to sneak inside. After we enjoyed the lunch together, Mistress already had some idea for the next activity.

First, she sent me to thoroughly brush my teeth. Then it was done, she smiled mischievously, and took me to the laundry room. On the floor there I saw a small pile of her panties. I was told to clean the panties with my mouth, one by one. Hesitantly, I took a first panty inside my mouth, completely unsure what to do.

“Look at you. You have been given a heavenly present, and you don't know how to handle it. Many men would be dying to switch their positions with you. Enjoy your sweat dessert,” was all she said and left.

The panty fabric in my mouth started to extract a slightly salty taste into my saliva. I realized that this taste is formed as a mix of urine, squirt, and other women fluids. I swallowed it and filled my mouth with saliva once again. It took several such “washing cycles” in order for the taste to subside. After that, I took off the panty from my mouth and carefully examined it.

Surprisingly, soaked with my saliva the panty was looking almost clean. The only dirty part left was the small sticky brown stain on the back side. Obvious for the source of this filthy spot, I licked it multiple times until it went away too. The rest of the pile was dealt in the same way – thorough wash inside the mouth, and then a special licking of any residues.

It became already late evening when my task was finished. Mistress carefully checked every panty pair and apparently was satisfied with my efforts. She led me back into the living room and gave me back all my possessions: my clothes, wallet, and the driving keys. She offered the chastity key by saying:

“Your temporary slavery is over by now. You can take your clothes and return back home. However, I have a different proposition for you. I was

quiet delighted with your services. I would like to prolong our agreement for another week. If you will agree, we would behave like a regular couple at work. However, every evening you will arrive here and serve as my slave. After a one week period, we should have this conversation again.”

I was speechless for a moment. I suffered enormous humiliations during this weekend. I experienced an inhuman attitude and an absolute debasement. From the other side, some part of me was totally OK with it. I remembered how much excited and aroused I have been. I started to like the Mistress more and more. With each new degradation I got a chance to adore her, to show her my dedication. I absolutely wished to continue serving her. That’s why with total acceptance, I kneeled before her and started to kiss her feet.

“I would take this as your agreement. Prepare yourself for a wild ride. I can assure you that the next week will be an unforgettable experience for you,” she announced.

After that, I was sent to my house packing. Mistress instructed me just to bring the necessary stuff, like daily clothes, a toothbrush, and a shaver.

When I arrived back to Mistress’s house, she ordered me to kneel and to massage her feet with my hands. I had gently and slowly to roll my fingers over her soles, ankles, and heels. While I was doing that, she suddenly told me her story:

“Ever since I was a little girl, I always liked to command people, to tell them what to do. In a high school, I already started to recognize those individuals who would be easily controlled. That was the time when I found my first slave. Over the time, I got addicted to the domination and couldn’t think about my life without it. Last year, I met a nice looking guy who wanted to date me. This time, however, I wanted to make it differently. We became an ordinary vanilla couple, and I was very careful to hide my domination’s side. My attitude backfired, when I caught him cheating on me with my best friend. He told me that I am too soft and gentle for him. That’s why, I am not looking for any new regular relationships now. I am whoever I am, the dominant person looking for slaves, end of story. Now you turn, tell me about yourself.”

“Well, I am the regular guy which you can meet everywhere. Ever since the high school, I was trying to date girls. Somehow, not sure why, all my encounters were short in time. At some point, I started to look into myself in order to try to understand what is wrong with me. At this time, I came across the female domination, and figured out that this can be a perfect solution. If the woman doesn’t want to be with me, when maybe she would like to dominate me, instead. I began to read all the materials I could find about that. In fact, I developed some kind of addiction, an obsession to submit to someone,” I told her.

Mistress brought her feet to my lips and waived me to start licking them. Next, she explained her view:

“I believe people are born to be submissive, or to be dominant. It’s hidden inside their nature. Some events in our lives can prompt for these traits to show up. As I told, you are a true submissive. You are not just enjoying your humiliations, but also wish for them to grow. You are also highly trainable and learn everything on the spot. You are like a play dough in my hand. I feel like I can create everything from you.”

“You probably think about me as an evil, heartless bitch. Well, maybe you are right about it. But even a bitch like me wants to be grateful sometimes. So, in order to recognize your sacrifice for me, I would like to establish the following. Every evening, at the end of the day, we will sit here alone, me and you. Exactly as we do now, we will forget about a domination for a moment. Instead we will engage in a talk about our feelings, daily events, plans, or something like that.”

We spoke until early morning about everything. Surprisingly, I was able to describe my views, and thoughts. Something like a real connection started to form between us. Of course, I was still her slave. However, I felt like Mistress is really interested to hear about me and she enjoys this open conversation as much as I do. When I was sent to my room, a weird thing came to my mind.

“In other circumstance, we could be a really good couple,” I thought to myself.

Part 7

Next morning we woke up, ate the breakfast and went to work together. As agreed, all the time at work, we had to pretend being dating. We drove at the same car, and practiced all the time to call each other by name. It was kind of strange at the beginning, but after our evening talk, we both managed to accomplish that. Luckily, no one noticed our relationships at first. We kept a distance between each other, not willing to share our secret. Finally, the work day ended, and we could go back home. At the moment we started driving, the already usual state of the things prevailed. Mistress's tone was a good sign:

“Slave, don't get any ideas about the ease in your training. I am still your Mistress, and you have to obey me completely. I will not tolerate any transgression.”

When we arrived at her house, my Superior opened the door and went inside. Remembering, her rules, I took off all my clothes and came inside naked.

“Slave, my boots are dirty. Clean them thoroughly,” she ordered.

In fact, after my last wash, the boots were in a pretty good shape. Only some dust indeed was seen on the leather. The soles however were dirty with gum and grease. I applied a lot of saliva on the gum in order to moisture it. Then, I tried to scrub it with my teeth. My success was only partial as sticky stuff hasn't gone away entirely. Wondering how to take it off, I got a genius idea. I wrapped my lips around that spot and started to blow the hot air. That did the trick and the remains of the gum fell inside my mouth. Already accustomed to eating the nasty things, I obediently swallowed the gum. To polish the rest of the boots was comparatively easy. My Owner closely examined my work and then moved her head approvingly.

My next task was to lay on my back under the table. Mistress conveniently rested her bare feet legs on my lips and read something on her computer. Unknowing how to proceed I just laid still inhaling the daily sweat odor. After couple more minutes, her feet started to move back and forth. She

actually tried to wipe her soles on my lips. Guessing her intent, I opened my mouth, and protruded my tongue. Approvingly, she continued to wipe her legs with my tongue. I felt like a door mat laying on the floor. My humiliation became even harsher than my Superior decided to shove her right foot inside my mouth. She raised her leg and forcibly pushed her toes through my teeth.

“Suck it,” was all she said, and continued looking browsing. After some times, left foot followed too.

After she found whatever she was looking for, Mistress led me to the kitchen for the dinner. As always I sat on the floor at her feet. After we ate, began my most anticipated event of the day. Our daily conversation started.

“Let’s talk about the boundaries. Everyone has them and you should tell me yours. As an act of mutual trust, I will uncover mine. My strongest rule is about sex. I will never have a sex with my slave. It seems completely unnatural to regard someone as a man, when he wishes to be your object. It’s just like having sex with animal, totally unthinkable and absurd. What about you?”

“I am a complete novice. I think my red line is a homosexual activity. I am totally not into this stuff. I do not like also being dominated by someone else. Having 2 or more Mistresses is too much for me. “

“Hmm. I think you are right about the same sex acts. Even though I find them very demeaning, I do not think they are necessary. The same level of humiliation can achieved by other means. As to having another Mistress. Actually it can be fun, though I have never tried it. Luckily for you, I am new in town, so I do not know anyone else practicing our life style.”

Part 8

During next day at work everything started as usual. We both came in together, and kept remote distance between us. People, however recognized some relationships between us. Couple of time I caught envy looks from men and some approving smiles from women. Suddenly, at noon my messenger window went red:

“Andrew, I have to speak with you urgently. Are you able to meet me in a meeting room on your floor now? Sydney”, was all I read.

I sent a confirmation and went directly to the meeting room. When I entered, I saw Sydney. She immediately gave me all the details:

“My ex, Greg, is here in town. Apparently, he met with our mutual friend which lives here. That girl, Jessica, just called, and invited me to her party today. Greg is trying to get back with me, so he is looking for me now. I need someone who will go to that party with me, and will pretend to be my boyfriend. Will you agree to come with me? You don’t have to do it, as we never agreed on that.”

“Sydney, don’t worry. I am glad to help you out. You know, I will do everything for you. Just tell me what I should do?”

“Thanks, you are a life saver. All you need to do is to make my ex jealous. I want him to feel all the pain he caused me. You should frequently touch, hug, and kiss me. Your eyes should be glued on me with love. However, remember that you are still wearing my collar and a chastity. “

After we agreed on all the details, we went back to work. Rest of the work day went uneventful, and we drove to Sydney’s friend.

The party already began when we arrived. 3 more couples and Greg were inside the house. From the start, to the utter surprise of all the attendees, I was introduced as Sydney’s new boyfriend. In order to prove that, I slightly kissed Sydney’s cheek, and put my hand around her waist. Greg’s reaction was easy to predict. Jealous and angry he kept his eyes on us all the time. We proceeded flirting and hugging through the rest of event. Frankly speaking, I haven’t paid my attention to the surrounding. I was just

mesmerized by the ability to be so close to Sydney. Touching her heavenly body, kissing her magic lips was the dream coming true for me.

Suddenly, strong push on my shoulder brought me back to my senses. Greg just wanted to have a small talk with me outside. You don't have to be a genius, to understand his motives. My father always told me to stand up to the bullies. So, I slowly rose up and quietly left the room. By all means I wouldn't describe myself as a tough guy, but I wasn't ever afraid to take a punch.

Greg started to explain me how wrong I am dating "his girl". When he went telling me what he will do with me, I stroke him with my fist. A subsequent knee blow knocked him down. At that moment, Sydney ran to me and her eyes told me the whole story.

"Andrew, I was so worried. You are my hero. Why did you leave without letting me know?"

I started to apologize, but apparently she wasn't mad at me. We returned and stayed until the end. When everybody else left, Jessica, our hostess, asked Sydney:

"Where have you found him? He is adorable."

"We met in elevator, while he was seeing me in his dreams. He is very talented and dedicated. You won't believe all the things he is doing for me," was she said with the broad smile.

Part 9

Wednesday's morning we drove again together to work. So far, no one mentioned the events of the last night. When we returned back home from the party, we both were exhausted to talk and went to sleep in our rooms. Breakfast procedure was usual too. I just ate my corn flex at the feet of my Mistress. Waiting in anticipation for the evening, I counted down hours and minutes until the work day will be over. Finally, we met at the parking and went back home.

When we arrived, we slowly approached the entrance, and I started to undress, Suddenly, Mistress brought her lips closer to my mouth and tenderly kissed me. Her tongue probed inside my mouth and rolled around. I felt a sweet taste of her saliva pouring inside. By all means, it was a sweetest and most successful kiss in my life! We both lost ourselves in that kiss. After some time, we finally could stop and took our breath.

"I just wanted to say thank you for standing up for me. It means a lot to me. I will never forget it," said my Mistress. After she turned away and entered the house, I undressed and walked inside. I was met with the sternly look and an order:

"Slave, this house is a mess. Go, fetch the vacuum and clean all the carpets. After it is done, I want you to clean the bathrooms. I expect them to be spotless and shiny."

Next 2 hours I was busy vacuuming the dust and scrapping the floors. I was trying as much as I can to satisfy my Owner. Finally, when everything seems to be intact, I called my Mistress. Completely exhausted and covered with sweat, I patiently waited her inspection. When we were done with the bedrooms, we slowly moved to the bathrooms. Mistress, took a piece of the toilet paper and wiped the toilet seat. The expression on her face told me everything. I totally forgot to clean the toilets. Boiling with anger she instantly grabbed my ear and harshly pulled me toward her.

"You are a dumb, disrespectful animal. I feed you and provide you with the place to stay. And you instead, are paying me with disobedience and

negligence. I will show you how I treat such misdemeanor. You will remember it for a long time.”

She walked to the living room and pulled me with her. After she sat down on the sofa, she waived me to lay down on her knees. Hesitantly, without much choice, I obeyed. She squeezed my member between her legs and slapped me with her bare hand. It felt like a sudden painful sting. While the pain was spreading over my body, few more slaps followed. Shortly after, my poor ass became to burn, as like it’s on fire. I started to scream and beg for forgiveness. Both the humiliation and pain caused me to cry. At the end, Mistress ordered me to lay down on the sofa and shoved something soaked wet into my mouth.

She left me for a while and then returned with her some soothing cream and wipes. The cream was gently applied on my bottoms. Still sobbing from enormous pain, I sucked the wet material inside my mouth. The taste was rather familiar. It was a little bit sour with some salty addition. Suddenly, the revelation about the source of the material came to me. I was chewing the wet Mistress’s panties. She surely came while spanking my behinds. Her juices and extracts made the material salty and sour. Meanwhile her soothing gentle touches continued:

“You really disappointed me today. I was so mad on you. But it’s all over now. Believe me, I am doing it for your own good. I want you to become a better slave of mine. Only through the pain and the punishment you can learn your mistakes. I am a very demanding Owner and will not tolerate any distractions,” she explained and walked out of the room.

It took me at least 1 hour to come to my senses and be able to walk. Slowly, I made my way to my room, and went straight to the mirror. All my bottoms were bearing a pale red color. I experienced a spanking for the first time in my life. The cruelty of situation totally overwhelmed me. Yes, Mistress had any right to be angry with me. I absolutely failed her orders. She had also an authority to punish me. After all, I agreed to be her slave and she emphasized the consequences of any disobedience. Still, after all we went through, her treatment was severe and deemed inappropriate. I guess, for the first time, I had a serious doubt whether I really have to be here. Tough the week wasn’t over yet, I already wanted the time to run faster.

Part 10

Thursday should have been yet another regular day. We quietly ate the breakfast and headed to work. Even though the pain went away, last night events still bothered me. I couldn't sit down and every move was met with the stinging sensation. Once again I couldn't concentrate on my job. However, contrary to the previous days, I wasn't so eager for the work day to end. Mistress once again showed me my true status for her. I was just her object, her toy for the rest of the week. I was hoping to become more, to be her partner, her mate. How ridiculously fool was I?

Anyway, finally the work day came to an end. Instead of going home together, I had to take a taxi. Mistress had to stay late for some urgent last time assignments. When I approached the entrance door, I quickly took off all my clothes and folded them neatly. To my surprise the door wasn't locked when I entered the house.

Young girl, probably in her early twenties was standing inside. She somehow resembled my Mistress, so I concluded that she it is her younger sister. Obviously, the young lady was shocked from my appearance. She opened her eyes widely and speechlessly stared on me.

Remembering Mistress's guidance, I instantly fell on my knees and kissed her shoes.

"I am a slave of Mistress Sydney Elliott. Please let me know how I can serve you?" was all I said.

"Hello, I am Melinda Elliot, Sydney's younger sister. I just came to visit her. Are you really her slave?"

"Yes, Lady Melinda, I am Sydney's slave. I am her property for the rest of the week. I am doing whatever she wants. I never got any specific instructions regarding you, but her general rules were clear. I should obey your orders too."

Clearly the whole domination idea was completely new to her. She continued to ask me a variety of questions, as if she wasn't sure about the whole idea. Finally, she made up her mind and started to order me around.

“Bring me some water. Lay down. Take off my shoes.” were only small part of her orders. Slowly she got some taste and ordered me to show her my red bottoms, and my chastity.

She closely examined my caged cock and touched my balls. At that moment the entrance door had opened and Mistress came inside.

“Oh, Mel, I see you already met with Andrew. He looks lovely, hasn’t he? How do you like his outfit?”

“Syd, he is incredible. He obeyed my every command. Where did you find him?”

“You won’t believe it. But we met in the elevator. We work together, and I thought he has a good potential and value for me.”

“Syd, you were absolutely right. He is so thoughtful and obedient. I enjoyed his presence so much.”

“Mel, let’s not speak about him for now. After all, he is merely an object here. Let me hear your story. How is the university? When are you coming back?”

Next hour they proceeded to chat. I was sent to the kitchen to prepare the dinner. When it was ready, I served the meals and drinks. After they ate, both ladies, put their plates on the floor. As an act of my humiliation, I was ordered to savor the leftovers at their feet. Their conversation continued for another hour. All that time, their legs were conveniently resting on my back.

Suddenly, Mistress offered to play a game. They allowed me to smell their feet and then blind folded me. I was supposed to sniff and lick the toes and guess their owner. Each wrong answer will count toward my future spanking. At the beginning the guessing was easy. Mistress’s feet have recognizable strong sweat odor, while Lady Melinda’s feet smelt like a vinegar. From the other hand, both feet were tender and soft, so the smell was the only factor in order to differentiate between them. The girls obviously quickly grasped my intentions. So, in order to make it harder, they put the same perfume on their legs. I started to panic. By no means, I couldn’t afford another punishment to my already sour bottoms.

Desperate, I started to lick between the toes, hoping to understand the difference. My efforts were in vain tough, tiny pieces of gunk were all I

could sense and swallow. Luckily, I remembered the nail polish lacquer of both Ladies. Mistress nails were covered with smooth one layer of red, while Lady Melinda preferred several layers of violet. That difference was totally a game changer for me. I thoroughly licked the nails and toes, and quickly was able to determine successfully the Lady behind them.

Mistress was very satisfied with my efforts. She joyfully patted my head and generously shoved her feet deep inside my mouth. Trembling from joy I sucked them as a greatest prize I have won. Lately that evening, followed by amused expressions, I was dismissed to my room.

Part 11

Laying on my bed, I thought a little bit about the last events. Today, for the first time, I experienced a long domination from multiple ladies. Even though I was totally against it in the past, now it seemed to be not that offending. Serving both Ladies was fun and highly enjoyable for me. They both were open minded individuals, willing to explore new possibilities. From the other hand, Mistress continued to disregard my personality and there wasn't any chance for the change. Striving for more, I deemed my predefined role to be insufficient. At this point, I was willing to decline any further offer and finish our mutual agreement at the end of this week.

Next day everything went as usual. All three of us have the breakfast together. Of course, both Ladies were sitting at the table, while I was eating on the floor. When we both had to drive to work, came the surprising order.

“Boy, you will stay with Lady Melinda, and will show her arounds. I will take care of your timecard and will report it as a vacation day.”

I was speechless. I couldn't disobey of course, but it was a clear breach of our agreement. We both previously expressed our desire not to intervene the work with our affair.

Mistress was obviously looking for my reaction. It was just another test of my attitude and the desire to submit to her. I slowly moved my head in improvement.

After Lady Melinda left to the bathroom and we stayed alone, Mistress explained her motives:

“Andrew, I know that this is quite unusual and unexpected. Melinda is totally novice and is absolutely mesmerized to have you as her slave. She even wanted to buy you from me. Please obey her as you would obey me. She can be harsh sometimes, but I hope you will manage.”

With that she gave me a slight kiss and left. Her last words let me wondering. She was sound like someone begging for forgiveness. Nothing happened yet, and she was already anticipating some troubles. And troubles were short to come.

“Slave, put back your clothes and follow me to the car,” ordered Lady Melinda.

I meekly obeyed, and number of minutes later, have found myself driving into the city. We first went to Macy’s shoes department. Lady chose some shoes, sat on the chair and ordered me to help her.

I kneeled down and carefully took off her old sandals. After that I slowly put back a new pair. That pair haven’t been looking satisfactory in Lady’s eyes. She pointed to the new pair and told me to bring it too. The process continued for another 30 minutes. From time to time I was catching perplexed glances from all other women around us. Obviously, they started to suspect something about our relationships. Lady Melinda observed that attention too. In fact she was enjoying it, showing her control over me.

Finally, she found the pair she liked and we went to the cashier. To my surprise, she deviously took 2 more pairs and ordered me to pay for all of them. Unwilling to create any trouble, I pulled my credit card and quietly swapped it.

Our next destination was a lingerie department. Lady Melinda playfully took some panties and put them against my hips. Shortly after she selected a pile of different panties, and headed toward the fitting room. To my surprise, she invited me to come with her too. The lady working there expressed her disapproval. Apparently, according to store’s rules, my presence was not allowed.

“Oh, don’t worry. He is just a slave,” loudly announced Lady Melinda.

While inside, my wondering face expression was met with the direct order:

“Take off all your clothes and start trying these beauties. I want to see how MY slave is looking wearing them. She definitely emphasized “MY” as another proof for her intentions towards me. Having wearing the panties was obviously very demeaning. My protruding encased bulge was clearly visible. In addition, my red behinds were another painful reminder of my punishment. Lady Melinda was immensely enjoying my humiliations. She took numerous pictures for her “album”, and promised to send some to my Mistress. At the end, she ordered me to leave one pair on and put back rest of my clothes. She grabbed 6 pairs of panties and we went to the cashier.

Once again I was told to pay for all the purchases. After the payment was processed, Lady just remembered that I am still wearing another pair too. The poor cashier girl was speechless. Paling from humiliation I quickly pulled my credit card and gave it to her. Before leaving Lady Melinda loudly reprimanded me:

“I am buying your new underwear for every day of the week. Now you don’t have to steal my panties anymore. If you like my clothes so much, you should wear proudly. Let’s go and put some makeup and nail polish on you.”

With the last sentence, we were off to the Beauty department. There I was supposed to sit on the high chair and wait for my turn. All the ladies around, were of course highly aware of my present, and exchanged knowing smiles with each other. One of them even agreed to let me be ahead of her in exchange of watching my embarrassment.

When some young lady working there approached us, I was already all pins and needles. She asked for my preference and style, but obviously I wasn’t the right resource for that. Lady Melinda quickly took over the conversation and carefully explained her vision for me. Not able to grab anything from all these unknown terms, I simply continued to sit down. Next 30 minutes went unnoticed for me. I felt like I am posing for some picture. I tried to stay still, while the young lady put various applicants on my face. She let me see myself in the mirror, at the end. My look was ridiculous. Red lipstick, light blue shades under my eyes, pink cheeks – all were the clear sign of the complete transgression. I hated myself at that moment. Every lady around me saw my face and started laughing.

Next, we headed to the restaurant for lunch. The place wasn’t fancy, but haven’t looked cheap either. We picked up the corner table for two and quickly met our waitress. Lady Melinda forbade me to talk with anyone. She solely chose the food for us and did all the orders. She was having an entrée meal and an appetizer. In contrary, I was about to receive only the green salad. Her drink choice was peculiar too. A glass of wine for her, and absolutely nothing for me. Then asked by the waitress, she replied:

:”He will eat the leftovers. I am not allowing him any drinking.”

To my surprise, the mid aged waitress wasn't astonished at all. She just smiled knowingly and concluded:

"Congratulations, he seems well trained."

I didn't know where to hide from shame. Both Ladies were talking about me with a complete ignorance, like I wasn't there at all. We ate our meals in a complete silence. I really liked my salad, but it wasn't enough. My hungry looks were well noticed. Lady Melinda spat number of times on her plate and mischievously allowed me to take it. Disgusted, I obediently complied and ate everything. After the lunch was over, Lady Melinda called the waitress and asked for the bill.

"Are you leaving already? My name is Erika, and I have a proposal for you. Our dishwasher stopped working. Your companion will help us to clean the dishes, for 1 hour. You, in return, will get a free lunch and a free dinner to go. How does that sound?"

"I think it is interesting. But I am thinking about 2 dinner orders to go. Then, let's say he will help you for 2 hours."

I couldn't believe they are betting on me over my head. The whole thing sounded ridiculous and unreal.

"Agreed, so how I should call him? Also, can you please leave me your phone number?"

"You can call him boy, he doesn't have a name yet. Boy, you have to obey Lady Erika as you are obeying me. You know what will happen in case of any trouble," said Lady Melinda while giving Lady Erika her phone number.

Shortly, after Lady Melinda left, I was taken to the kitchen. The huge sink was fully loaded with a pile of dishes. My task was to clean all of them. Not being accustomed to menial duty, my body started to ache after few minutes. Besides, the skin on my hands was full of small scratches. Finally, the pile came to an end, and I was able to take some rest. However, Lady Erika quickly told me to wash the floors too and take the trash to the huge garbage container outside. Finally, Lady Melinda returned, and my restaurant adventure was over.

Apparently, Lady Melinda was enjoying shopping all that time. She carried large bags of clothes and other purchases. Of course, she profoundly gave everything to me in order to take it to the car. Tired and half sleeping, I followed her steps. Suddenly, one of the bags, slipped and fell on the ground. Without any hesitation, Lady Melinda slapped me a couple of times, in the middle of the street. Begging for forgiveness, I instantly knelt down and kissed her shoes. As a gesture of indulgence, she turned away and waived her hand. Hoping for best, I meekly followed.

My degradation still wasn't complete yet. Lady Melinda took me to the parking lot and ordered me to strip completely. Next she told me to crawl to our car and to raise my leg. You guess it right. Her next order was to do my needs there. She bluntly informed that any drop on her car will be washed with my tongue. Carefully, preying not to be seen, I let a small stream out. Lady Melinda filmed the whole event laughing all the time. Unfortunately, some drops went occasionally on the car. As told before, I obediently protruded my tongue and licked them clean. Our trip was coming to the end as we drove home.

Part 12

When we arrived, Mistress already being waiting for us. She immediately wanted to hear everything about our adventures. Both Ladies took a comfortable seat on the sofa while resting their legs on my back. Mistress was extremely joyful when she heard about Macy's and the restaurant. She laughed and enjoyed every details. It was apparent that she was very proud of me.

"I think, our slave deserved a reward," she announced.

Agreeably, Lady Melinda had nodded her head too.

Then, Mistress got up and went to the kitchen. She returned with the big towel and a plate. Perplexed, I stared on her, not knowing what to expect. Next, she approached the large table located at the middle of the room. Carefully, she opened the towel and put it on the table.

"Boy, come here and stand on all the towel, on all fours," was her next order. Shortly after, I found myself completely exposed, with both my hands and knees standing on the towel. Joyfully, Mistress slowly produced the chastity key and unlocked my encased member. She put the plate under my genitals as a clear sign where she wants me to point. Her right hand gently squeezed my balls, while her left hand was conveniently resting on my shaft.

"Remember slave, you can cum only on my command," she told me, and started moving her left hand up and down. The sensation was overwhelming, and shortly after I was ready to ejaculate. Sensing my intentions, Mistress quickly took off her hands and slapped me.

"Remember my orders. Only I will decide when and how you will receive your gift," was she said.

The same procedure lasted over and over again. I was brought to an edge and then was cruelly denied. In agony, I only wanted for this thing to be over already. I needed it so badly, I couldn't think about anything else. Finally, Mistress allowed me to climax and to discharge me sperm into the plate. By far, it was the largest amount of sperm I have ever ejaculated. The

plate was almost full with the white substance. After the last drop fell down, the plate was quickly taken away and I was ordered to kneel back on the floor.

Mischievously smiling, Mistress brought the plate on the floor in front of me.

“Slave, I want you to clean that plate with your tongue. While doing so, you are required to get used to its test and odor. It can be very helpful for you in the future,” she joyfully announced.

Feeling an utmost degradation and disgust, I swallowed my own cum. It tasted sweet with some saltiness. I tried at first to take the big chunks in order to finish this demeaning task quicker. To my misfortune, the liquid became stickier and I had to lick it from the plate edges. All that time, both Ladies were laughing and cheerfully commenting my advance. After the plate became spotless and shine, Mistress put back the chastity cage. My gift reward had been successfully awarded and I was allowed some free time for myself.

It was already late when I was called back to the living room. Both Ladies had a serious argument and were heavily breathing. I kneeled on the floor waiting for their orders.

“Andrew, Melinda is leaving tomorrow morning. She wants you to accompany her as her slave. We know that this is a big decision for you, so please listen carefully and ask any questions you have,” said my Mistress.

“Andrew, I want you to become my submissive. I know you only for 2 days, but I have a feeling of some connection between us. You are a perfect fit for me. I promise to take care about you. In return, I want only one thing – an unconditional obedience. My word should be the law for you.”

Even though I already suspected something like that, the things were moving very fast for me. By all means, I was glad to receive such an offer, but wanted also to hear the other side too.

“What about you Sydney? Are you OK with this offer?”

“No, I am absolutely not OK with it. I found and trained you for myself. I am also feeling like there is a connection between us. Yes, at times I can be cruel and insensible. I love to torture and punish my slaves. But this is done

for their own good, in order to make them the better servants. I want you as my permanent slave, Andrew. I want to torture your soul, to humiliate you as much as I can. To be with me is your destiny, your predicament.”

We continued talking until the early morning. Under my scrupulous questions, both sisters detailed their plans about me. Apparently, they thought about it a lot and were very much serious about it. From the other hand, I explained my concerns and considerations too. After all the events of the last week, finally I was given the opportunity to express myself too. I didn't want to be a toy anymore. I wanted to become a part of my Owner's life. To be her partner and share my life with her. I wanted the true relationships based on mutual respect and honor.

My words were met with skepticism and sarcasm. Both sisters were not ready to give me any rights.

“The whole idea behind slavery is an unquestioned submission, without gaining anything in return. The slave is not a boyfriend or a husband,” I was told.

Exhausted and angry on each other we all went to take at least few hours of sleep.

Part 13

Next morning's wakeup was very unusual. Half sleeping, we grabbed some snacks and rushed to the airport. I helped Melinda with the luggage and accompanied her to the security screening. Noticeably upset, she lightly kissed me and whispered:

"Andrew, I will be waiting you. If you ever will have a second thought, you are welcome to come," she told me and slowly walked away.

On our way home, Sydney stopped at the local coffee bar. We went inside and silently sat in front of each other. We continued to look into each other's eyes speechlessly for some time. Suddenly, Sydney took a deep breath:

"Andrew, I thought about your words last night. Under no circumstances, they are acceptable. All that time, I imagined how I will break you, will debase you more. But I realized that you have already been broken. At the moment when you agreed to drop that towel, you became my complete slave. You are not aware about it yet, but all your body and soul belong to me. You will not be the same again."

"We still have 1 more day until the end of our agreement. However, I am canceling it now. I am giving you the chastity keys and pronounce you as a free man again. But I am sure, you will come back as my slave under my terms. You know them already, an unconditional permanent submission. This is your destiny and you can't run from it," said Sydney. She threw the chastity keys on the table and left the bar.

I do not know how much time I sat there. The events of the last week went before me like a movie. Here I am meeting Sydney for the first time. There I am kissing her feet and licking away all the sweat. Laundry, and cleaning of her boots, party with her friends, shopping trip with Melinda, I remembered them all. My tongue was still bearing the salty taste of her sweat. My buttocks were still red from her spanking. Faced with my reactions, I had to admit that I indeed liked all this degradation and debasement. I longed for such an attitude ever since I heard first time about the female domination. But with all my heart I wanted to be in love, and to

be loved. I wanted to share my life with someone who really likes me as an individual, as a person. Finally, after it seemed like eternity, I took the keys and left the bar. Slowly, I walked toward my house, enjoying my freedom and my decision.

This story would be probably ending here, if everything went according to my plan. However, life always brings surprises. Next couple of months I was desperately trying to find someone like Sydney. I went to dozens of dates, chatted online with many girls, and left my profile on all known dating sites. Besides, I even contacted couple of professional dominas. All my efforts were fruitless, tough. I was still dreaming about her all the time.

Then suddenly, the realization struck me. She was always loving me! In her cruel, twisted way she still cared about me. It was her own method to show her attention, to share her worries with me. Even when she punished me, she still did it because she wanted for me to improve. Everything that I longed for was already with me, all the time! As she rightfully said we both benefited from our agreement, it was truly mutual.

I arrived at her door and took off all my clothes. After I put them on the ground, I pressed the door bell and kneeled. The door slowly opened and my lovely Mistress stand there knowingly smiling. There were no words spoken. She just waived me to come in as something obvious and well deserved. Slowly, I crawled inside, toward my destiny. My new life has just begun!

The End. (09/05/2016, San Francisco)

Overpowered by a Girl

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The beginning

Being a mid – level manager in IT company is not easy these days. With everything outsourced, you quickly find yourself working late evening and nights in order to manage your team abroad. In addition, you are always afraid about your position, so you work as hard as you can. Spending most of the time at work, I wasn't surprised when my girlfriend left me four months ago. Ever since it happened, I wasn't able to find anyone else willing to go out with me. My girlfriend also took with her all our mutual friends, so my singleness was very profound.

Being lonely, I was trying to find my luck online. Browsing through different love sites, I found myself mostly interested in BDSM style. To look for someone who will humiliate and control me began my obsession and an absolute desire.

At that time, we hired a new intern. Her name was Cindy. She was a handsome college senior. I was attracted by her look, her perfect body was driving me crazy. Her blonde hair and beautiful face were captivating. I fantasizing about being ordered around by her. Unnoticed, I have been checking her out every time she was around.

One day she entered my office in order to ask me something. Instead of answering, I had collected all my courage and asked her for a date. Her answer came as a total surprise to me:

“Alex, I have been watching you for a few days. Apparently, you have a crush on me. I want to propose you once in a lifetime offer.”

“I believe you are a truly submissive which awaits to be controlled. I can make you a better person by providing you that you need. I will dominate you, will decide for you, and will give you orders. In return, I will require a total obedience. Any misbehavior will be severely punished. Is that what you truly want, Alex?”

I was speechless. She knew my secret aspirations, and just gave me an opportunity to fulfill them. I had dreamed a lot about it, but never realized it can so real. “It's now, or never,” I told myself.

“Yes, Cindy, this is indeed my true wish.”

Pleased with my answer she continued: “Alex, do you agree to obey my every command, and to be my slave?”

“Yes, I do,” was my instant answer.

“Alex, please come closer and kneel before me.”

After I had obeyed, she put her hand on my head and announced:

“Alex, I am taking you as my slave. I pledge to take care about you. From now on, your body and soul solely belong to me.”

Still trying to grasp what just happened, I heard her leaving.

“I am going to shopping. I have to buy something. Be ready at 6,” she told me, and left the room.

Cindy takes matters into her hands

For the rest of the day, I was all pins and needles. I had no idea what to expect. All kinds of thoughts visited my mind. I was asking continuously myself: “Was I right when I agreed to be her slave?”

Precisely at 6 my door was opened, and I saw Cindy. She was carrying a large backpack. Notably, her face was beaming with anticipation.

“Take off your clothes and climb up on the table,” she commanded.

At first, I was very hesitant to undress before Cindy. However, her stern look didn’t let any place for any uncertainty. Obediently, I stripped and stood on all fours on my table. She grabbed the pile of my clothes, pulled out from there my underwear and tossed it away.

“Slaves can’t wear any underwear,” she said sternly.

Next, she took from her bag a black collar and closed it around my neck. My member had started to stiffen.

“I see you like how the things are going so far. Don’t worry, I will tend to your prick later,” she assured me.

After that, she took a lubricant from her bag, and facing me started to moisturize her hands. I was in shock, as I had a good idea what it’s for. Then, she moved behind me, put her hands on my buttocks, and said mockingly:

“Don’t tell me you are still a virgin. With such a nice ass, this situation is inexplicable. Don’t worry, tough, I will fix that. You will become a proud slut.”

She started to push her finger into my crack. I felt like my rear is ripped apart, and started to scream.

“A little bit tight there. Need to work harder,” she sighted.

Probing my hole back and forth, she soon finished with the first finger. Second finger had been pushed through, and I started seeing stars. My pain

was unbearable, and I begged her to stop. She had stopped abruptly, faced my and with angry look told me:

“One more word from you, and you will be whipped. From now on, you are not allowed to speak, unless I ask you a specific question.”

With the last sentence, 2 fingers were mercilessly inserted back. I started to groan, and squeezed my teeth, careful to be quit. Her 3rd finger surprisingly received less opposition. I guess, my muscles already got accustomed to this painful stretch. After the whole palm was inside, she started fisting me by moving her hand back and forth. Surprisingly, together with the pain and humiliation, I started to get an arousal too. Her fingers were massaging my prostate, while her other hand worked on my penis. Shortly, I came with the largest orgasm I ever experienced, spreading my sperm all over the table.

My Mistress had pulled a towel and thoroughly cleaned her hands, me and the table. After she was done, she took a cock ring and a cage from her bag and locked on my exhausted member. It was done so quickly, I hadn't even a chance to complain. In another thought, my complaint wouldn't matter, anyway.

Finally, my Mistress pulled off her soiled panties and shoveled them into my mouse.

“I expect them to be clean and dry, slave. See you tomorrow.”

She planted a soft kiss on my forehead and left the room. Overwhelmed by last events, I had pulled out her panties from my mouth, and dressed. When I reached my home, I washed Cindy's underwear with my hands in a bath of soap and water. As an invaluable gift, I kept cleaning it until no blemishes could be found.

Worship and servitude

Next morning, Cindy came to my office wearing a white blouse, the blue jeans. Her divine feet were encased in the worn out white knickers. When inside, she immediately ordered me:

“Slave, go sit under the table. I want you to clean my feet with your tongue.”

I obediently complied, and crawled on the floor. When I reached my deserved place, Cindy was already sitting on my chair, waiving her knickers before my mouth. In to time, I took them off and brought my lips closer. I was rewarded with dirty and moist feet being pressed into my mouth. The smell was so strong and unbearable, I started to gargle.

“I was jogging all morning thinking about you. Enjoy my precious gift, slave,” she said giggling while enjoying my disgrace.

There was something absolutely convoluted here. The more she had humiliated me, the more I got excited. I absolutely liked to be dominated, to be ordered around. I knew it was wrong, but couldn't do much with my desires.

I started by licking all the dirt and sweat from her soles. My tongue went over her skin picking all the filth. When met by the sticky grovel or other small parts, I applied my teeth to take them out. Next, I sucked her toes one by one, and even throbbed my tongue in between them.

It took me half an hour to clean her feet properly. Eventually they become shiny and spotless. My Mistress, simply stood up and told me to be ready at 6 for her.

At evening, she fisted my again, this time her hand went much more smoothly. She still wasn't satisfied with my muscles. As a result she pushed inside me a dildo, and ordered me to wear it all the time. I begged her to cum, but she just laughed on me.

“You have to do better, much better to impress me. Right now, I do not think your pleadings are satisfactory.”

Next day, I went to the office yearly, since it was a Friday, and I had much work to do before the weekend. I was in the middle of writing an important email when Cindy stepped into my office. Busy with the email, I just waived her Hello and continued reading. Suddenly, I felt a strong slap on my face. My head had bounced from side to side, and my eyes started to see stars.

“Slave, what is the right way to greet your Mistress?” Cindy asked me sternly.

Instantly, I kneeled and started to kiss her shoes.

“This is better. My feet are dirty. You know what to do”, she said, as she sat on my chair. I quickly crawled under the table. When I took off her sandals, my nose was struck with very familiar odor of sweat. I hold my breath and started my tedious duty. After I was done, my Mistress just put her shoes on and started to leave.

“See you at 6. You are coming with me to my place for the weekend”, was all she said.

I was dying with anticipation, and plans. “Will she allow me to cum, maybe she even would sleep with me?” I was wondering. The time until 6 went very slow as I couldn’t concentrate on anything.

At 6, she came to my office and put a collar on my neck. Next, she commanded me to walk 5 feet behind her. I was terrified as I was afraid everyone will see me like this. Fortunately, we made it to her car without being seen by anyone.

Approaching the car she ordered me to strip naked, and buckle up in the rear seat. Red from shame and humiliation, I quickly took off all clothes and jumped into the car. She had collected my clothes and put them inside the trunk. All the way to her house I was bending and sliding on the seat to hide my nakedness. On contrary, my Mistress was amused by my efforts and was trying to stop on every traffic light.

Apartment greetings

Eventually, our ride had come to an end, as we parked outside her apartment. She had exited the car, and opened apartment's door. As she was living on the first floor, she had a separate entrance.

Next, she waived me to come out, and I ran toward the entrance. Inside the house, she quickly showed me surroundings, and explained my chores. I was responsible for all laundry, cleaning and cooking. After overseeing my efforts, she took a shower, changed her clothes and started to watch TV. From time to time, she did quick inspections, and made sure I am doing everything correctly. After I had served her dinner, I stood motionless in the middle of the room.

“Slave, if you don't have anything to do, you should be sitting at my feet,” she told me absently.

I quickly obeyed and spent a rest of the evening on the floor.

“It's time to prepare for the night,” said my Mistress and walked to the bathroom. Surprisingly, she motioned for me to come too. In the bathroom, she commanded me to kneel on the floor, while she pulled her skirt and panties. Then, completely ignoring me, she sat on the toilet and started to urinate. Obsessed with her nudity, I started to tremble. When she had finished and dried herself with a paper, she ordered me to open my mouth. After that, she violently disposed the paper into my mouth. Next she washed her teeth and spitted a tooth paste inside my mouth too. After she finished, she left the bathroom, giving me an opportunity to do my stuff, as well.

When I was done, she called me into her bedroom. Pointing to the carpet and the blanket on the floor, she explained me where I will sleep. Completely worn out by daily activities, I instantly fell asleep.

Next morning, my Goddess, woke me up with a merciless kick.

“Fetch me some breakfast, boy,” was all she had said, and turned over.

I had prepared eggs and toast, and brought them to her bed. After she ate, she threw me some leftovers. I eagerly ate whatever was given me, as I was

very hungry. After I was done, we went to the bathroom where our yesterday's routine had been repeated. I was feed with the toilet paper and the toothpaste.

"I am having a date this afternoon, and you will help to prepare myself," she told me.

My shocked expression was probably telling everything as she coldly continued:

"Are you jealous? Look, for me you are not a man anymore. You are a slave, a talking object, completely obedient to my every command. I cannot go out with the object."

Not giving me a chance to apprehend her attitude, she quickly ordered:

"OK, enough with that. Go to my bedroom and bring me the cream from the second shelf of my cupboard."

After I had returned with the cream, I found my Goddess completely naked laying on the couch.

"Don't just stand there, start smearing the cream over my body," was her command.

Carefully, with soft touches, I had started to rub the cream over her body. Each time I touched her, a jolt of pleasure struck my nerves and caused to shiver. I was enjoying every moment of it, while also understanding how humiliating it was. She indeed hadn't being ashamed at all of me, as she regarded me as a non-human. As part of the preparation, I further helped with her eyebrows and lipstick. She even used me to help her with the hair removal from her legs and hands. Finally, I brought her panties and dress for the date, and helped to put them on.

As she was about to leave, she connected a leash to my collar and chained it to her bed. Electrified from all the humiliation I had been put through so far, I felt asleep on the carpet.

At evening, I had been woken up from my sleep with a kick. My Mistress had brought me some leftovers from her dinner. After I eagerly had finished them, she took an empty bowl, raised her skirt, and peed inside the bowl.

The bowl was then offered to me as a drink. Being thirsty, and pleasantly surprised with its slight sweet taste, I drank it all.

Mistress Maria

Next morning, my Owner had informed me that she invited her friend, another dominatrix to visit her. She explained me how to greet and refer to her friend.

“You will call her Mistress Maria, and will obey her every command as if it was coming from me.”

Shortly after, we heard a doorbell. I had opened a door and saw a beautiful young lady in her twenties. As being instructed, I sank on my knees and kissed her cute sandals. Still staying on my knees, I said:

“Welcome to the house of Mistress Cindy. I am her slave, and ready to serve you.”

Laughing, obviously delighted, Mistress Maria walked into the house, and greeted my Mistress.

“You trained him well, Cindy. He seems to be completely under your spell.”

My Mistress proudly nodded agreeably, and invited Mistress Maria to join her on the couch. I served snacks and drinks and sat at my assigned place, at the feet of my Owner. Totally ignoring me, both Ladies discussed some rumors and news about their friends. I hadn't been paying much attention to their conversation. Suddenly, I had heard my name and became all ears.

“I would suggest to castrate him. I did it for my slave, and he is much better now. He is more gentle and attentive to my needs than before. In addition, I don't need to be worried about getting him off once in a while,” said Mistress Maria.

I started to shake from fear, since I wasn't ready to become docile yet. Still regarding myself as a man, I was hoping one day to get laid. I stared, with a begging expression on my face, at my Mistress.

She started to laugh on me and said reassuringly:

“Don't worry, slave. I wouldn't castrate you yet. I love to control you through your cock. That's being said, I can reevaluate my decision, if you will disobey me.”

Crying with joy and appreciation, I kissed her feet.

After Mistress Maria had left, I was feed with leftovers and urine again. Careful not to complain, I ate and drank everything.

Next, I started to prepare my Mistress for a date. Exactly, as yesterday, I spread a cream all over her body and helped her with the eyebrows and a lipstick. This time however, I was required to shave her pubic hair too. Seeing her labia so close, and not being able to touch it made me crazy. My feelings were met with an angry look from my Owner:

“You are here to obey, and serve me. This is your only purpose in life. Get used to it.”

Once again, she chained me to her bed, and left the house.

Back to work

Next morning my Mistress drove me to work. She permitted me to dress in her car. At noon she entered my office with a smile on her face.

“Take your place, slave”, she told me.

As I was licking her feet under the table, she continued:

“I managed to find a good use for your talents. You will be loaned to ladies, who will pay me for your services. It’s a win - win situation for me, as I will earn some money and you will learn new things. Your service will start today evening. You are expected to obey these ladies as you are obeying me.”

I tried to grasp what just happened now. From a slave to my Owner, I became a public slave for whoever pays more. I hadn’t any word in the matter, and it was very frustrating. “My humiliation just took a new spin, and I have to be prepared for that,” I told myself.

When her feet were crisp and clean, my Goddess left the room. Evening came very fast as I was busy with my daily work tasks. At 6, my Owner entered my office and took me with her for a ride. We drove 20 minutes and arrived at the house in a quiet neighborhood. We were met by a woman in her late thirties.

“Hi Melinda. As we agreed, I am leaving my slave with you. Please bring him back tomorrow’s morning. I don’t expect any difficulties, but please let me know if there will be any,” my Mistress told Melinda and waived her goodbye.

Melinda glanced at me, and ordered me to strip, and kneel before her with my hands on the back of my head. It was quite embarrassing to stand naked before an unknown person, but I managed to comply without showing my embarrassment. My awkwardness grew even more when Melinda surveyed thoroughly my body. She even grabbed my cock cage and balls and examined my arousal. Chuckling with approval she told me:

“Too bad you are locked down. Next time, I will pay extra and get your genitals ready. Anyway, I am divorced and very anxious for men’s attention.

Your today's duty will be to pleasure me as much as I want. Your first task is to lick my ass and make me cum."

She pulled down her skirt and panties, with her ass facing me. Next, she put her buttocks apart with her hands, and commanded me to start licking.

Inhaling pungent foul smell, I put my mouth closer to her crack, closed my eyes, and let my tongue do the rest. Going up and down her crack, my tongue passed along her rosebud taking all the filth. With each pass, I was pushing deeper and deeper into her rear opening until she started to moan.

"Don't stop. Don't you dare to stop," she was screaming in ecstasy.

When she came, she allowed me to clean her juices – something I did with eager.

After the dinner together, Melinda started to watch TV. My job was to lick her pussy until she will cum. After this task was successfully finished as well, I was taken to a bed with her. She sat naked on my face and started to play with my locked member, while laughing about my inability get an arousal. At the same time, my tongue got extra hours to clean her rear.

Seemingly, eternity had passed until she finally got tired and gave me some rest. Exhausted, I fell asleep resting my head on her buttocks. Next morning, Melinda required me to attend to her behinds too. Only after she was fully satisfied, she took me back to my office, and went to speak with my Mistress.

"Melinda, was very pleased with your performance and wants to have you again. Too bad you are already booked for the rest of the month. Prepare yourself for the evening activities," my Goddess told me at noon, while enjoying her feet massage by my mouth.

Next assignment

My next assignment was with a middle aged lady. She was turned on by ordering me around. During my stay, I was cleaning her house, doing dishes, and taking care of her backyard. At one time, her boyfriend came and was shocked to see me naked mopping the kitchen floor.

“Honey, who it is?” he asked her astonished.

“Oh, this is just my maid. I am paying him to take care of my house,” she absently said.

He seemed to be calmed down, as they kissed and went to make love in her bedroom. Hearing their moans was an awkward experience. I still was in chastity and was praying for my Mistress to let me cum. She promised me a release, if I will satisfactory perform all my duties.

One day, I was taken to a young black lady. She explained me that she is planning a party. All her guests will be black girls, and I will serve and entertain them. She obviously was enjoying having a white slave, and showing me to her friends. Fortunately, she already ordered all the food and drinks. My job was to serve snacks and be at her disposal. Shortly after, guests had started to arrive. All the ladies were in middle of their twenties and very attractive. I greeted them by kissing their feet. After all of them were seated, I was formally introduced:

“Ladies, this is our slave for tonight. He is instructed to obey your every command.”

I was ordered to show my ass dildo, and my cock cage. With the heavy laugh my dildo was pulled out and then pushed back inside. The girls started to play poker. My job was to crawl under the table and lick their feet. At some point, one of the girls pulled off her panties and ordered me to lick her behinds. After I did so, all other ladies followed her request. My lips and tongue started to be very sour. My only wish was for this party be over as soon as possible.

Yet, I was destined for more humiliation this evening. The big bowl was brought in and all the girls peed inside it. You guess it right, I was required

to drink that disgusting mix. Awful smell and taste were my only gifts for loyal servitude. Obediently, I started to gulp my juice until the bowl was empty. My absolute submission was shocking even for me.

“How, can I go through all of this and even enjoy it,” I was asking myself. Apparently, I was indeed born to be humiliated and degraded. It was just a question of time, when I will find a suitable person to own me.

Finally, as a farewell, I kissed every girl’s feet and was awarded with the spit on my face. It was definitely my most intense humiliating experience so far.

Farewell and a start of the new adventure

Being a temporary slave and a maid quickly became a routine for me. I got used to be naked and to show myself to unknown women. I wasn't even ashamed when being controlled and dominated by them. I just took it as my predicament, something I was born to do. In addition, I had acquired new skills too. I learned how to take care of a women, and be their personal slave. As I became more versatile and knowledgeable, my value as a slave jumped too.

Thus, it came without the surprise, when one day my Mistress told:

"I am done with my internship and have to go back to school. Fortunately, I have a new arrangement for you. Remember Miranda? I just sold you to her. She agreed to pay a hefty amount of money. She is coming shortly to pick you up."

My new adventure just began ...

Melinda came to my office in a hurry. She received a key from my cock cage from Cindy, turned to me and coldly announced:

"From now on, you are my slave. I will call you just slave, until I will find more suitable name. I am taking you now to my house."

With the last sentence, she grabbed my hand and pulled me away. People were glancing on us, but my new Owner wasn't bothered much.

Relentlessly, she continued to walk toward the exit taking me with her. We reached her car, and she motioned me to get in. After a short drive we arrived at her house.

After I had been stripped naked, she explained me the new terms:

"I want you to concentrate on home chores only. You will quit your job, and will become my maid. You will be responsible for all house duties: cleaning, laundry, and cooking. In addition, you will pleasure me sexually, whenever I wish."

"I will not tolerate any disobedience. You have to obey my every command, instantly. Otherwise, you will be punished. I will have a complete control on your life."

“I offer you a choice. If you agree to my terms, drop down to the floor and kiss my feet. If not, you are free to leave.”

Without hesitation, I bended my knees and kissed the feet of my new Mistress. My fate was sealed, I will become a live in slave of this beautiful woman.

Laughing from joy, my Mistress just said:

“I never imagined any other outcome. You belong to me now completely. All of you, your body and soul. Let your new life begin!” she announced cheerfully.

House duties

My new Owner was a very busy woman. She was working all day long as a Project Manager at some big IT company. Returning home late, she expected everything to be done at her order, all her clothes washed and folded, clean and bright house, and dinner ready to serve. Any my altercation from her expectations was met with swift and painful punishment. Most of the time she was using her whip on me to express her feelings, but sometimes my penalty had been more severe. I was denied food, or had been put into the cage she purchased for me.

After dinner hours for my Mistress, were filled with relaxation and play. Of course, for me it meant more humiliation and hard work. Usually, I was supposed to serve as a foot rest for her tired legs, or to massage her feet with my tongue. Soon, I became so used to such duties, that I was automatically kneeling down whenever my Mistress took off her shoes. At the beginning, I was slightly bothered by strong, pungent odor coming from her feet, but with the time I got used to it too. In fact, I even had become addicted to this aroma, and was looking to smell it more and more. When required to lick her feet, my tongue was always starting from the heel, grabbing any piece of dirt. Moisturizing her tender skin with saliva, my mouth was slowly moving toward the toes. Most difficult task was waiting for me at the end. Throbbing between Mistress's toes my tongue was supposed to wash out any unclean remnants and scent from there. After several tries I had found a perfect solution, each toe was taken inside my mouth where it was thoroughly sucked. Finally, in order to completely wipe out my saliva, I was toweling each foot with my cheeks.

My Mistress, however, quickly became bored from the foot licking, and started to try more things. One day, she ordered me to lay down on her lap, and started to fist me. Her gentle touches, probing my behinds, began to drive me crazy. I was moaning from pleasure begging her to take off my cock cage and allow me to cum. Obviously displeased with my behavior, my Owner abruptly ceased her actions.

“I see you are enjoying it, slut. Don’t worry, we will do it more. In fact, we will do it so often, it will become natural for you to offer your ass to me. You will become my girl,” she told me joyfully.

Next day she brought a strap-on and a dildo, and ordered me to put them on her. While she was wearing her jeans and T shirt, I have been kneeling naked trying to tie strap-on around her. When it was accomplished, she took an oily cream and put it on her dildo.

“This time I will go easy on you, slut, and will put some lubricant. Next time you will lubricate it with your mouth,” she sternly explained to me.

Bending me over, she first probed me with her fingers, and then pulled in her dildo. Being already accustomed to fisting, my ass still was in pain as dildo started to make its way through. The pain became intolerable, and I began to scream. Her soothing voice, however, calmed me down:

“Almost done, girl. One more push and everything will be inside.”

With that, she pushed harder and I felt like my ass is taken apart. Next, she started to pull out and push in that dildo, causing both pain and pleasure to me.

“You see, you have been a good girl, and you are receiving your gift. Every slutty girl wants to be fucked, and your Mistress just makes your wish true,” she told me, at the end.

“Now, girl, take my dildo in your mouth and show it your appreciation. Lick it thoroughly clean, or you will be sorry,” came her next order.

Sobbing from the ultimate humiliation, I licked a dirty dildo covered with lubricant. Fortunately, there haven’t been any excrement traits on it. Still, taking into my mouth something that was just seconds ago was in my ass, felt very degrading. Enjoying my humiliation, my Owner started to fuck my mouth with that dildo too. Finally, when my dildo education was over, I had to lick my Mistress clean as she was leaking from her arousal.

Meeting Maria

From that moment on I was required to wear a girlish short skirt, barely covering my thighs. It was a quick remainder of my new status – a male maid. My Mistress also required me to perform curtsies, speak in a high voice, and present myself. Last thing was especially humiliating as I had to bend over and take apart my buttocks. Additionally, whenever ordered, I had to bring my Owner her strap-on and dildo with my mouth and put them on her.

One evening my Mistress had to do a web meeting with someone from the Far East. She sat at the table, ordered me to crawl under it, and lick her bare legs. Her feet were moist with sweat and smelled awful. Nevertheless, I pulled out my tongue and started with gentle touches of her skin. Unsatisfied with my actions, my Owner simply shoved forcible her toes into my mouth. I made a gasping sound and suck her foot. Unfortunately, my sound was too loud.

“I am sorry, this is my dog playing,” my Mistress told her audience. She started to kick me with her feet saying: “Bad dog, be quiet!” After some time, I felt an urgency to go, so I begged my Owner for a leave. Instead she took off my cock cage and ordered me to lay down on my back. After that, she started to massage my member with her leg, while her other leg was inside my mouth. Not able to make any sound and being denied for days, I came quickly ejaculating over my stomach and her leg. Next, she switched her legs and waived me to suck my own cum. Reaching lowest humiliation point so far, I sucked all the cum from her foot and toes. She switched her legs several times until all the liquid from my stomach was taken.

With each new humiliation my Owner was striving to humiliate me even more. Next day, when I was licking her feet, I heard a doorbell ringing.

“Open up the door, slut,” she ordered me.

Naked, wearing only my skirt, I had approached the door and opened it. I was stunned to see a well looking young girl staring on me. With a little giggle she made her way through the door.

“I can’t believe it is true, auntie. He is a real slave,” she said.

“Yes, Maria, he is under my complete spell, He had chosen his fate, and now belongs to me. Slave, greet my niece, Maria, properly and beg her forgiveness for your rude behavior,” my Owner said.

Instantly falling on my knees I planted myriad kisses on Maria’s petite feet. My sincere action was noticed, as Maria told me that she forgives me. Then, I was told to stand up and lift the skirt showing Maria my private parts. I left there standing with my skirt up, while my Owner was colorfully describing the benefits of cock chastity and prostate massage. Eager to try by herself, Maria asked my Mistress to show how to peg me. I was ordered by my Mistress to bring strap-on and dildo, and to present myself before her. Then, she put some lubricant on Maria’s hand and allowed her to lubricate dildo and my ass crack. After strap-on was tied around Maria’s hips, the dildo was put in place too. Next, Maia forcefully shoved the dildo inside me, causing me to scream from pain. Her forceful action was cheerfully met by my Mistress:

“Maria, I see you don’t have any feeling toward him,” she said.

“No, auntie, in fact I hate him. He could choose to be a man and stand for himself. Instead, he gave up and became an object, a piece of furniture. I could never understand that,” said Maria.

“You are wrong, my dear. In fact, he never had any choice. He was born to be submissive and was just waiting to fulfill his destiny. Sooner or later, he would be found and enslaved by some lucky lady. Now, when his dreams finally came true, he feels as a complete being. Of course, his social status is much lesser of a human, but he still enjoys and lives through it. By the way, this why he can’t ever disobey me – it contradicts his existence,” explained my Owner.

I wasn’t paying much attention to their conversation. All my thoughts were about how to better serve my Mistress and her guest. Therefore, my hands pulled apart my behinds in order to allow deeper intrusion. My efforts were noticed by Maria, and she began to move faster applying more force. While screaming from both pain and pleasure I was dreaming about futile desire to cum. Both Ladies, however, were determined to humiliate me more and had no any interest in my pleasures.

Last part of the evening was filled with dinner served by me, of course. During the dinner, as trained, I was kneeling at the side of my Mistress waiting for her command. At the end, the plate with the leftovers was placed on the floor, and I was required to savor my part without using my hands. Disgusted by my actions, Maria kissed goodbye to my Mistress, and kicked me with her leg. I fell on the floor spreading the food all over. Even though my awkwardness was met by laughing, quick smirk on my Owner's face was a prelude for my future punishments.

And the punishments hasn't taken a lot to come. After Maria had left, I was whipped to tears by my merciless tormentor.

"After all the time I have invested in you, you pay me with such disrespect? You allow yourself to throw the food I have given to you. That's can't be tolerated. You will starve and drink only water for 2 days as a reminder of *my gratitude*," she told me.

Next days were absolutely horrible. My whole body was covered with bruises and scratches. The enormous pain and starvation were completely unbearable. But instead of crying, I took the whole punishment as a special gift. I thought about the whole thing as a challenge, which will make me stronger, more resilient, and more suitable for my Mistress. However, my dedication was about to be tested once again.

A surprising travel

“I am going on a business trip to Boston, and you are coming with me too,” announced my Owner.

I was speechless and totally in shock. My amazed face expression was quickly caught by my Mistress.

“Don’t worry. You will be given clothes and instructions how to behave in public. We are flying tomorrow evening, so there will be a plenty of time for adjustments”, she calmed me down.

At morning, I had been given a T-shirt and pants which I was supposed to wear. Obviously, I wasn’t permitted to wear any underwear. In addition, I heard the following:

“You will be always walking 5 feet behind me carrying my bags. You are not allowed to speak with anybody without my permission. It goes without saying, that every my order should be instantly obeyed. Also, you must behave according to your social status – always remember that you belong to me”, my Owner instructed me.

After that, I had to show my responses to some situations which could possibly arise. Satisfied with my performance, my Mistress called the cab and we were off to our journey. It didn’t took as much to arrive at the airport and start a check in process. I hadn’t been paying much attention, still being surprised by the recent flow of the events. Suddenly, my Mistress was asked whether she travels alone. Her answer stunned me:

“No, I am taking my pet with me. He will entertain me”, she said joyfully while pulling out my driving license.

To my surprise, the girl at the desk calmly took my documents, and proceeded with her work. I wanted to fall under the ground from shame. Little I knew at that time about the things to come. During TSA screening, when I went through the metal detector, I heard a strong beep, even though my pockets were completely empty. Only then I understood why – my cock harness was made from metal. However, my Mistress seemed to be waiting for this very moment. She approached the female TSA worker, and

explained her the situation by graphically showing the exact reason for the beep. Next, I was led to a different screening machine, and the same officer approvingly motioned me to continue after seeing my device on her monitor. The whole procedure was done with such usualness, as if it had been seen on everyday bases.

During the flight my Mistress placed her feet on my knees, and ordered me to massage them with my hands. She also refused to allow me any drink. Instead, she went to the bathroom, and returned with the glass filled with her urine. When I was about to protest, I remembered her instructions to me before our departure. Helplessly shaking from utter humiliation, I started drinking accompanied by a cheerful expression from my Mistress. I should admit that the taste wasn't as bad as I expected. Sour liquid somehow resembling lemonade was having even a slight bit of sugar. Being dehydrated for some time, I had quickly savored the whole mixture. My quiet pledge for more was met with absolute satisfaction from my Mistress, as she seemed to be expecting it. Once again she went to the bathroom, and had returned with the special treat for me. This time I hadn't been feeling any disgust at all and quickly finished it.

Hotel's adventure

In the hotel, shortly after our arrival, my Mistress proclaimed:

“I had been waiting for this too long. Present your ass for me, slut. I will show you how horny I am.”

She quickly put her strap-on and started throbbing my behinds. My poor ass had been already prepared enough for her insertions, so instead of pain, I felt only a sense of filling my bottom. When dildo had reached my prostate, I lost myself in an absolute pleasure while enjoying every moment. I moved back and forth on that dildo willing only one thing, to take it as deep as possible. For a moment my Mistress suspended her drilling in order to apprehend my excitement, but it didn't take long until she renewed her attack with even more effort. I am sure, I would be ejaculating without any touch if my member only wouldn't have been enclosed inside the cage. Unfortunately, that wasn't a case now. All I could do, is just to moan from pleasure, and fantasize about better times.

After a while, fully exhausted, my Mistress had stopped, and told me to clean her. This time, however, I was required to take care of her behinds. She left me kneeling on the floor, spread her buttocks with her hands, and literally sat on my face. My tongue had started to go up and down along her crack wiping any sweat moisture from there. I began sort of enjoying it, as a sign of intimacy allowed to me. Soon, I attempted to push my tongue even deeper while expecting to pleasure my Goddess even more. My efforts were successful and shortly after, Mistress came with a big sigh.

Smiling from joy, Mistress stood, up and patted me approvingly with her hand. She even took off her soaked wet panties and shoved them into my mouth.

“Make them clean for me,” she ordered me.

Obediently, I started sucking all the sweat and juices from her precious gift. When her underwear was sufficiently dry, I washed it with my saliva, and moved it around my mouth with my tongue. After sucking the saliva, I

continued my washing attempts couple more times. The result presented to my Owner, surprised even me – the panties were clean and spotless.

“My legs are painful from the flight. Take care of them,” she told me next.

Instantly, I had started to pay kisses to her shoes. Mistress probably wanted more, as she sat down on the couch, took off the shoes and gave me a full access to her feet. Her hint was clear and I started licking as fast as I could. Being enclosed in shoes for the whole day her feet smelled really bad. A distinct scent was easily recognizable and was very appalling. Nevertheless, I felt proud to be at her service and wanted to satisfy my Goddess as much as I can.

In order to get rid of smelly odor first, I quickly ran my tongue from toes to heels on both feet. A salty taste of sweat was washed down my mouth by extra saliva. After the smell had started to be tolerable, I sucked each toe and licked thoroughly Mistresses gentle tender skin. At this point, my hopes to get some rest were shattered to pieces by the next order:

“I can’t go to work in these shoes. Clean them for me, both inside and outside,” she told me.

Her shoes were indeed all messy. Not speaking about a strong scent coming from the inside, the soles were covered with dirt and even gum remnants. I had started by taking care of gum and other small pieces of dirt. My teeth were biting and scratching the soles while my tongue was trying to moisturize them with saliva. After this part was completed, I went to handle the insides with my tongue. It took me at least 30 minutes to clean the shoes, but now they were spotless and as good as new. Beaming from proud, I presented the shoes to my Mistress. She had examined them and nodded her head approvingly. With that activity being done, I was sent to prepare for the night sleep on the carpet at the feet of my Goddess.

Housekeeping

Next morning we both woke up at 6:30. She sat on the edge of the bed and pulled off her panties. With her hand she grabbed my head and pushed it all the way towards her pubic area.

“Open wide and start drinking,” was her next order.

When my mouth was open I felt a stream of warm urine coming slowly inside. Already accustomed to drinking urine, I wasn't surprised much. After few moments the stream began to flow faster. Being afraid of not able to sustain the flow, I swallowed as quickly as I could. It took several more seconds for the flow to stop. Satisfied, my Mistress finally went to the bathroom, completely ignoring me. After she was done, I helped her to dress and to do a makeup. Finally, before leaving, came her orders:

“You are left here to clean the room and do all the laundry. I will be back at 6.”

Still naked wearing only my chastity, I started to do my chores. I made a bed, dusted the carpet, and went to clean the bathroom. Suddenly, I heard someone opening a main door. I rushed to see what happened and saw a hotel's housekeeper trying to enter. She glanced on my outfit and instantly blushed. Noticeably, she was a Latino looking woman in her late thirties. Ashamed, I stood before her not able to say a word. It took her a minute or two to gather herself, but eventually she left while asking to forgive her. Hopeful that this incident was just a mistake, I went to continue my duties. Few minutes passed and the phone started ringing. Unknowing whether to answer or not, I stood there trying to find what to do. Leaving all my worries aside, I decided to answer the phone. It appeared that my choice was right as I heard my mistress over the phone.

“You harassed and scared the housekeeper. Her name is Sylvia and she wants to file a complaint against you. I urged her to give you a chance. Your task now is to earn her forgiveness,” my Owner furiously told me and hanged off.

Puzzled with the recent events I was still holding the phone while the main door opened again. Same housekeeper lady named Sylvia stood there waiting for me. Trying to show her my eagerness, I fell on the floor and kissed her flats. She quickly walked inside and closed the door.

“I was about to file a complaint about your rude behavior. Only the kindness of your Mistress, stopped me from doing so. You should convince me that my decision was right”, Sylvia sternly told me.

I asked her to sit on the chair and relax. Completely novice to domination, she complied and sat there looking on me. I was aware that instead of the words, my actions should show her my devotion. Therefore, I allowed myself to take off her shoes and started licking her feet. Comparing to gentle and tender skin of my Mistress, Silvia’s skin was much harder and thicker. Nevertheless, my tongue seemed to be doing miracles, as it continued to move all the way from toes to heels and backwards. Sylvia obviously was enjoying my actions and beamed with a smile of pure happiness.

Still hesitant, she ordered me to help her clean the other room. She explained me that if I will perform her task satisfactory, she would drop her complaint. Without much choice, I had agreed and followed her into the hallway. Luckily for me, it was empty, and I went unnoticed after Sylvia. When we entered the other rooms, she simply sat on the chair and ordered me around. Having me naked at her will, obviously made her hot and she started touching herself. At first, she was a little ashamed of me, but after a while her desire took over and she was moaning from pleasure. Eventually, my task had been finished and I was sent to my room free of any charges.

The realization

At evening, when my Mistress had arrived, I cleaned her shoes and feet. After that, to her surprise, I willingly asked her to peg me. The prostate stimulation I was getting through pegging became overwhelming, much more intense when anything else I had experienced before. After my wish was fulfilled, my Goddess described her plans regarding me for the rest of the week. Apparently, Sylvia was very excited with my performance, so she asked to use my services again. Thus, my hotel routine was settled for the whole trip: morning and evenings were taken by my Mistress, while rest of the day I had to help Sylvia.

One day, while watching me cleaning, Silvia grabbed all her courage and ordered me to approach her. Then, curious about my reaction, she gently touched my balls and a cock cage. Looking into my eyes she squeezed my genitals while waiting for my reaction. The pain became unbearable, I screamed, and started to panic. Satisfied with the results, Sylvia announced that this is how my punishment will be looking like, if I would dare to disobey her. Next, she told me to bend over and throbbed my behinds with her hand. Unaware of any lubrication needs, she simply pushed her fingers inside me. Luckily, my ass was already accustomed to such attacks by daily pegging. I only felt a little discomfort from such a violent insertion. As a new comer to fisting, Sylvia just inserted a few fingers as a start. When she was done, I was required to clean her fingers with my mouth.

My absolute compliance with her orders, had triggered Sylvia to try other things on me. While unable to use my cock, she filled the rest of the week with attempts to humiliate me even more. At one point, she asked her coworkers to accompany her and oversee my performance. All 4 women were speaking Spanish and sitting on the chairs, while I was ordered to clean the room naked. Paying homage to their feet was another task I was required to do. Giggling from joy, they were pointing on me and wondering how I can sustain such a humiliation. My own perception was way different touch. With each further debasement, I was fulfilling more and more my dream of serving. I desperately needed these degrading moments in order to become more complete with my inner soul.

Finally, this trip came to an end and we were about to leave back home. While leaving the hotel I saw Sylvia. She rushed toward me and without saying a word just squeezed tightly my genitals. Her wicked smile was another proof for recent changes in her character due to our altercation. Another dominant woman was just born. Approvingly, my Mistress chuckled and smiled to her.

I must admit that recent events had changed me too. I finally found my destiny and fulfilled my utter desire. In addition, as I was hoping, a strong bond created between me and my Mistress. In no way it was any sort of equal relationship between us. I was still her property and she was my Owner. But she took care about me, fed me, and provided me with the place to stay. My destiny was to serve her, to obey her, and to make her life happier. By understanding that I finally found my true mission in life.

California

October 2016

Pet Therapy

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Prelusion

This story started when I was drinking my wine at the local bar. My future seemed to be bright and promising. At the age of 25, I have been already promoted to be a mid-level manager position in a well-known IT company. With my salary and bonuses, I could easily afford to rent a decent house near the downtown. A new car, and a growing savings account were also traits of the successful achievement. However, my personal life wasn't that great. My last girlfriend left me 4 months ago. Since then, I was in a continuous search to find someone else. Unfortunately, all my efforts were fruitless.

Filled with the blown self-esteem, I was always looking for the perfection. Any negligence, tardiness, or even something lightly unexplained, was already enough to break the relationship. Last one separation with girl called Laura was particularly painful, even nasty. She questioned my motives, and a dedication. As a result, I just walked away, leaving her in tears. But I never looked back, she was just another experience for me.

“With the success comes a great responsibility,” I told myself. “I just can't afford to be with someone unsuitable. I will surely find someone much better than her.

So, here I was, looking in vain for someone to spend my time. My eyes caught a group of 3 college age girls entering the bar. They were giggling and laughing about something. As the common visitors they approached the bartender and ordered their drinks. They chose to sit next to my table, so I was able to gaze at them. They all wear colorful, expensive dresses which emphasized their beautiful bodies. Add to this carefully selected sets of jewelry on every one of them, and you will understand my reaction. Surely, it was a sight for sore eyes which I immensely enjoyed.

The girls were busy talking about the future plans. They haven't been paying much attention to the surroundings. Suddenly, one of them, called Christine, turned her head and glanced on me. With the knowing smile she admired my attention and quickly turned away. After 30 minutes or so, their conversation finished and they started to leave. I thought about approaching

them, but something in their behavior stopped me. There were too much of confidence and determination in their postures. For the first time in my life, I started to feel a little uncomfortable. It was like a predator and a prey suddenly switched their places.

Next few days I went to the same bar with only one purpose. I was trying to meet the girls and to prove myself that my previous feeling were wrong. One time after another I tried to convince myself that I am still the same macho I was before. I can choose whatever women I want, and they all will fall under my spell. Citing this mantra over and over, I suddenly saw someone trying to sit at my table.

“Hello. I am Christine. Can I sit here?” asked someone with the familiar voice.

You guessed it right. Christine was standing next to me. Without waiting for my answer, as if stating the fact, she moved the chair and sat in front of me. She purposely stared at me for couple of minutes. At first, I tried to stare at her back. However, our quiet fight ended quickly with my defeat. Unable to hold her gaze, I turned my eyes away. This fairly unusual beginning continued in the same way:

“Can I offer you a drink?” she asked politely and presented a wine glass before me.

Surprised with her question I nodded approvingly, and our conversation followed.

“I am a college student doing my Doctorate in Psychology”.

Her tone and gesture required the same openness from my side too. Being obliged to reply, I told her about myself too:

“Nice to meet you Christine. My name is Paul. I work as a manager at one of the IT companies in the area.”

“Nice to meet you too Paul. I noticed you were staring at me the other night,” she said absently.

That sentence caused me to feel guilty and prompted my closer look at her. This time she was wearing a tight blouse and jeans, effectively showing her body. Just a small amount of makeup, some shades above her eyes, and

long blond hair – was all a sign of the perfection. Unknowing what to reply, and mesmerized with her look, I just kept glancing on her. She obviously noted my attention, but I guess, it was something well expected. She approvingly nodded her head and with the big smile announced:

“I find you extremely attractive. Can we meet tomorrow at some place?”

Astonished, I just asked:

“Are you asking me for a date? Shouldn’t it be me who would do it first?”

“Well, somehow me and my friends are always asking first,” was all she said.

After we decided about the exact place and time, Christine cited some errands, and left. Needless to say, rest of the evening was filled with the anticipation. I dreamed about all the things I will do to her. Hugs, kisses, and touches were only a prelude to more intimate acquaintance. Boy, who will believe how things have turned in reality!

First date

Next day, fueled with joy, I eagerly waited for Christine. She was obviously late, but I wasn't worried. After all, she invited me first, so she was surely interested. Finally, I saw her coming. She approached me, and without further ado just told me where she wants to go. Apparently, she wasn't bothered at all by her tardiness, and regarded it as an existing matter. Many times before such an attitude would be very disturbing for me. It was even enough to ruin my relationship. Surprisingly, this time my willingness to date Christine outweighed my own habits. I was able to forgive her.

She wore the white blouse and tight blue jeans. As previously, both parts were emphasizing her beautiful body. In addition, her nice long legs were incased in the shining black leather boots. Apparently, she gave a lot of thought to her outfit as everything was just matching her perfectly. She definitely was looking gorgeously.

Under envying glances from the bystanders, we went slowly walking along the beach line. We spoke about history, told jokes, and exchanged opinions about different topics. One thing however was left untouched, both of us never mentioned anything about our own life. The time ran by very quickly and we had to return to our cars.

Suddenly, Christine slipped and fell down. Obviously, I instantly jumped to help her up. When she was able to stand, she complained about some problem with her boot. She took them off and brought them to me. Next she turned away and simply walked toward her car. I was left standing there holding her boots. After a few moments I followed her too. When we reached our cars, she took back her boots and thanked me for carrying them. After that, we agreed about our next date and drove away.

Our second date was the next day at the same place. This time, however, Christine wore nicely looking white dress and high heel sandals. Her incredible long legs were clearly seen, and looked adorable. Mesmerized by her appearance, I simply followed her along the beach. It seems that Christine knew exactly about the impression she made on me. She just slightly smiled and nodded her head, as if confirming something. After few

minutes, we approached the lone bench located on the path's side. Christine sighted heavily and went toward the bench. She cited her tiredness and asked to sit there for a while. Of course, I joined her and rested there too.

After a few minutes, she took off her sandals and complained about the pain in her legs. With the pleading expression on her face, she asked whether she can put her bare feet on my knees. I have readily agreed and quickly found her beautiful small toes touching my chest. Light sweat odor was totally forgotten when I saw the incredible scene before me. Unbelievable perfect soles crowned by soft small toes were totally out of this world. My excitement quickly became noticeable with clearly seen bulge between my knees. Laughing, and totally aware of my embarrassment, Christine moved her legs from side to side, and gently touched my member through the pants I was wearing.

This torment, lasted for couple of minutes and suddenly stopped. Playfully, Christine asked me to massage her beautiful feet. I hesitantly agreed, but warned her that I am a complete novice.

"Don't worry, even the small help will ease the pain. Besides, there is always a first time for anything," she said to me.

Still unsure, I softly touched her feet with the tips of my fingers. Christine remarked about the difference between the expected procedure and a tickling. Reassured, I have applied more pressure and took her toes into my hands.

"Squeeze your fist, relax it a little bit. Now squeeze again. Please, touch my sole now. Press your fingers here and move your hand up. Now move back," she eagerly commanded.

That surely was the closes thing between us so far. Aroused and excited, I continued to massage for another ten minutes. Eventually, Christine asked me to stop. Our date was quickly wrapped up with the agreement where and when to meet next on Friday evening. Surprisingly, she expressed the desire to see me in a "excluded enjoiment". My invitation to visit my house, had been instantly accepted.

On my way back home, I thought about the recent event. No doubt, the relationship with Christine so far has been going well. I have been

thoroughly enjoying her beauty. Even though her attitude was slightly annoying, I was willing to forgive her, in sake of our connection. She always was leading and trying to get an upper hand, but I haven't been worried about that much. Completely sure about my ability to take the lead back, I was willing to wait for now. Was I finding her last act with the feet appalling? Probably yes, but as long as it served my purpose of getting closer, I totally neglected it.

The ice breaker

Exciting with the opportunity to see Christine at my place, I barely could keep up with my work. At some point, I just rescheduled everything to the next week, and just planned the big event. I made a list of items to buy, and the things to do in the house. I also made a phone call to the cleaning agency and asked to send someone to my house as soon as possible. My neighbor, an old lady living next to me had the emergency keys. So, I was able to arrange the tidy, and spotless house without leaving my work. Next item was to buy the groceries and the flowers. Luckily, my relatively high rank enabled me to complete my day whenever I like. Therefore, I quickly packed and went to the nearest “Safeway” store. When everything gave been, finally, I was able to drive home.

Dying with anticipation, I sat on the safe in the living room, waiting for Christine. I put my best tuxedo and was all pins and needles. Christine however, was running late, as usual. 15 minutes after our scheduled time, she pressed the door belt. In no time, I ran to the door and opened it. Noticing my eagerness, she walked inside and took a seat on the sofa. She was wearing a business costume and a pair of the same high heel sandals she wore before. My attempt to sit with her was met with the instant pleading:

“Oh, my god Paul, I am so tired. Can you please massage my feet? These sandals are killing me.”

My unconditional approval lead to another plea:

“I can’t raise my legs. Would it be possible to sit on the floor?” she asked politely.

At this moment I started to suspect something. It seemed that she slowly manipulated me to achieve her unknown goal. Reluctantly, I agreed to sit on the floor, but promised myself to stay vigilant. Accustomed already to seeing her feet so close, I took off the sandals and touched her soles. This time however, the sweat odor was stronger. Her soft skin was covered with the sweat moisture too. Pretending not to sense the smelly odor, I gently

pressed my fingers against her skin. Christine has been relaxing and enjoying my actions.

Suddenly she raised her right foot and slightly touched my lips with her toes. I didn't say a word and just disregarded it. Curious with my reaction she raised her left and did exactly the same. This time however, the foot stayed in front of my mouth as if inviting me.

"Do you want to kiss it? Come on, I know you do," she teased me.

Perplexed, I simply didn't know the right answer. One part of me was totally against it, while the other was willing to consider it. My hesitation abruptly came to an end, when Christine just forcibly shoved her toes into my mouth. Completely taken by surprise I questionably stared into her eyes. Her look was telling me the truth. It was all or nothing game. Whether I start sucking her toes, or we break apart. Determined to continue dating, I put my tongue in use, while still looking on her. Satisfied with my defeat, she giggled and pushed her feet even deeper inside.

It was the first time when I was doing that to the girl. Never in my mind had I imagined that I would do such a demeaning task. The humiliating sensation was quite overwhelming. I even haven't paid much attention to my exact actions. All I was thinking about was how debasing was the last experience. Christine had felt something too, as she softly patted my head. She calmly described how he liked me from the first sight and how special this relationship to her.

Christine's new attitude changed my perception. She finally expressed a desire to be with me, and that made wonders to my worries. Instead of thinking about my degradation, I started savoring Christine's unusual gift. My tongue moved along the back side of her toes, while my saliva washed any dirt parts there. Unable to spit, I just swallowed all the waste whatever it was. Salty taste of sweat was very prudent, but I managed to keep up. With the time when all the filth was gone, I even started to enjoy the moment. After all, I was sucking the most beautiful feet in the world. The right foot switched places with the left one and received the same treatment. The date continued with the joint dinner and a glass of wine. The atmosphere between us became much warmer as we shared some special

experience. We both openly spoke about our families, previous relationships, and our preferences.

Apparently, Christine was coming from the very rich family of Texas farmers. Her grandparent was lucky to find a rich source of oil on his land and made a fortune out of it. So, loaded with her inheritance Christine was one of the richest women in Texas. But smart and posed for success, she wanted more. She studied day and night and succeeded to get accepted into one of the top programs in the country. She bought a house here and spent all her time studying. She also emphasized that the house has a big backyard. When I asked her for the purpose of that, she just smiled. Our conversation continued until the late hour, and then Christine left home.

In my turn, I told Christine about my ex Laura. How demanding and annoying she was. She was always claiming to invest more than me in sustain our relationship. One day, she even accused me of being selfish and ignorant. I described in detail how I hurt her feelings, and how I made her feel ridiculous. Yes, I knew that this is not right. But she brought it to herself by being too jealous and obnoxious.

The proposal

Our dates lasted for 2 more months. Every time they went through the same procedure. I was waiting for Christine to arrive, and then sat on the floor and sucked her feet. Already accustomed to it, I convinced myself to view it as the first prelude toward more intimate connection. However, I haven't been ever invited to Christine's house. She also was very reluctant to show me her friends. We still spoke together freely, but with the time, our conversation became less meaningful.

Thus, one day, Christine just called and announced that she wants to break up with me. She blamed herself for that and wished me all the best. The news came without the big surprise, and I just hanged off. Totally convinced in my ability to find someone else I wasn't much worried.

My mistake showed up very quickly. I was thinking about Christine all day. She was talking to me in my dreams. I became absolutely obsessed about her. I understood quite well that this is normal, but couldn't do much with my feeling. Exhausted, I went to visit the well-known clinical psychologist specializing in such cases. To get an appointment cost me a large sum of money, but it was worth it. The shrink carefully listened to my story, did some tests, and then just asked:

"Does Christine have any access to Psychology?"

"Of course," I said. "She is finishing her doctoral degree."

When the psychologist just me explained me all the gravity of my satiation. Apparently, Christine left some so called "bookmarks" in my mind. This is totally illegal, but highly unprovable. Only highly skilled professional is capable of doing that. This process can take several months and should be done with the big care. Then in place, the "bookmark" becomes part of the apprehension. So all the instances of such interference are never gotten to court.

"So, what can I do?" I asked him.

"Well, you have to call her and beg to erase the "bookmarks". Only she can do it, as they are encrypted with the phrase only known to her.

In no time I called Christine and asked to see her. We met at the same local bar as 2 months ago, but our conversation was way too different. I tried to be calm and first asked nicely:

“Christine, I know all about the “bookmarks”. Please take them out.”

“I have no idea about any bookmarks,” she playfully said.

Really angry with her, I instantly changed my tone:

“Bitch, erase the “bookmarks” that moment, or else,” I screamed on her.

“Well I see that you are still not ready. Call me when you will be.”

With the last sentence, she just raised and left the bar.

My obsession continued without the change. Haven’t been able to concentrate on my work, I even got some reprimands from my bosses. Unable to rest, I was sleep walking all day. It took me two more weeks to call Christine again:

“Christine, I am willing to do anything. Please just take off these things from me.”

Satisfied with my reaction, she agreed to meet me at the same place.

We sat at the table and started talking:

“Christine, I am sorry for being rude to you last time. I am begging you to help. I agree to give you anything you want. This think is killing me from the inside.”

She looked on me very carefully and then asked:

“How far would you go?”

“As much as I can,” was my desperate answer.

Satisfied, she asked me to take my car and follow hers. We drove for about 10 minutes until we arrived at the garage gate. The gate opened, and Christine waived me to park my car inside. She parked her car on the driveway leading to the garage. After that, instead of going inside the house, we went to sit on the bench in the backyard.

“Look Paul, I am going to offer you a deal. I am looking for a dog. An obedient animal who will submit to my every wish and will act like my pet. The training period will last for 2 weeks. If you will agree, I promise you to

neutralize the “benchmarks” immediately, and erase them completely at the end of the training. From the other hand, I will not tolerate any disobedience. Any discrepancy will be severely punished.

“My life became already miserable. How bad it can be,” I thought to myself. “After all it’s only for two weeks, and then I will be a good old myself again”.

So, without much hesitation, I agreed to Christine’s terms.

A new beginning

We walked toward the entrance door.

“If you want to enter my house, you have to strip,” she told me.

Without giving much of a thought, like under girl’s spell, I obeyed and started to undress. Standing naked before this girl was like a natural thing for me, underscoring her complete control. My tormentor, thoroughly inspected my body, chuckling approvingly. I got a feeling of being sold to slavery on a public auction. I would lie if I say I like it. After a while, Christine seems to be satisfied as she allowed me to enter the house.

The living room was furnished with coach sofa and table. Christine quickly sat on the coach, kicked off her sandals, and waived for me to come closer.

She quickly pulled out the collar and closed it on my neck.

“Rule number one, you always have to crawl and have been forbidden to stand,” she said sternly.

I instantly dropped on my hands and legs. Bending toward me she secured a metal leash on my collar, and tugged me forward. My dog training had been officially started.

“As a dog you will bark one time for Yes, and 2 times for No. That will be you only audible answer. Your eyes cannot be raised above my knees at all times. Your limbs should be used only for crawling. Anything else should be done with your mouth. Starting from now on, you name will be fluffy. You will be punished for not following my orders.”

“Did you understand all I said,” she asked me gently, as if speaking to a little puppy. After hearing my barking, she released my leash, and gave me an order.

“Fetch my sandals, fluffy.”

I went looking for her sandals all around the room. After I found them near the coach, I tried to take them with my hands. At the last moment, I realized my mistake, and quickly grabbed sandals with my mouth. My nose quickly came to contact with shoes’ sole and I inhaled a pungent aroma of sweat

and dirt. Sharp pain inflicted by my Owner's whip, helped to regain my conscious.

"No time for that now, fluffy. I have to show you around. After all, it will be your house too, for the next 2 weeks," she chuckled.

She tugged my leash again and we went exploring her house. Next hour, she confidently has given me a tour of her dwelling emphasizing a requirement for dog to be off the furniture. I was pleasantly surprised by her attentive attitude toward me. It looked like she really cared about me, as her dog of course. She regarded me as her project, her attempt to create an animal from human. Finally, our tour came to an end and we returned to the same coach where we started.

A special treat

“Leave my sandals by the coach and climb on the table, fluffy. I will give you a special treat,” she calmly said to me. Dying in anticipation, I quickly returned the sandals, climbed up the table, and stood on all fours.

My Owner, grabbed a bag and took a step behind me. Her tender hands touched my balls and my cock, triggering a shiver among my already aroused genitals. Suddenly, I felt my penis being squeezed through something cold and tiny. While I realized it was a ring, I was still clueless for its purpose. I tried to relax my member a bit in order to lessen ring’s pressure. My inability to do so, came together with understanding ring’s nature – from now on my cock has to be kept aroused. Quietly laughing, my Owner secured the cage around my cock emphasizing my destiny.

“Remember fluffy, only I have a key for that cage. As your Owner, I will decide when and how you will get off.”

Next, I felt her tender hands massaging my bottom. Apparently, she had some lubricant on her hands. Each a soft touch made me trembling from pleasure. She continued by shoving her fingers inside my crack and it prompted me to moan from the desire. Suddenly, something big and cold was pushed into me. A dildo was pounding my ass. My painful contractions were met with the cold advice:

“Take you tail with the pride, fluffy.”

After a dildo was inserted full length, my Owner joyfully exclaimed:

“I now pronounce you a true puppy!”

Sobbing from embarrassment and humiliation, I barked approvingly. I started to realize that the agreed arrangement may not be the one I was hoping for. My Owner was not only attentive and tender, but cruel and demanding. All these characteristics were amazingly mixed inside one person. This combination was probably the victorious recipe for making a perfect dominatrix.

My hesitations and thoughts were stopped by pushing me off the table. Still trying to adjust to my new wearing, I heard a new command:

“Fluffy, get under the table and lay on your belly. I have to study.”

After I followed her orders, my Mistress put her feet on my back. She started to wipe her moist, sweat soles on my back. Her divine feet were touching my back, and that alone sent electricity jolts through my body.

“Keep it still, fluffy. My feet need a little cleanse,” she said.

I struggled as much as I can not to move, in order to satisfy my Mistress.

Next couple of hours I was hibernating and enjoying her gentle touches on my back. She seems to be completely concentrated on her studies, murmuring to herself, from time to time. Eventually, this activity came to an end too.

A new home

With the big sigh, she closed the books and tended to me.

“Lay on you back and suck my toes”, was her next command. I obediently turned over and opened my mouse. Her cute small toes were put inside my mouth, one by one. I tried to suck as best as I could, as if my whole life was depending on it. For me, there was no better taste in an entire world. While my lips were sucking every toe, my tongue was busy carefully wiping any dirt from it. My Goddess was enjoying that moment too, as she was moaning from pleasure.

When each toe got its deserved attention, my Owner stood up. She grabbed the leash and pulled me outside the house, to the backyard. I was taken to the big oak to pee. As an obedient dog, I raised my left leg and left a strong stream toward a tree. After I was done, I shook my bottom and was led to the hose. Feeling of the cold water was very unpleasant, but I was careful not to issue any bit of complain.

Next, all clean and shivering, I was taken inside the house. But instead of going to already familiar coach or table, I was led to previously unseen door. The door opened toward a garage. With the bit of amazement I sensed a big cage standing in the middle of garage.

“Welcome to your new home, fluffy. I did my best to make it comfortable and cozy,” said my Owner with a sense of pride. Crawling and humiliated, I was led inside the cage. Luckily its floor was covered with carpet and a comfort blanket was left behind too. Locking the cage, my Mistress announced:

“Most of the time you will spend here. Whenever in need I will call you and open the door.”

She showed me automatic remote control, and left to do her errands.

I was amazed by the amounts planned by this girl. Every small detail, every part, were carefully prepared from the beginning to the end. Additionally, she knew exactly my personality, my strong and weak sides. Covering

myself with a blanket I felt a sleep, thinking about a strange arrangement I got myself into.

I was waked up by a buzzing sound of my door being open. Hastily, I crawled toward the living room.

“Fluffy, I am in the kitchen. Come join me for the dinner.”

Feeling hungry, I quickly crawled to the kitchen. My Mistress, was sitting on the chair and eating her meal. Two bowls were set for me on the floor, with water and kibble. After the dinner was finished, I was taken to backyard for urination and cleaning.

Inside the house, my Mistress took a seat on the couch and started watching TV:

“My soles are dirty. Clean them, fluffy”, was all she said.

I protruded myself under her legs, and started licking her soles. Once again, her heavenly smell was making wonders on me. I lost myself in a complete desire to wash out every crumb, every little particle of dirt. My tongue was savoring a best treat ever, going back and forward among girl’s sole. My teeth were scratching sticky parts, while my saliva moisturized and watered the skin. My Owner was totally ignoring me, completely taken by some TV show. It was like everybody was doing his predefined part: She was enjoying her show and I was cleaning her feet.

After the show, my Goddess approvingly scratched under my ears.

“Good boy, fluffy. I really liked your performance today,” she gladly said to me.

“Goodbye, fluffy. See you tomorrow”, she halted my excitement and sent me to my cage.

Meeting a new friend

Next morning started with already usual ritual – urinating and cleaning outside. After that, we both ate our breakfast and were ready for daily activities.

“I am dog sitting my neighbor’s dog today. I am doing it for you, fluffy, as you have to learn to be a dog. I advise you to pay much closed attention to her. You will play with her and be her mate. I wouldn’t even oppose some intercourse, though it can surely wait. Is that clear?”

After my approving barking, I was sent to the backyard. Apparently, she was about to bring a real dog. I was both excited and nervous about future possibilities. Even though I was afraid of dogs, I was playing a dog too now. That was a good opportunity to know my role and make it look real.

My Mistress went to neighbor’s house and brought a cute white Labrador.

“Fluffy, meet Missy. Missy is very eager to meet new friends,” she said joyfully.

I approached Missy, and sat next to her. I was careful not to look in her eyes, as I didn’t wanted to scare her. She started to go rounds around me trying to figure out the meaning of my behavior. After a while she sat down on her haunches, calmed by my non-aggressive behavior. I tried to copy her pose and gestures.

“How nice, both doggies are sitting together,” said my Mistress.

“Go ahead, fluffy. Sniff your mate. Make her comfortable.”

Obediently, I moved my nose closer to Missy and inhaled her odor.

“Fetch,” came the next command, as a plastic bone was thrown in the air.

I tried as much as I can to grab it, but failed miserably behind quick and nimble Missy. Missy was awarded with a sugar cube, while I was told to try harder. We played this game for another hour, each time having Missy be ahead of me. No matter what I tried, either to run faster or to jump longer, the result was always the same. Finally, angry Mistress just concluded my total defeat:

“We will work on it more, fluffy. I can promise you that you will beat her.”

With that being said, the second part of today’s training has begun.

“Sit,” was the next command.

As Missy complied, I copied her posture too.

We went this way through “Play dead”, “Come”, “Lie down”, and other commands. Every time I was mimicking Missy’s actions. Particularly interesting were “Leave it” and “Heel”. First one was a reminder of my low status, as my Mistress decided for me what should be grabbed. Second command was all about domination. As a submissive creature I had to follow my Owner by crawling wherever she goes. Finally, hosed and cleaned we were taken inside the house.

“Fluffy, climb up on the table,” was my next command.

After I hastily obeyed and stood on all fours, my Mistress continued:

“As you were a good doggy, it’s time for your treat.”

Her hands unlocked my chastity and gently started to massage my genitals. Her right hand grabbed my cock while her left hand softly squeezed my balls. Already in aroused state for a long time, I was about to come any moment. Suddenly she stopped for a moment, to put a towel under me. Her right hand returned to my penis and I came off with a huge splash. Never before I experienced such a strong orgasm. My mistress quickly wiped out my penis and took off the cock ring. Instead another much smaller ring was put on my shrunken member. The cage was put on too, ensuring her complete control.

After taking Missy home, my Mistress taught me another 2 commands.

“Present your tail” was to be performed sitting on my knees with my head touching the floor between them. This sent my ass into the air in order to show my tail. Another command, was especially degrading. “Present for Inspection”, was to be done on my back with my hands grabbing my knees. For the first time, I was a little slow performing this command. That earned me being a whole hour in that pose, while my Owner was studying. Finally, after dinner, I was sent to my cage for the night.

The diner is served

Next morning I had been woken up by delicious odor of my Owner's leg brought to my mouth.

"Common, fluffy. Lick it up. I have to leave to college," she was telling me.

I licked like crazy. My mouth was going back and forth from toes to heel. My tongue and my lips worked together to cover as much space as possible. Nothing mattered more to me than to wash out her foot from any resemblance of dirt. She switched her legs after my effort deemed satisfactory. Abruptly my ecstasy came to an end.

"I have to go. Here is your food and drink. Everything else you will find under a carpet. You are allowed to use your hands while in cage. Be a good boy and don't disappoint me."

With that, she put 2 bowls of water and kibble and left. The idea of being abandoned until the evening was driving me nuts. Puzzled by my poor, stranded position, I tried to lift the carpet and see what was left there for me. In the small, well-conceived hole, I found a funnel, a pair of very dirty socks, and a bottle of mouth wash. In addition, a pipe opening was seen at the bottom of a hole. Once again, I was surprised by the level of detail, my Owner planned everything.

I put a funnel inside the pipe and did my needs there. Next was socks' turn. The very idea of them being worn by my Mistress, was met with shivers along my body. I took one sock inside my mouth and started washing it. I was imagining myself being a washing machine, going through the cycles. First I presoaked the sock with my tongue. That took care of large crumbs. Next, I watered the sock with my saliva and started spinning it around with my tongue. Finally, I started to suck the sock in order to dry it. Suddenly, I found myself in a need for such a humiliation as another proof for my submission. Another sock followed the fate of its brother. At the end, I was staring with pride on two clean socks being dried out on the edge of my cage. As my mouth was itching and smelling, I cleansed it with mouth wash.

Not knowing what else to do, I allowed myself a nap, and fell asleep.

I heard my Mistress opening the door and that waked me up. I was greeted with the approving smile and her divine hand scratching under my ears.

“Look on you, fluffy. You are very clever dog. You did all your chores, and I am very pleased with you.”

It sounded like a music to my ears. I was led to the backyard, where my Mistress started to play “Fetch” with me again. It seems, she was really determined to train me to be a better retriever than Missy. She also started timing me. Whenever my performance wasn’t satisfactory, I was punished by a whip. My poor ass was covered with bruises, but I kept bringing the bone over and over, in order to make my Owner happy. After I was thoroughly housed and cleaned, I followed my Mistress inside.

I was left lying on the living rooms’ floor, while Mistress prepared a dinner in the kitchen. On her signal, I crawled to kitchen and saw familiar two bowls waiting for me. However, when I approached them, strong pungent smell of urine was clearly noticeable. With devilish smile, my Owner happily announced:

“My dog will eat and drink whatever I give him.”

I wasn’t prepared for that, and felt my red line was crossed. The very thought of drinking that disgusting mixture, was something very alien to me. I jumped back and barked with disapproval.

“I will not ask you twice,” said my Mistress.

She left the kitchen and took me with her. I was left lying abandoned on the floor. My Owner was clearly angry on me, as she was completely ignoring me. Her attitude was bothering me more and more, as I strived to be closer to her, to obey her, and to be helpful. It didn’t take long, when I realized my desire to submit to her is the only one which matters. I sat on my knees, raised my hands and begged her forgiveness.

“You will be punished for your disobedience. Your release is delayed until Saturday,” she sternly informed me.

“Now go eat your dinner,” was her next command.

Eagerly, I crawled to kitchen and started to drink her urine. The taste was a bit sour together with some unforeseen sweetness. I kept gulping bowl's contents, until it was empty.

“See, I told you, you will swallow everything I give you.”

With that, I was sent to my cage for the rest of the day.

The Friday morning

Rest of the week went in the same fashion. Every morning, I woke up and licked my Owner's feet. When she was leaving to college, I was left in my cage. While there, I was required to clean her shoes and clothes. Her sneakers and sandals were now bright and shiny being carefully cleaned by my tongue.

But most of my pleasure came from taking care of some pleasant surprise. One day, she left me her soiled panties with brown stains at the rear side. I got excited and lost myself inhaling her perfume. I carefully moisturized her delicious gift with saliva. Then, I licked all stains and residue by making gentle tongue movements. That kept me busy for hours, since I tried to make my touches as soft as possible. My Mistress was apparently satisfied with my performance, as she ruffled my hair affectionately.

My evenings were busy with "Fetch" trainings. The bone was thrown much longer distance and my time was shorten. My dinners were filled with surprise tastes and dishes too. Having tasted urine, and paying consequence for disobedience, I never allowed myself to reject anything again. I tasted foully smelled food, phlegm, earwax, and gastric acid. Latest was brought as a gift from some Vet, my Mistress had acquainted.

Everything changed on Friday's morning. Instead of leaving me into the cage, my Mistress took me to the living room.

"My friends are coming to see you tomorrow. They remember you from the bus, and cannot believe my stories. I will prepare you for them, and will tell how to behave."

My heart started to pounder more and more. From one side I was terrified to expose myself publicly. From the other side I was thrilled to be humiliated more and more. Even though I was embarrassed by my thoughts, my degradation was about to take one more step and I was excited about it.

"Present your tail", my Owner ordered me.

Next, with the flopping sound she pulled off my tail dildo from my ass. Then, I felt cold water being pushed inside me. I realized that she was

giving me an enema. After that, I was taken to backyard to release my bowels. The process continued until my stomach was completely empty. After cleaning me with the hose, she took me back inside.

“Lay down on the table with you back,” she told me next.

I quickly obeyed and she put her hand on my genitals. This time instead of massaging them, she spread some cream all around my private parts.

“Don’t move, fluffy. It won’t take long,” was her next sentence.

Not able to guess what she has in plans, I felt some slight tension on my skin. My owner just started to shave my pubic hair, and I couldn’t say a word. I was helplessly laying there, afraid to move. After she was done, she admired her work by saying with amusement:

“My puppies should always be clean and healthy.”

Next came the training part. I was to crawl at her pace over and over, as we learned a “Heel” command. Being already used to crawl, I still wasn’t able to catch up with the fast walking pace of my Mistress. Thus, she had to use her whip on my buttocks, in order to fasten me. Satisfactory completion of this task, earned me another activity.

“You will greet my friends by kissing their feet and waggling your tail. Remember not to raise your eyes above their knees. Let’s practice that now!”

After that part was done, I was taken again to the backyard. We started to learn how to play Frisbee.

“You are allowed to catch the plate only with your mouth. For any other touch you will be punished by a kick. After catching the plate you will bring it in your mouth to the thrower. If you have been given a “Run” command, you should run as fast as you can toward your oak tree,” she calmly instructed me.

We played this game until I was really tired and got a heavy breathing.

Rest of the day was proceeding usually for me. I was hosed and cleaned, feed and sent to my cage.

Friends come for a visit

At morning I was woken up, and taking to backyard for doing my needs and cleaning. Instead of going to living room, tough, I was sent to my cage. After a while I heard a door bell and voices coming up from house. My ultimate humiliation just was about to start. It didn't take long when my cage was unlocked and I was summoned to my Mistress.

The girls were obviously shocked by my appearance and posture. As required, I warmly greeted them by kissing their feet. After that I sat on my knees at my Mistress's legs.

"OMG, Christie, you really did it. You converted him to a dog," exclaimed one of the girls.

"It's incredible. How did you do that?" asked another one.

"Girls, girls, calm down. He is not a dog yet. He is still is a puppy in training," coolly noted my Mistress.

"I control his body and his sole with my feet. He just can't resist me."

Totally ignoring me the conversation continued. I was regarded as an object, a plaything for superiors to do as they wish. Girls were just discussing their friends and the evens of the last week.

Next, I was taken outside to play Frisbee. My worthless attempts to catch the plate were cheerfully met with painful kicks to my body. Additionally, I was required to show my skills in "Fetch". Girls joyfully admired my Goddess's work on me and her decision to make me a better retriever.

Back in the house, I was required to present my tail. I was left with my ass in the air, while girls were playing poker. The loser of each round, had a special duty to fulfill. She was required to pull out my tail and briefly massage my prostate with her probing fingers. The purpose of all the enemas now became clear. I was on the edge of ejaculating, but unfortunately my little prick still was encased into chastity.

After poker had been finished, new game was about to start. I was required to sniff girls' feet and remember the smell. Then, blindfolded, I was presented with a pile of shoes. I had to recognize their owners and bring

them their shoes in my mouth. To my complete amazement I had succeeded to guess correctly each shoe's place. I was rewarded with sugar cubes from each girl. The party was coming to an end, as I obediently kissed girls' feet to express farewell.

"Good boy, fluffy. You made me proud today," my Mistress was beaming with joy.

"As a reward, I will take off your chastity and will allow you to hump my leg."

At that moment, probably there was no happier creature than me. When my cock cage was removed, my member started to live on its own. I leaned toward Mistress's leg and started to move my penis back and forth her knees. In a matter of seconds, my already aroused cock, exploded like a volcano.

"My, my, fluffy. You really liked that very much. Now be a good boy and clean after yourself." she said teasingly.

Neglecting her order I was still hibernating in my ecstasy.

"Lick your filth, puppy," she sternly told me, pressing my head down with her hand.

Not having any choice in the matter, I started to lick my sperm from her legs and the floor. Comparing to all the degradation I went through today, the latest seems to be as mildest.

Missy is brought back

Next day had begun with the already usual routine of me being feed and taken to the backyard. Exactly, as it happened last week, Mistress was about to take neighbor's dog Missy for my further training. When she brought Missy, we started already familiar "Fetch" game. Mistress was throwing a plastic bone and both I and Missy were competing to bring it back. This time something was different, tough. Several times I was running ahead of Missy and succeeded to take her by surprise.

My Owner was delightful with my success too as she playfully was ruffling my hair. Finally, last throw's turn had begun. Seeing the bone released, I instantly made a big jump, and started to run as fast as I can on my hands and knees. Apparently, Missy didn't want to surrender easily. She passed me and was the first to grab the bone. Then, I did something I wouldn't expect from myself. I took a deep sniff at Missy's rear. My shocking behavior was rewarded with Missy dropping the bone. Not able to apprehend my actions, I grabbed the bone and brought it back to my Mistress.

"I told you no intercourse, fluffy. You are a horny puppy," she was laughing on me.

"Go ahead now, continue that you started," she commanded me.

I stared at her in disbelief. I would never imagine myself making love with a dog.

"My dog should be proficient in bringing pleasure to his mates. I will make it easier for you this time. Sniff Missy's bottom," she softly said to me.

That was definitely a weirdest experience in my life. To smell dog's ass was neither enjoyable, nor rewarding for me. Unable to bring Missy to climax, I was ordered to stop shortly. Missy was taken back to her owners, and I was left wondering about last activities.

"I will not tolerate any sluggishness from my dog," mu Mistress said angrily.

“Raise your ass and start counting,” she ordered me and started whipping me with her hand.

My bottom soon became very sore from her whips. I couldn't sustain more and begged her to stop. With devilish smile she raised her skirt, pulled off her panties, and pushed them into my mouth. Her panties were soaked with her juices and sweat. Apparently, she was enjoying my beating to the max. As a most precious gift, I washed her delicious garment inside my mouth. My absolute dedication and submission were paying off. Swallowing fast, I tried to dry my heavenly present. Savoring my treat, I lost a sense of time. Painful whip sting on my bottom reminded me of my status. I gave back to my Goddess her precious gift.

Returning back home, I had my usual dinner with leftovers from yesterday.

As my Owner tended to watch TV, I was allowed to lick her feet.

Unfortunately, my joy and ecstasy were cut off abruptly when I was sent to my cage.

A surprising visitor

One day I was lying on the floor ad licking Mistress's feet. She wasn't paying much attention, as she was noticeably waiting for something. She kept looking on the clock, anxious to for some unknown event. When the doorbell rang, she quickly waived for me to hide in the bedroom.

Astonished with her actions I meekly obeyed and did my best to crawl as fast as I can.

When the door had been opened I overheard the strangest conversation ever,

"Hello, you must be Christine. My name is Laura."

"Hi Laura. Paul told me a lot about you."

"Hmm... I doubt whether he said something good. You know, our breakup was quite messy."

"Yes, he told me that. He is really sorry about that. In fact he wanted to express his apology for the way he treated you."

"That sounds strange. So why haven't he called and told me so? Where is he, anyway?"

"He lives here with me, and you will see him in a moment. However, while here, he is not a human being anymore. He is my dog, my animal possession. He behaves, eats, sleeps, like an obedient pet."

"I don't understand. What does it mean?"

"Let me show you. After all, picture is worthy of thousands of words."

"Fluffy, come here and greet Laura! I am sure she will be delighted to see your new look."

Absolutely devastated and burning with shame, I slowly crawled inside the living. Not daring to see Laura's face, I just went directly to her shoes. I gently kissed her sandals while waiting for new orders. Obviously shocked Laura didn't know how to react. Luckily, my Mistress ordered me to clean the bottom parts too. Unable to use my hands, I protruded myself on the

floor and licked sandals' soles. They were of course full with all the outside dirt and dust, but I have been already accustomed to that.

After the sandals, looked as new, Mistress ordered me to "Present my Tail". Obediently, I stand on all fours, raised my ass, and wiggled the tail. Unable to control herself, Laura started laughing.

"Oh, this is hilarious. Thank you Christine for inviting me. I wished so much to return him a favor!" she exclaimed.

My humiliation was very intense. To be seen like this by someone I hurt so much, was my nightmare. However, the visit wasn't over yet.

Mistress, connected a leach to my collar and led me into the backyard. She had shown Laura our Frisbee game. After a short presentation, Laura joined throwing the plate too. Still not able to forgive me, she viciously threw it into the bushes and other hard to reach places. After some time I became tired and begged her to give me a break. My pleas, however fell on deaf ears. She just kicked my back with her leg and threw the plate again. Eventually, my torment came to an end. Totally exhausted, I carried Laura's sandals in my mouth, and crawled back into the house.

Inside, my Owner told me to present myself. After I quickly obeyed, she closely examined my privates and described the benefits of cock chastity to Laura"

"You see, Laura, he can't masturbate on his own. I, as a key owner, have the sole power over his member. The inability to cum, surely drives him crazy, and makes him vulnerable. He becomes more susceptible to my demands, and as a result, more submissive."

"Are you having sex with him?" asked Laura.

"No, of course not. He is merely my dog. I am not doing sex with animals."

"Oh, poor fluffy. He seems so miserable and so cute. Can I borrow him someday?"

"Sure Laura. After his training will be over, I will call you again," answered my Mistress.

As a final act of my degradation, I was tasked to pay a tribute to Laura's bare feet. She was probably too excited to see my debasement, and as a

result perspired a lot. Her feet were absolutely wet with sweat. I tried my best to lick it clean and remove the stinky residue. In addition her soles were all dirty from walking outside. So my tongue worked extra hours in order to pleasure Laura. As a gratitude for my services, she slightly patted my head.

She obviously enjoyed a lot my humiliation and wanted to last it even more. However, her time was limited too. Shortly enough, she thanked for a “wonderful experience” and left. Of course, I was required to kiss her feet as a farewell.

The medical checkup

My week proceeded in the usual manner. Every day I was left home inside my cage, doing my chores. I got accustomed and wasn't anticipated any surprises. Suddenly, one evening, while savoring my Owner's feet, I heard a doorbell. Instantly, I raised on my limbs. My Mistress, tough, wasn't surprised at all.

"Stay," was her command, as she walked to the door.

"Hello, Christie, it must be fluffy," I heard from the entrance.

Glancing briskly, I saw a woman in middle fifties. I crawled to greet her as I was taught.

"This is my old friend Maria. She is a Vet I was talking with you about," explained my Mistress to me in a soft voice as if she was talking to a puppy. But whom was I kidding? I was a puppy, and as a good puppy I crawled forward and started to lick guest's shoes.

"Maria, fluffy is in training to become my dog. Can you please do a quick check on fluffy, and tell your findings?"

"Of course Christie, I think as an Owner, you should know everything about your dog."

I was ordered to climb up on the table and stay still on all fours. Next 30 minutes were resembling a doctor visit for yearly checkup with a small change though. Instead of asking me to move and show something, doctor's hands were continuously touching and penetrating me, without my consent. Every part of my body was thoroughly checked and overseen. At some point, even a large tube was inserted into my rectum in order to give a better look on my internals. Most humiliating was a final part there my genitals were looked through a magnifying glass. The whole checkup procedure was done in a very professional and authoritative way. My Owner's guest certainly knew how to do her job in a most efficient and tidy way. Her conclusions were precise and clear as well.

"Well, I see that you keep your dog in a good shape," started Maria.

“He is clean, well trained, and healthy. I wouldn’t expect any issues for him, in a near future. I see some bruises on his buttocks. I think I know how he got them, and I am sure this is for his own good. However, please spread some cream there in order for them to heal more quickly.”

“There is also important aspect, I wanted to speak with you about. I would prefer to do that in private,” said Maria.

“Maria, as long as fluffy is here, he is not a human being. He is a puppy, an animal totally controlled by me. You can tell me your thoughts completely ignoring him,” was my Owner’s answer.

“Being a dog owner is a big responsibility. Besides providing him food and place to sleep, you as an owner, should take into account his needs too. His teeth should be cleaned daily, nails should be cut at least once in a week, and he should be milked on a weekly basis. About the last thing, if you will decide to keep him, I would suggest neutering him for various health and behavioral reasons. Several nasty diseases can be avoided by simple quick operation. Besides, he will become more gentle and caring. He should be also branded, in order not to become a stray dog.”

I was terrified. Her proposal will ruin my life and make me sterile. I silently begged my Owner to reject Maria’s idea. But of course my desires were completely weightless for my Owner.

“Present for Inspection,” she ordered me.

As if still trying to decide, my Mistress absently put her hand on my private parts. Apparently, it wasn’t an easy choice for her too. Suddenly, she squeezed my balls and announced:

“If I decide to keep fluffy as my dog on a permanent basis, I will do whatever necessary to keep him healthy and obedient.” I felt like my fate was sealed at that very moment – from now on only my Mistress will decide my future. Unable to speak or move, I gave up everything to the cruel tormentor wearing a mask of sweet young girl.

“Well my dear, I know it wasn’t easy, but you made a wise choice. Let me know when you will want the procedure to happen. Then, we would schedule a visit to my clinic,” said Maria hugging my Owner

As Maria was about to leave, I kissed Maria's legs to express my gratitude. Suddenly, she took off her shoes and ordered me to clean their insides. Soaked with daily sweat, filled with pungent aroma of tired feet, the shoes quickly became the most delightful treat for my tongue. I was trying licking like crazy, savoring every moment of my festivities. Laughing with approval, Maria lightly kicked my face and put her shoes back. Scratching under my ears, she playfully advised me:

“Be a good dog for your Mistress, fluffy. See you soon.”

Crossing the Rubicon

After Maria left, I was taken outside by a long leash strapped to my collar. Usual fetch game had been changed a little. My genitals were tied to the standing pole allowing only slight limited movement. Next, I was required to fetch the stick absolutely unreachable from my spot. The purpose of this exercise shortly became clear to me – show my dedication and servitude regardless all the pain inflicted to my most valuable parts. Screaming and losing any control, I tried to reach the stick. Still not convinced by my efforts, my Mistress started to slap my bottoms with her hand.

“You are a disgraceful, unrespectable, and unworthy creature. I provide you home and food, care for your needs and weird desires. And what am I getting back? You can’t even walk away from your primitive nature and still worry about your balls. I will be go inside and will be back in 1 hour. By the time I will be back, I expect you holding that stick between your teeth.”

With that she moved a stick few inches further away from me and left.

Next hour was a nightmare for me. Trying different ways to reach the stick, absolutely forgetting about my burning balls, I was finally able to reach the stick. Surprisingly even for me, the happiness and delight of my achievement overweighed all the suffering and the deprivation. Proudly beaming with joy, I was able to present the stick to my Goddess. I guess, at that moment we both realized that we crossed some point of no return. I was completely under her spell, the toy in her hands.

Speaking very softly, she gently took the stick and ordered me to lay down still on my back. Her next actions were unpredictable, at least. She stood over me, pulled down her pants and started peeing over my troubled testicles. After that, she unchained and walked me inside the house. The surprising events continued to unfold rapidly. I was ordered to lay down on the sofa bed while her hands were applying some nursing cream over my damaged lower body. At some point, she even took off the cock cage and started with the mischievous smile to stimulate me. I was about to come, when she abruptly stopped. Showing her power over me, she ordered me to

get off the sofa and stand on all fours. When the natural order of events was restored, she proudly put her leg on my head and proclaimed:

“Since when I was a little girl, I had that power on people. I could order them around, dominate them, degrade them, and I liked it. I guess, I am a cruel sick person ruining all social values and behaviors for my own sake. Today’s day is a very special, I made a huge step forward and converted this man into a willing slave. With the time I expect to increase my stable, but today will always remembered as a day of my new achievement.”

I was in a complete agreement with her. My whole body and soul were possessed by my Mistress. Her every wish and desire became my command. I couldn’t imagine my life without her.

Later that night, laying inside my cage I was going over and over through the events of that fateful day. Maria’s visit became a trigger for my complete debasement from one hand, but also for utter happiness of acquiring my true purpose in life. Being able to serve, to entertain, and to follow my Owner was my all desire.

Epilogue

My training was coming to an end. That last Friday, I woke up early and was waiting in my cage. Suddenly, garage door was opened with a strong kick. My Mistress approached my cage quickly, unlocked it, and threw my clothes on top.

“You completed your training. I erased all the “bookmarks, I am freeing you from all obligations. Take your clothes and leave.”

With the last sentence, she threw chastity key on the floor, turned around and left the garage.

Shaken from all the events I went through, I picked up chastity key, slowly put my clothes and left to my apartment.

I was in such a distress, that only at home I realized that I am still wearing my chastity cage, dog collar, and tail.

“I would never meet her again,” I said to myself.

Few hours later, I wasn't so sure about my refusal. All my body and mind strived to be at her service, to inhale her odor, and to lick her shoes. My willingness to submit was something undeniable, something overpowering all my other senses.

I started to fight this desire by thinking about negative parts.

“She will neuter and brand me. She will ruin my identity and will regard me as her object,” I kept saying myself.

Nevertheless, in 1 hour, I found myself driving towards Christine's house. I wanted to beg her to take me back, to be her dog, or worm, or whatever she will find suitable.

When I opened the gate I found her sitting on the chair in the backyard. I guess, the expression of my face told her all my feelings.

“Well, only 3 hours passed, and here we go again. I thought it will take you longer. You passed your first test, two more to go,” she said with the smile.

“Now, pull off your pants and underwear, and turn around.”

After, I did as commanded, her voice become softer:

“I see you are wearing all my gifts, and that makes you through the second test. Now let’s me explain what will happen next.”

“You have now 2 options before you. You can turn back and pretend this never happened, or you can become my dog permanently.”

“If you will choose a second option, I will neuter and brand me. You will become my animal and will fully submit to me. Your previous training will be seen as only a mild introduction to the things I would do to you.”

“Do you still want to be my dog? If yes, come here and drink from that bowl under the chair, and seal your fate.”

Wordlessly, I dropped on my knees and crawled to the bowl. I was taken away by the foul urine smell, but still managed to gulp large parts of the yellow liquid. The awful taste was feeling like a nectar for me as I was to do anything for my Mistress.

“You passed your third test, fluffy. Welcome to your new life,” my Owner pronounced cheerfully. She slowly produced a leash, strapped it to my collar, and proudly walked me into the house.

THE END

Pet adventures

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Initiation

3 months have passed since I became a permanent dog slave. For someone outside, this period would be meaningless. For me however, each new day brought something new. For instance, let me tell about the so called “Initiation”. According to my Mistress this procedure should emphasize my new status and make me her true dog.

The preparations began almost a week before the event. The main idea was first to carry my Owner on my back around the house couple of times. Then, I was supposed to be branded, and collared. Next, Mistress planned to mark me with her urine. Finally, I had to spend all night outside the house. According to Mistress:

“If you want to become a filthy animal, your place is outside the house.”

So, in preparation for the procedure I got a new place outside – a small dog cabin made out of wood. The delivery guy constructed it in the backyard. The cabin proudly bore my name “fluffy” above the entrance. In order to make my life easier, Mistress put a cozy warm blanket inside. There was also a long metallic leash connected to the pole. My quiet question about its purpose have been readily met with the instant answer:

“It is for your own good, fluffy. If I want you to stay here, you will remain here, and not wonder God knows where.”

It took me some time to understand how to enter and exit my new dwelling. The log located at the entrance, prevented smooth crawling. I had to raise my paws over it in order to get inside, or outside. In addition, the house wasn't that big. I had to find a right spot and a right position, to be able to lay down there. After all the house related activity was done, we moved to the next thing.

I scrupulously learned how to carry my Mistress on my back. She first gave me some instructions:

“Slave, you have to walk slowly on your hands and knees. Watch the surrounding carefully, and always remember to hold the back straight. If I will squeeze my legs, that would mean the immediate stop for you. My slap

on your buttocks should tell you to increase the speed. Now, let's move. Giddy up!"

I raised my left hand and leg and did a first step. The right hand and leg followed. After the few steps. I started to feel Mistress's weight more and more. In addition, my body began to fail on me. My breath became heavy, feet and legs started to tremble. Determined to carry on, I took a deep breath and continued walking. It took few more minutes until I fell down on the floor, totally exhausted. Obviously, Mistress wasn't satisfied with my effort:

"Your performance is a total disgrace. You are too weak even for such a simple task. You should only stop when I tell you. Don't worry, tough. After couple more rides, you will start to catch up."

Thus, next couple of days were dedicated for learning how to ride. My back and legs were aching nonstop, but finally I managed to grasp the idea. All I needed is to know how to balance Mistress's weight across my body. The moment I understood that, everything else followed.

For the branding procedure, Mistress purchased a special large gas grill, metal rod with the mark at the end. The mark bore her sign – the Lilith flower. It was specially designed and made at the local tattoo store. I was supposed to stay still and tolerate any possible pain.

"Remember fluffy, I don't want to hurt you. All I wish is to show to everyone your new status," she calmly explained to me.

"Stay put, and everything will be all right. I will apply the soothing cream after I finish," she promised.

Unconvinced, I still had second thoughts about all this. The whole idea of being branded made me shivering. Unfortunately, no one was asking my opinion anymore. From now on, My Owner decided for me.

Finally, all the preparations were completed and we were ready to start. Beaming with pride, Mistress had approached my cage in the garage and connected a leash to my collar. She was wearing the gorgeous red dress and black high heel boots. Her face expression told me everything, today she was absolutely determined to achieve her goal, to make me her permanent slave dog.

She slowly led me outside of the cage and then took a seat on my back. Without any spurring, I crawled outside toward the ceremony place. When we reached the destination, my Goddess stood up and took the branding pod from the fire. The mark itself was already red and a small amount of smoke could be seen on its end. She slowly had brought the mark to my buttocks and declared loudly:

“With this mark I brand Paul as my slave dog. From now on, his name becomes fluffy. He loses his free will, all his possessions, and any human trait he ever bore. I claim him as my pet, and promise to take care of him, to feed him, and to provide him with the place to live. Let this mark be a sign of his acceptance of my ownership.”

With the last word she touched my behinds with the burning stick. The pain was totally unbearable. I had a strong feeling of all my body put on fire. Besides, the scent of the burnt flesh reached my nostrils, and started to complicate my breathing. However, sticking to the instructions, I remain still all the time, until the procedure have been completed. Eventually, the mark was taken and I was able to take some air. With the gentle, caring touches, Mistress applied the soothing cream on the burning area. Amazingly, it helped a lot from the beginning. Maybe the effect was purely psychological, as I definitely admired all the attention and help she provided.

After that, I was taken to another spot in the backyard. Large grass area had been secluded for the next part of the show. I laid on the grass while my Owner stood over me. Slowly, she reached under her dress and took off her panties. The all wet, soaked undies were forcible shoveled into my mouth. Next, she squatted and peed all over my body. Special attention was given to my face, as it was literally washed with the urine. The pungent scent was coming from everywhere and I started sneezing. The stream tough hasn't stopped yet, it had been just flown on my breast, instead. Finally, this humiliating procedure was over too.

Carrying my Mistress to my cabin was my last assignment. When we had arrived, she connected my collar to the long outside chain, and wished me a good night. Before leaving, she had expressed her satisfaction with my performance, and promised a gift.

A long lonely night

After my Owner had left, I was about to spend a whole night outside. The chilly cold weather, prompted to find a shelter inside my house. I quickly crawled inside and covered myself with the blanket. I struggled in vain to sleep, but all the recent events still were inside my head.

Time after time, I went over and over the branding ceremony.

“Was it absolutely necessary? Was I behaving right? How the things will turn out after this?” I kept asking myself endlessly.

Indeed, after my last return to Christine, there was no ability to go back. The Rubicon had been crossed and all the bridges were absolutely burnt away.

“So, why the hell, she ordered this “Initiation” thing?”

I think it was supposed to serve multiple purposes. First, she wanted to assert once again her authority on me. She wanted to convince herself that she is indeed my Owner, and from now on is a sole responsible for my fate. Secondly, her infinite desire to humiliate me more and more, was driving her to look for more creative ways to accomplish it. Addicted to domination, Christine just used the occasion in order to debase me further. Lastly, she wanted to show that my destiny is to be her dog slave, From now on, I have to forget anything else, but obeying my Owner.

Since, I got back to her, I was in total peace with my decision to become a permanent dog slave. There was no doubt in my mind, about the rightfulness of my choice. I longed to serve Christine and obey her every wish. So, my next hesitation was about my ability to show my appreciation. I was worried whether my performance deemed successful in the eyes of my Superior. I struggled to adhere to her instructions as much as I could, but some things probably could be done better. I should have anticipated the degree of burning sensation and the scent during the branding procedure. Also, my sneezing in the middle of urine bath could be probably avoided too.

My last hesitation was about an influence of the last events on my future. No doubt, Christine will proudly show my mark to any of her friends. She will probably describe in details how I had received it, and how well the whole process was staged and accomplished. In addition, not when I was permanently bearing her sign, our mutual connection should only grow. Even though it merely resembled a simple tattoo, the meaning of this symbol was way more than the usual drawing. It symbolized her unquestionable ownership and my subservience.

All the above thoughts and conclusions caused me to become restless and lose my sleep. My inability to fall asleep was also caused by the uncomfortableness of my bed. I just was laying on the plain grass, trying to find a better position for my body. The tiny blades relentlessly stroke my skin, making the itching sensation very disturbing. I tried to roll my body over them in order to squeeze them down, but achieved only a partial success.

However, still tired from all the recent events, I finally was able to have some sleep. My hibernation was abruptly cut by the annoying sensation of cold. Apparently, with the approach of the winter, the nights gradually became chillier. All I got to protect myself from freezing was a tiny thin blanket. Without my success, helplessly, I tried to warm myself. After some time, when I was about to declare my defeat, another much warmer blanket have been brought from nowhere. Apparently, without actual intent, I cried loudly and was overheard by my Mistress. Appreciating my last night's performance, she gladly allowed me to have another cover. My joy, however, was abruptly interrupted with her promise to punish me later for waking her up.

Struggling to get more rest, I continued to hibernate until the sun came up. The annoying morning light, woke me up. Restless, I crawled around the cabin in order to become alert. Still unable to move freely because of the chain, I tried to explore the nearby surroundings. Since, I was completely exposed and naked, very quickly I became a lovely target for all kinds of mosquitos and flies. Therefore, my attempt to explore the environment had been abruptly cut and I retreated back to my cabin.

A surprising gift

My try to take some rest under the blanket, was swift too. Exactly when I took my position, Mistress had approached my cabin and ordered me outside. She had allowed me to pee under the tree, and then instead of taking me inside the house, she led me to the cage in the garage.

“Stay put and be quiet, fluffy. No one should be able to see you,” she told me.

Before leaving she brought a bowl full with corn flax, and closed the cage tightly. To my surprise, she even covered the cage with the blanket. Obviously, it was done in order to conceal my presence here. Wondering for the meaning of keeping such secret, and unable to see anything, I turned all ears.

After 30 minutes or so, I heard a large truck coming by. Then, the house gate was open and some loud noises became clearly heard. After that, a few heavy pieces were brought inside and left on the grass under a close supervision from my Owner. Obviously, she planned everything ahead, each part had received its predefined place.

When everything was brought in, the construction had begun. A loud of drill and hammer was heard very clearly. Perplexed, I just kept guessing about the whole purpose of all of it.

“Is it somehow related to me? Maybe they are building a larger house for me? Can it be some kind of pergola shade?”

Eventually, the construction had been finished, and all the noises were gone. The truck had left, and I was expecting a visit from my Mistress at any time. Dying with anticipation, I was fidgeting and restless.

“It should be clearly something related to me,” I thought to myself.

My doubts came to an end with the appearance of my Owner. Beaming with joy she playfully announced:

“Since, you are such a cute puppy, I bought a special present for you. Let’s go and try it, shall we?”

She took away the covering blanket and opened my cage. After the leash was connected to my collar, I was led outside toward the backyard. Somehow, given her tone, I wasn't sure that something pleasant is waiting for me. My doubts tended to be right, when I saw the stunning creation in front of me. Mistress just ordered an obstacle course for her own amusement!

Still hesitant, I was taken to the first part, the tunnel. Covered with the blue Dacron fabric, metal rings were set aside in order to create a sort of large pipe. Mistress just pushed me with her leg toward the big opening, and waited for me to appear from the opposite side. Barely able to squeeze my body through the tight rings, I slowly made my way to another end. When, I had reached the opening I was met with the cold stern look from my Owner.

"What took you so long? Do you think it's reasonable to waste so much time on that? Next time, I will use a whip in order to fasten you up, fluffy."

After that, we approached the line of metallic rods being set deep into the ground.

"It's called the 'Weave Poles', fluffy. You are supposed to walk in between the poles as fast as you can. Once again, given that this is your first time, I will tolerate some sluggishness just for now. She slightly pulled the leash and took me toward the first pole. Bending my body and moving my paws as fast as I could, I crawled between the poles. My attempts to advance were probably very ridiculous and resulted in ovation from my Owner.

"Oh my God, fluffy. It's so incredible. My friends should definitely see that," she joyfully exclaimed.

Our next destination was some kind of seesaw. As explained by Mistress, I was about to climb on it on one end, and then to bring the board down with my haunches. Then, I had to walk all the way down to the ground. At first, I thought it's easy to go through this thing. However, the board was too narrow to hold me, so I kept falling down before reaching the top. My fruitless attempts were met with sarcasm from my Owner:

"You are too bulky, and cumbersome, fluffy. Keep trying until you will succeed," was all she said.

It took me another 30 minutes to develop a new tactic. Instead of slowly crawling toward the top, I had to jump as far as I could. My first tryout were of course unsuccessful, but eventually I managed to land perfectly on the board and bring it down. Proudly I screamed with joy and was awarded with the soft patting from my Goddess.

Already accustomed to raise my body in the air, I was ready for the next hurdle. It was merely a jumping bar located between 2 metallic posts. I took a fast start and then just flied way above it. Finally, I was able to pass the obstacle perfectly from the first attempt.

“Oh, fluffy. I am so proud of you. It was awesome. You learned so much, and had shown what a wonderful dog you became.”

These words were music too my ears. Tears of joy started to appear on my eyes.

“Who would think only 3 months ago that I will be so proud to be called a dog? How incredible and unexpected life can be, sometimes,” I thought to myself.

An unexpected announcement

This day started like any other. Chained to the metallic rod, I was sleeping in my wood cabin. I was very tired from a very busy day yesterday.

Mistress played her favorable games with me, “Frisbee” and “Fetch” for hours. With “Frisbee”, I had to catch, follow, and bring back the damn plastic plate. The other game “Fetch” was all about running back and forth in order to return various objects, usually it was a plastic bone.

You probably wonder how I got her, and why am I doing all these things. Well, 3 months ago I had agreed to become a permanent slave dog to my ex-girlfriend, Christine. Since then, I live in this wood cabin outside of her house, and have to obey her every command. My Owner has 2 opposite sides. From one hand, she is very cruel, and always looks for the ways to humiliate me more. From the other hand, she really cares about me, as a dog of course.

So, without further ado, let me continue my story. As I said, I was peacefully sleeping after very long day. Suddenly, I had been woken up by the loud noise.

“Wake up, fluffy. You got enough rest,” I heard my Owner saying.

Still drowsy, I slowly crawled out of the cabin. As a well-trained dog I greeted my Mistress by kissing her black boots. Needless to say, they were already clean and shiny as a result of one of my previous assignments. Still, I gently touched the soft leather with my lips, as a sign of my appreciation.

“I have to travel for 2 days. Unfortunately, it can’t be delayed,” Mistress told me.

“That leaves you here alone. Luckily, I was able to find someone who will take care of you all this time. Laura, your ex-girlfriend, kindly agreed to help me with that. She will arrive any moment.”

“It goes without saying that you have to obey her every command, as if it was mine. If she will complain about you, and I mean any complain, you will be very sorry,” she sternly warned me.

I was mortified. Laura was indeed my ex-girlfriend. Our breakup wasn't peaceful, to say at least. We had exchanged a lot of strong words, and called each various unpleasant names. Yes, she already had seen me as a dog, and even played with me one time. However, to become her toy for 2 days wasn't something I would wish for anybody. She noticeably hated me a lot, and only wanted to hurt me as much as possible.

Soon Laura had arrived, and went straight to me. She brought with her a big brown bag which she put on the porch. In her white high heels sandals and blue dress, she was looking gorgeously. As always she paid great attention and details to her clothing, and matched them nicely. Some mud and dust were clearly visible on her sandals, however. Of course, she remembered very well how I greeted her last time. Thus, she faced me and pointed down to her legs. Disgusted and humiliated, all I had to do is to lick off all the dirt. First, I had moistened the material with my saliva, and then went with my tongue over the wet spots. I was unable to spit out the gross residue, so I just swallowed it.

"Make them clean and shiny fluffy. Don't forget the soles too. I think, I stepped on something nasty," she had announced playfully and raised her feet slightly.

My humiliation was complete, as I saw some chewed gum spread over right sole. I was about to start to take care of it when a surprising comment had been heard:

"Laura, I have to run to the airport. Maybe, just leave your sandals here with fluffy and accompany me into the house?"

"Of course, Christine, no problem. Let's go," said Laura, while taking off her sandals.

Both ladies have started the learning tour, leaving me to clean the sandals. Knowing how much depends on my performance, I tried my best. For the next 20 minutes I licked, bit, and swallowed all the dirt and gum. The latest was very sticky, so careful not scratch the surface, I tried to pull it with my teeth. As a result, my tongue, and teeth were hurting like hell, but somehow I managed to do a decent job. When both ladies had returned, they saw me holding proudly the sandals with my mouth. Laura had pointed her fingers and laughed at me.

“He is so adorable and well trained. You made a great job Christine!” she exclaimed.

Proud with her achievement, Mistress nodded her in agreement. She had shown Laura how to feed me, explained where I should always sleep, and gave her some instructions regarding my behavior.

“I tried to describe him what will happen if he will misbehave. So, don’t hesitate to call me if you will need something,” she had declared and looked sternly on me.

“Oh, I am sure fluffy will be a good boy. I brought some toys in my bag, so the time will be running fast for him,” confidently said Laura.

Assured and satisfied, my Owner left to the airport. Before that she had patted my head and promised to bring me something back from her trip.

The first day

Eager to start, Laura told me to leave the sandals on the porch. Next, she led me to the tree and ordered to urinate. Feeling a full bladder, gratefully I had raised my left leg and started to urinate. It took me a few minutes to empty everything, but finally I was done. After that, Laura just took the long hose and scrupulously washed my body with the cold water. I shivered and trembled, but obviously there is no any point to complain.

Laura's next actions surprised me. She told me to stay still and wait for her return. After a few minutes, she returned with the big red towel. However, instead of wiping my wet body, she just put it over my back. Then, she used me as a chair and conveniently sat on the towel. Her next words surprised me even more:

“You know Paul, I really liked you. We were a great couple, and I even thought that we have a bright future ahead of us. You hurt me very much, when you became a jerk. It took me a decent time to get over you. I suffered a lot because of you. Fortunately, I am able to pay you back now. Look at you. A macho, and a successful young man became a dog slave. How cruel can be a reality sometimes.”

“Ok, enough talking. Let get to business,” she had concluded and commanded me to move. She was a bit heavier when my Mistress, but I hardly noticed that. Already accustomed to riding, I skillfully advanced across the huge backyard. Small stone and gravel particles still were hurting my skin, but I was already used to it. We have made several rounds, when I started to feel some fatigue. Slowly, little by little, the tiredness spread over my body and I started to breathe heavily. At some point, unable to continue, exhausted I fell on the ground. Obviously, Laura was very furious with me. She stood up and went straight to her bag.

I laid there and tried to get some rest. All of the sudden a strong sting pain brought me to my senses. Laura probably had brought with her a whip which she skillfully started using on me. She spanked me couple more times, but stopped instantly:

“I was about to inflict you so much pain. However, you filthy dog should be glad, that I still have plans for you. This time you were lucky. I will not tolerate any digression next time.”

After that, she had connected the leash to my collar and led me toward the house. When we had reached the porch, exactly as my Owner before that, she ordered me to lay down on my stomach. Then, she just stood on my back and used my as a door rug. Tediously she wiped off her feet. Small dirt particles and stone pebbles scratched my skin, but of course I stoically endured the pain. Adding to my humiliation, she went back and forth over my protruded body. She even stepped on my head, as if signing my complete defeat.

Finally, the torment was over and I was allowed to crawl into the house. Laura took a seat on the sofa and gestured me to kneel nearby. Her next orders were already obvious to me. She just wordlessly pointed to her bare feet, completely sure about my reaction. Disgusted and unable to disobey, I moved myself toward her toes.

Even though she tried to clean them on my back, the feet were still all covered with mud and sweat. Obediently, I opened my mouth and stick out my tongue. Beginning with the right heel, I gradually made my way toward the toes, scrapping all the dirt with my teeth. While cleaning all the salty sweat, my tongue also applied saliva to her soft skin. After leaving her sole spotless and shiny, I paid a special attention to the toes. Sucking each toe one by one, I heard moans of joy from Laura. At some point, eager to degrade me even more, she forcibly shoved her leg deep into my mouth. When the right feet had been neatly cleaned, the turn of the left counterpart arrived too. I proceeded in the same manner bringing the same treatment to it too. My efforts deemed successful as Laura came with the loud cry. She even pulled off her completely wet panties and forcibly pushed them into my mouth.

Of course, it wasn't the first time I tested her juices. However, previously I savored them from the source. Today, I just experienced the flavor in a slightly different way. Salty and mushy liquid completely filled my mouth. Unable to be with a woman lately, I gladly accepted any sexual attention. Laura had noticed my behavior, but fortunately it only amused her. She

even parted her legs and gave me a clear look on her vagina. Instantly, that made me excited too. With a great sorrow, I remembered how in the past I used to have my dick inside it. Today, however, my whacky caged member served as another example of my sad fate.

When the things had calmed down, Laura glanced on the clock and announced the lunch time. She left me sitting on the floor and went straight to the kitchen. She probably ate there her meal as she was absent for quite a lot of time. She returned bringing the big bowl with the meatballs inside. She put the bowl on the floor before me. I had already been dreaming about savoring my treat, when she suddenly squatted over it. To my utter disbelief, she moved apart her legs and started peeing inside the bowl. A strong yellow stream hit the meatballs and caused them to float.

When she had finished to urinate, she playfully told me:

“Your lunch is ready fluffy. You see, you are receiving both an entrée and a desert,”

The latest was gross even for me. In a silent plea, I turned my head away. I planted kisses on her feet, made a very sad face and barked, all in order to relinquish the treat. Unimpressed with my efforts, Laura grabbed a handful of my head's hair. Then, she forcibly used it in order to pull me closely to the bowl. Unable to resist, I fully inhaled smelly odor coming out from my dessert.

“I can keep you head like this for ages, fluffy. You already earned yourself a harsh punishment. Start drinking that very moment!”

Being already accustomed to taste Mistress's urine, I haven't being able to intake Laura's too. Somehow, the thought about it seemed to be very disturbing. From the other hand, Laura was dead serious about her future actions. She could easily turn my already miserable life into hell. Therefore, consenting my defeat, I stick out my tongue and sipped the filthy liquid. It tasted as bad as it smelled. Pulpy mass tasted too salty and bitter. My mouth started aching, so I quickly swallowed it. Little by little, I slowly drank all the disgusting liquid, and finally was able to savor the meatballs. Hungry, I made a first bite, just to see that the meatballs were still cold. Probably they were frozen at the beginning, and became slightly warmer because of the

urine. However, unsure when I would be able to eat again, I still chewed and swallowed all of them.

My predictions tended to be right. Furious with my refusal to drink her body waste, Laura forbade any other food for me. Rest of the day went almost uneventful. Laura just browsed the Internet, and watched TV. All that time, I simply laid on the floor and tried to take some rest.

Occasionally, for the unknown reasons, I was given an enema. Each time immediately after that, I was taken to the backyard to clean my bowels. Uncharacteristically, without any complain, Laura just silently took me outside and waited patiently for me. She probably planned something for tomorrow. Meanwhile, the day came to an end, and I was sent to my dog cabin outside.

A strange intercourse

Next morning, I had been woken up by the familiar Laura's voice calling my name. As expected, I crawled outside and paid a tribute to Laura's shoes. This time, she wore a pair of white sneakers. The shoes were noticeably new, so I just slightly kissed their tops. Next, I was led to the tree to make my business. I also was given yet another enema, and pooped again. After the thorough cold shower from the hose, I was allowed to enter the house. This time, I was sent straight inside, without serving as a doormat at the porch.

Laura went to her bag and pulled out a harness with the huge dildo. The size of the strap-made me even to tremble from fear. After wearing the harness, she ordered me to take a so called "Present the tail" position. Obediently, I put my head between my hands and raised my ass in the air.

"This is called pegging, fluffy, and should serve as another remainder of your changed role. If previously you had been only on the giving end, it's time now to see how the things are looking on the other side."

"Enough talking, let me show how it's done."

Next I sensed my tail being pulled out with the popping sound. Then, she applied a lot of mushy lubricant on my behinds. Skillfully, she slowly pushed her fingers one by one into my opening. Already accustomed to fisting and a tail, my wide open ass took her digits without much resistance, at first. However, as their number grew up, the pressure was increasing as well. At the end, when she tried to squeeze in her whole palm, the pain became unbearable. It felt like a volcano erupted inside me. I started crying and begged her to stop. However, my please didn't impress my cruel tormentor, and she continued with her task. When finally the whole hand was inside, I was sure she would be probing my prostate. Instead, Laura just moved her hand from side to side as if attempting to wide my opening even more.

Then, Laura pulled out her fingers, and forcibly shoved her dildo inside me. After that, she had placed her hands on my hips and started to move back and forward. She vigorously pounded my behinds, pausing for short

breaks. While her rude invasion was very painful at the beginning, I gradually felt some excitement from the utter humiliation. Both arousal and pain interchanged all the time causing confusion and a loss of senses. At some point, she found her rhythm.

“Oh yes, yes! It feels so great!” she exclaimed.

From the hand, my body wanted to prolong that feeling of sexual intimacy as long as possible. Moaning with pleasure, I flexed my back muscles and moved myself toward Laura in an attempt to help her. My reaction surprised even me, as until the last moment I didn't want to accept my enthusiasm. Such a change was welcomed by Laura:

“You see, you are enjoying too. You are my whore now, my bitch to do whatever I want.”

Eventually, after few more minutes, she came with the strong odor and sounds of happiness. Exhausted, she pulled away her dildo, inserted back my tail and sent me away.

Never before I experienced strap on intimacy. Amazingly, it wasn't so bad, at all. Both the power exchange, and a prostate massage, caused my stimulation. Plus to it my inability to ejaculate and you will understand my feelings. No doubts, it was a closest thing to intimacy in weeks. I even was somehow grateful to Laura for doing it to me.

Anyway, after a short break Laura was ready for the next activity. She led me to the backyard, and wanted to play “Fetch”. Her rules however were a little bit different. The bone had been hidden from me and I was supposed to find it and bring it to Laura. As my dog senses hadn't been developed yet, Laura generously volunteered to help me with “Hot” and “Cold” hints. Each time I brought the bone back to Laura, she patted my head and gave me a small sugar cube. Sometimes she deliberately gave me the wrong directions in order to confuse me. Once, she even mischievously put the bone inside the bushes. Unable to refuse, I obediently went through the branches while scratching myself number of times. Somehow, my humiliation and attempt to mimic dog's behavior kept enormously amusing her.

Eventually, the lunch time had approached and the game came to an end. Laura took me inside and left me in the living room. Exactly as yesterday, she went to the kitchen and ate there alone. When she came back, she brought a big bowl full of tiny chicken chunks. She put the bowl on the floor in front of me. I had anticipated some vicious actions from Laura, and I was right, of course. With the vicious smile she spat couple of times into the bowl, and then put her bare feet inside too. For couple more minutes, she had crushed and smashed all the chunks.

“Your treat is ready fluffy. Enjoy your meal,” she joyfully announced and pointed her finger down.

The view of her soles covered with mashed food was surely disgusting. Tough, I encouraged myself that yesterday’s lunch was even grosser, in fact much grosser. So, I moved myself closer and started licking the dirty substance. First, I went with my tongue over the heels and ankles, and then paid attention to the soles. Luckily, Laura had been wearing her snickers inside, so her feet were relatively clean from dirt. Still, encased for the whole day inside they were very sweaty and stinky. Some of the meat cubes even had been glued so strong that I had a real difficulty to take them off. In these cases, I tried gently to scrap them with my teeth, careful not to scratch Laura’s soft skin.

All of the sudden I heard Mistress’s voice coming from Laura’s phone:

“Thanks Laura. It’s hilariously funny. I shall probably feed him that way too.”

Apparently, Laura was doing a Skype meeting all this time. She was chatting with my Goddess, and filmed the whole lunch scene too. They continued talking about different other things including my behavior. Laura had described recent events, and assured my Owner that my compliance with her orders is as expected. They completely had disregarded me and spoke about me like I wasn’t there at all. In some sense, they were right, as I willingly became an animal, a speechless slave dog.

“This is my new life, and I have to endure it. I wanted to become closer to my Mistress, and these are the consequences,” I tried to remind myself.

Finally, the conversation has ended with Mistress's promise to take a first available flight black, tomorrow. Noticeably, she was very eager to see me, and probably to humiliate me even more. Laura obviously gave her some new ideas, and she wanted to try them as soon as possible. The whole domination thing is very addictive and soon enough you couldn't imagine your life without it.

After the lunch, Laura had ordered me to stand on all fours and conveniently put her legs on my back. She had watched TV and browsed the Internet with her phone. Occasionally, she forcible had kicked me and caused me to fall down. Somehow, seeing me suffering and helpless amused her a lot. The day ended when I was taken outside to my wood house.

Next morning started with the happiest sound of all. Mistress had finally returned and was looking for me. Gladly, I had crawled outside and wiggled my tail with joy. I had successfully survived my adventure with Laura, and was eager to meet my true Owner. Even though the time with Laura wasn't as bad as I feared, I still was very happy to see my Goddess. My reaction greatly amused both ladies and they started laughing.

"What a wonderful dog, you are fluffy. Good boy!" exclaimed proudly my Mistress and patted my head with delight.

Ecstatic, I readily planted a lot of kisses on her leather shoes. I wanted to show her how worthy I am to be on her side and serve her. Agreeably, she kneeled down and softly kissed my cheek. The hidden awkward connection between us just strengthened even more.

Treibball

One day, while I was resting in my log cabin, I heard Mistress calling me.

“Fluffy, fluffy, come here. Look that I brought you.”

Eagerly, I had crawled outside and saw 5 gym balls in front of me.

Perplexed, I looked on my Owner. My face impression probably had told her everything, as she started to explain:

“This game is called a “Driving Ball”. All you have to do is to move a “flock” of balls from one place to another.”

“This time I would go easy with you. I will allow you to take the balls separately one by one through the obstacle course. All you have to do is to push the ball with your nose or paws.”

She took the balls to the beginning of the obstacle course, and waited for me there. Obediently, I had joined her soon and started to push the first ball. Taking it through the tunnel tended to be relatively easy as the ball could freely pass there. However, when I had arrived at “Weave Poles”, the things started to be harder. I was kicking the ball too strong and as a result it landed far from each pole. I had to bring it back and start over again under the close supervision from my Owner. My misfortunes were met with the great amusement by her:

“Oh fluffy, stop goofing around and handle the ball correctly. I know you are too excited, but we have to finish this task,” she said playfully.

This rubber thing was driving me crazy. I tried my best to nudge it as gently as I could, but still my success was very limited. It took me some time to find the exact spot, and force in order to control it right. Finally, I took the ball to the next hurdle, the seesaw. I remembered how I struggled there before. Since then, of course, I learned to pass it in a brisk. Taking the ball with me would be something different, I thought to myself. Slowly, I pushed it forward and moved along. Apparently, I chose a wrong tactic, as a ball just fell down. Once again, I had to find the right way to deal with it. As previously with the poles it took me a significant time to accomplish my task. Time after time, I had forced the damn sphere forward and it fell down

again. My lack of progress almost prompted me to give up. For the last time, I just strongly kicked the ball and it went straight through the whole obstacle.

“Sometimes the straightforward solution is the right one,” I angrily told myself.

The jump bar seemed to be the easiest hindrance of all. I just raised the ball with my hands and threw it over the bar. I was ready to jump over the barrier, when I heard the words from my Owner:

“You cannot grab the ball with your hands, fluffy. Dogs don’t do it, and you are certainly are a dog. Go bring the ball and try again,” she calmly explained to me.

Defiantly, I ran to the ball and pushed it to the bar. This time, instead of holding the ball I just nudged it in the air until it crossed the bar.

Approvingly, my Goddess had chuckled and allowed me to jump over the hurdle too.

The game continued with the rest of the balls. Seemingly, the first ball was the hardest one. As the number of balls grew up, my ability to control them increased too. Soon enough, I confidently drove them through the course without my effort. When the last ball was over, I proudly wiggled my tail and ran toward my Mistress. Such a friendly attention, certainly delighted her as she had patted my head and fed me the sugar cubes from her pocket.

Next she took one of the balls and threw it toward me.

“Kick it back, fluffy. Let’s play soccer,” she told me.

I had complied immediately and struck the ball back. Our game had continued for another 30 minutes, until I was completely worn out. Mistress noticed my exhaustion and led me inside the house. She allowed to get some rest on the floor, while she did her studies.

After another hour, she ordered me to lay down on my back and raise my feet into the air. When I felt her hand touching my encased member. Hoping for best, I already started dreaming about being able to ejaculate. However, my Owner had another plans for me. She forcibly had squeezed my balls and loudly announced:

“Remember my promise, fluffy. I am thinking about getting you neutered. It doesn’t matter of course, but I just want to hear you opinion. Do you think I should do it?”

Shaking from pain, I barked and begged her to reconsider the decision again. I understood very well the dare consequences of sterilization, and was willing to do everything possible in order to delay it. From the other hand, the resolution wasn’t at my hand anymore. As an only holder, my Owner solely had the full rights over my body. Unable to move and show my answer, fully defeated, I just started crying. I guess, at this time I had reached the lowest point of my disgrace. I was about to lose the most valuable part of me and couldn’t do much about it. Accepting my fate, I just continued to lay on the floor.

“Calm down, fluffy. You are not ready yet. I am not so cruel and heartless as you think about me. The time will come and you will beg me to spray you. Until then, I allow you to keep your privates intact.”

At that moment, overwhelmed with joy and unable to believe my luck, I just collapsed on the floor. I succeeded to avoid a greatest danger in my life, and couldn’t be happier. Compassionately, Mistress took off her hand from my genitals and brought it to my mouth. Readily, I started to lick her fingers, thankful for such graceful gesture.

The End.

San Francisco, October 2016

Pet travel to Texas

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Preclusion

“Ahh! What the hell is going on? Who are you?”

The loud scream woke me up from my sleep. I slowly had opened my eyes and tried to look around. I saw an old lady staring at me at disbelief. She was probably in her mid-60s, but some charm still could be clearly visible. Her powerful posture and face expression characterized her as a very confident individual. Her index finger pointed on me, as if looking for immediate answer. By no means, she was very happy to see me here.

Well, I couldn't disagree with my surprising visitor. Bare naked, except my collar and tail, I was chained to the metallic pole. My Owner, exhausted from the long ride, just left me laying in the stable. She drove for 2 days to Texas, and obviously was very tired. The road trip had been very difficult for me too, as I couldn't move and spent all the time in cage. When we finally arrived, during late night hours, we went straight to the stable without seeing anyone else.

At this point you will probably ask the same question: “What the hell is going on?” Well, the answer is complicated, and will take some amount of your time. If you are ready, I can start my story.

My name is Paul, and I was a successful manager in a well-known IT company. My future was bright, and everyone was sure I have a great potential. Then, one day, I met a beautiful college student named Christine. We had started dating, and quickly fell in love, well at least I did. Little I knew at this time, that Christine has different plans for me. Even though some warning lights could be already clearly seen, I just completely disregarded them. We never had sex, and all the time we met, I was supposed to do something for her. At the beginning, it was a help with her shoes, then it became a foot massage. Even when she asked me to worship her feet, I still stayed blind.

Eventually, after 2 months or so, we broke up. Each of us went to the separate way, and I was sure that I will never see Christine again. However, the life is full of surprises. Apparently, Christine planted so called mental “bookmarks” in my head. These markers forced me obsessively to dream

about her all the time, day and night. My life became a nightmare, and unable to endure such torment I went back to Christine.

Devastated, ready for everything, I asked her to remove the “bookmarks”. Her answer was very surprising. Mischievously, she asked me to be her slave dog for 2 weeks. Without much choice, I had agreed and became a dog called “fluffy”. These two weeks went in a complete humiliation and debasement. She had tried everything on me: feet worship, chastity, golden showers, and fisting. It seemed like there is no limit for her imagination and the desire to hurt me.

Finally, my training period came to an end, and the “bookmarks” were removed. I was a free man again and wanted to start a new chapter in my life. However, the reality tended to be somewhat different. Instead of leaving Christine behind, I kept thinking about her, and wanted to become her permanent slave. Defeated, I went back to Christine just to find out that she was expecting me. Apparently, she knew all along that she successfully broke me, and I wouldn't be the same macho again.

The first words

Now, 4 months later, I was laying on the pile of hay inside Christine's stable. The old lady, probably Christine's mother, was still staring at me. Absolutely forbidden to speak, I couldn't tell her anything, and just continued looking on her. After few more moments, she had pulled out her phone and threatened to call the police. At this moment, I just didn't have any choice but verbally to explain my motives:

"I am Christine's slave. She is doing whatever she wants with me, and I like it. Please talk with Christine," was all I said. It was already more than I was allowed to tell, anyway. The lady just looked on me in disbelief and I would even say with some disgust. Wordlessly, she quickly ran out toward the house.

Since, I was once again left alone, I could think more about the later events. So, the time went fast, and I am already serving my Owner for 4 months. During all that time, every day became challenging for me. Different dog gaming activities, like "Frisbee" and "Fetch", obstacle course, branding procedure, all left a sizeable scar in my memory. One day, Mistress had to travel for 2 days on a short notice. Conveniently, she quickly found a willing dog sitter for me. My ex- girlfriend Laura was eager to help.

My life was miserable already, but it became intolerable when Laura took the reins in her hands. She persuaded me to drink her urine, and to worship her dirty feet. She even pegged me from behind, in order to emphasize her domination over me. Laura had tortured me so much, that when my Owner finally returned, I was the happiest creature on Earth.

So, what am I doing here, on the farm in Texas? Well, Christine, my Owner, grew up here, and she just wanted to visit her mother. She had planned this visit for a long time, and even explained her mom about me. Well, she gave a very general explanation.

"Mom, I am coming with the dog."

"Since when I have a dog? 4 months already. He is well trained and very obedient. I am sure you will like him too, well maybe not. Too bad for him,

anyway,” was all she said.

The idea of leaving me in the stable among the horses, was probably her mom’s too. Strict old lady was very clear about it:

“Animals should be staying outside of the house,” told me my Mistress with a bit of joke.

Anyway, few days later we packed all our supplies and went to our journey. The trip was almost uneventful for me. Most of the time I rested inside my cage. Every few hours, the car had stopped, and I was able to do my needs outside. Of course, Christine had to be careful and made such breaks only in secluded places. Finally being able to move, at first I ran like crazy. A loud call from my Mistress was enough to halt my advance. Sadly, ashamed with myself, I quickly returned just to face my punishment.

I forgot to tell, that since I was regarded as an animal, I was receiving the same treatment as well. Mistress carried the riding whip all the time with her. Any disregard or misbehavior from my side were instantly met with the swift spanking on my bare behinds.

So, our first break could be remembered by a tough penalty I had received. But I wasn’t in any position to complain, of course.

Tough situations require tough actions

When we reached Texas, the weather became hotter. At some point, I began to be very thirsty, but couldn't obtain any water. Next stop, I was heavily breathing and barked to attract Mistress's attention. She wasn't at the better shape either and was thirsty too. All we had is only 1 last bottle of water, tough. Obviously, my Owner had to decide what to do.

The decision was obvious, however. Christine had opened the bottle and drank all the water. Then, without much hesitation, she had squatted over me and moved her legs apart. With her hands, she forcibly brought my face closer to her vagina and told me to open my mouth. Unable to refuse, I instantly had obeyed, and felt a warm stream reaching my tongue.

Frankly speaking, the feeling, and sensation were quite new for me. Yes, I was already accustomed to consume urine. However, this time, I was required to taste from the source. The warm yellow liquid quickly filled my mouth, prompting me to swallow it. The taste was much saltier than before, probably because of the dehydration. Nevertheless, I gulped all the amount, as I wasn't sure when I would be able to drink again.

When the stream came to end, Mistress just brought her pubic area even closer. Answering my silent quest, she just prompted me to lick her. Needless to explain all my happiness and joy at that moment. Oh, how many times I was dreaming about it! Being bound by the strict rule of "No sex with animals", Mistress forbade any thought of intimacy between us. Therefore, her behavior now was inexplicable. Afraid of misunderstanding, I just kept staying there without any movement. My indecisiveness amused her a lot:

"Go ahead, fluffy. I allow you to lick me," she playfully told me.

Instantly, I protruded my tongue and touched her labia. Gently I went around her outer lips, enjoying every bit of the second. Helping with her fingers, she moved the lips apart, fully exposing her most intimate area. Slowly, I moved my tongue toward her clitoris picking up all the preliminary juices. The sweet taste of her pre cum mixed with the strong urine odor made wonders to my senses. Still being in nirvana, I had

wrapped her clitoris with my lips and sucked it as someone would do to lemon. Moans of joy and more pre cum dropped on my cheeks, all served as a true evidence of my success,

Christine was already very hot, when I touched her vagina with the tip of my tongue. Gently, as if still not able to believe my fortune, I made circle moves around. I must admit that long chastity made magic to my attitude. Only 4 months ago, I would never go down on a girl like that. Just some several rough touches with my hand, and then I forced myself inside. Being in a complete different situation today, I wanted to prolong every moment of sexual intimacy. My tongue simply went up and down the vagina licking every little moisture drop. At some point, I dared to shove it inside, as if a sad simulation of my whacky enclosed member.

When Christine finally came with the load outcry, my mouth was ready. Like an obedient puppy licking his owner's hand, I lapped every drop. The sticky substance was all over my face and even on my hair, but I didn't care. All I wanted is to clean out everything. My efforts were clearly noticed by my Owner, as she pushed my tongue inside even more. No doubt, it was the moment of joy for both of us. For Christine, obviously it was an ultimate pleasure of being so cherished and worshipped at her most intimate part. For me, it was the closest sexual action with my Goddess, the apotheosis of all my suffering and commitment. Something BIG happened between us that moment, something we would take through the whole our relationship.

The traffic jam

After that stop, even though the usual things went the same, something odd was always hanging in the air. From time to time, I caught wondering, and strange glances from Christine. She obviously seemed unsure about something, but kept her hesitations private for now. Perplexed, I was going over and over about the latest events, trying to understand their meanings.

“Is she feeling some sort of shame? Did she really like it, or just acted?”

However, since her attitude toward me hadn’t changed since then, I just threw away all my worries. I still was her dog, and she was still my Owner. She still decides my fate and controls my every breath. All I have to do is to obey her wishes and comply with every order.

I was sleeping in my cage, when the car abruptly stopped. The big traffic jam was apparently ahead of us. Mistress had left the vehicle and went to speak with other drivers. When after a few moments she came back, her face impression told me everything:

“We are in a big trouble, fluffy. Cops are going from car to car, in order to find some fugitive criminal. What are we going to do?”

“At the moment they will see you like this, it would be over. Silly me, I never thought about bringing some decent clothes for you.”

“Ok, here is the deal. Take my coat, wrap it around your body, and sit in the back seat”, she told me and opened the cage.

Quickly, I crawled from the cage and grabbed the coat. Trying to make as less noise as possible, I put a coat on my shoulders and climbed over the seat’s back. Pretending to sleep, I put my head on the headrest and closed my eyes. When we reached the officer, he signaled us to stop and went checking inside our car. He just briefly looked on me and went ahead searching for someone else. Safe and sound, we continued our ride.

Contrary to my expectations, Mistress allowed me to sit in the backseat until we reached our final destination. My perplexed face expression prompted the following explanation:

“I am just trying to return a favor. You proved to be obedient and helpful, and I am letting you stay here”, said my Mistress.

Something definitely changed. Never before Christine ever tried to justify her actions before me. My only hope was for this change to last as long as possible. Encouraged I had accompanied my Owner towards the stables. She opened the door and led me inside. Among 3 horses there, we found an empty stall. Christine had brought a pile of hay from the inside, and pointed to it with her index finger:

“Go, lay down there, fluffy. Don’t worry about anything, you should be safe here. I will come to pick you up,” she explained. When I took my place, she picked a large metallic chain and connected it to the standing nearby pole. The other side of the chain was closed on my collar.

“Sorry to lock you up, fluffy. My mom just doesn’t like strangers wondering around her property,” she told me and left the building. Having being tired from the long ride, I just closed my eyes and fell asleep.

My wakeup was quite unexpected, as I described before. Christine’s mom, and I was almost sure she was indeed her mom, blew my cover. Luckily, I was able to convince her to wait with the police, and talk with her daughter before that. I hoped, I would not get myself into trouble because of speech.

The argument and its consequences

I kept thinking about my future, then I saw both Christine and her mom walking towards me. Still tired, Christine was trying to tell something to her mom, but noticeably her efforts were fruitless. When they approached me closely, I started to hear their conversation:

“Mom, I will try to explain you again. He is my slave dog. That means he is a dumb animal, not a human being.”

“It was his choice to become my possession. Believe me, I tried to scare him, and to convince him not to do it, but he still wanted to serve me this way.”

“Look Christine, I am not into this stuff. I lived all my life as a straight person, and want to finish it in the same way. All these modern perversions are not for me. I would even tell you more. They are simply disgusting. You can do whatever you like. But you shouldn’t be bringing him here. You tricked me into believing he is a real dog.”

“But mom, for me, he is a dog! I feed him, order him around, and care for him, exactly like a dog.”

“Ok, Christine. You two keep that mess between yourselves. I don’t want to be any part of it. Just to let you know that I was about to call the police. At the last moment he told me the truth and saved you.”

“He did what? He spoke to you?”

“Never mind, just keep him out of the house, and away from me,

“Christine’s mother told her, and walked away.

“You opened your filthy mouth, and spoke to my mom. I had forbidden you to talk, and you defied my order,” screamed Christine loudly.

She pulled her riding whip and started relentlessly to spank me. After a few blows, I stopped counting, and just tried to cover my body.

“Don’t you dare to use hands, you stinky animal. You are the reason why my mom hates me now,” she had announced and beat me again and again.

My body was all red and ached like hell, when the execution finally came to an end. Tired and covered with sweat, Christine left me alone crying on the floor. Yes, I knew very well that I shouldn't be talking, but the situation was very tense. It was either my words or a police call, and I obviously preferred the first option. Still, I hoped for the best, and was completely surprised by the severity of my punishment. Probably, the fact that Christine had a fight with her mom, had contributed to the harshness of a whipping too.

Few hours after that, I was still laying on the floor unable to move. The last spanking left large amount of the very painful scratches and bruises all over my body. But the largest bruise was in my heart. After all I did for Christine, all I got is just another hard penalty.

The reconciliation

Suddenly, I heard someone opening the stable's door. To my surprise it was Christine again. Braised for more punishment, I struggled to raise my body and stand on all fours. She ran towards me and quickly entered my stall.

"I am really sorry, fluffy. I was all wrong. I shouldn't be doing it to you," she sadly declared and sat on the floor near me.

After that, she took my head and put it on her knees. She started crying, while explaining me how important was the connection with her mom. Apparently, when they got into the fight over me, Christine blamed me for everything. Angry and furious with me, she just saw the first option available – to penalize me for her own suffering. However, after a while, she reconsidered her decision and understood my motives.

It was truly remarkable to see this powerful strong woman so vulnerable. Her tears dropped on my face, but it never bothered me. I was just happy to see caring and real Christine back again. Yes, she often was cruel and mean, but underneath that tormentor lived another Christine, gentle and soft. My purpose from now on, was to uncover this another character and bring it to live.

When we both had settled down, my Mistress had stood up, and dropped her panties. Spreading her labia she gestured me to come closer. Wordlessly, I put my tongue to work on a most intimate part of her body.

Exactly as the last time, I softly touched with the tip of my tongues her lips. When they were wet enough, I moved inside toward the clitoris. This time however, I put my saliva over it and only then sucked everything back. My slow move across in order to reach the vagina, caused the whole Christine's body to shake from the utter delight. Savoring all her pre cum juices, I tried to push my tongue inside. A few moments after, my Owner was already having a strong orgasm. Ecstatic and trembling, she held my head with both her head and moaned from pleasure.

The shocking admittance

It took us both sometime to calm down. After we did so, Christine kissed me on my cheek and surprisingly said:

“Thank you Paul for the wonderful time. You are totally awesome!” she exclaimed and quickly left.

It took me some time to come back to my senses. I was absolutely astounded by her last statement.

“Was it for real, or I was dreaming? How could it be? After all the debasement and the degradation, she still was called me by my real name. That means, she still considered me as a human being!”

Time went by, and her last words seem unreal more and more. I even started to think, that I had imagined everything. The words were a total nonsense and there is no way they could be said. Assured and tired from all the last events, I laid my head on the floor and fell asleep. I dreamed about being together with Christine. In my dream we talk, kissed, and made love as a regular couple. We both were crazy about each other, and wanted for our relationship to last forever.

In my sleep, I was dreaming how Christine approached my aching body. How with soft touches she applied the soothing cream to my scratches. How she playfully touched my genitals and kissed my cheek.

Later that day, when I woke up, my body didn't hurt anymore. Some soothing cream was indeed clearly visible on my skin. That made me wondering whether I was indeed dreaming, or maybe Christine really had visited me. My curiosity grew even bigger when I saw Christine opening the gate, and walking towards me. When she had reached my stall, she started to say:

“You are probably wondering what is going on. Well, I was thinking about the current situation and something has to be changed. You will still remain my dog slave, this is undiscussable. From the other hand, you are too valuable to be just a dog. Therefore, I will call you by your real name, and will allow you some privileges. From now on, you can walk instead of

crawling, and you are permitted to speak – but only when somebody asks you a question. You will call me Mistress, and my mom as Lady Helena.”

“Any questions?”

“No, Mistress. Everything is clear,” I answered.

“Good. Now you are obviously overwhelmed with all the news, I will let you to digest them today. Tomorrow, I have big plans for you, Paul. So, take a good rest.”

“Ah. One more thing. I brought you some sandwiches. Don’t get too excited, and don’t build any plans. I am just doing it only today, as a payback for my wrong actions before. Bye now.”

“Thank you Mistress for your kindness,” was all I said, until Christine left.

Once again, I was shocked by Christine’s behavior. She flexes the rules and even lets me talk. That sounded incredible. From the other hand, she still regards me as her dog. How exactly this is going to work? She will treat me as an animal, but call me Paul, and chat with me? Something seems to be very weird here. But, whom was I kidding? The whole idea of keeping a slave dog is strange, to say the least.

Anyway, the attitude toward me became better, and my status somehow had slightly increased. Encouraged, and hopeful I went to sleep, in a sheer anticipation for the best.

A new game

Next morning started when I heard Christine approaching the stable. When she had opened the gate, instead of walking directly to me, she went to one of the white horses. Perplexed, I watched her every move. Wearing high black boots, blouse and gray riding pants, she looked incredibly awesome. She took the leather saddle from the wall hooks and carefully strapped it to the horse. With soft touches she calmed down the horse and made her stay still during the whole process. Noticeably, she knew very well what she was doing.

She led the horse out of the stable and came back to unlock my chain. Next, she ordered me to walk outside and to stand near the horse.

“Paul, meet Sandy. Sandy is my favorite horse. She looks gorgeous, does she?”

“Yes, Mistress. Sandy indeed is a very impressive horse,” I answered.

Next, she slowly explained the rules of the new game she planned for us:

“Paul, we will play a Polo. But instead of a ball, you will be running in the field. I will ride Sandy, and will try to smack your buttocks with the wooden stick. Got it?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Great, you can start running then!”

I ran as fast as I could. Last thing I wanted, is to feel the stick striking my body. With loud screams, Christine had spurred her horse and chased me. Shortly after that, she already closed on me. Stinging pain from the stick landing on my buttocks followed immediately. My plan of running straight was obviously not working. I tried quickly to switch directions, and even to run around. Still nothing helped, and Christine was able to spank me time after time.

Apparently, I had to improvise and invent something which will disturb either Christine or the horse. Without much thinking, I had taken a small stone from the ground, and threw it on Christine. Fearing the consequences, I waited for her reaction.

“Oh, we are so fearless, ah Paul? How dare you? Ok, you raised the bar now, mister!”

To my relieve she wasn't mad at all. She just regarded it as a part of the game. With the vicious smile, she chased me with the renewed energy. More stones followed from my side, but the result was the same, my poor behinds were beaten time after time. That gave me another idea. Instead of targeting Christine, I pointed my stones toward the horse. This change immediately improved my chances. Now, instead of chasing me, Christine had to struggle with the frightened horse. Encouraged, I was able to take some rest.

Suddenly, I saw Christine's mom standing on a side and closely watching the show. Apparently, she was doing it for a while already. When she noticed my attention, she quickly turned away and silently walked to the house. I didn't have much time to think about it, as Christine was already riding toward me again.

We played the game for another hour or so, until I felt that I can't do it anymore. I fell on the ground and pleaded with Christine to stop. My legs and back were literally on fire. Clearly, Christine was feeling some tiredness too. She breathed heavily and her face was all red. Actually, it gave her even more charm and attraction. She agreed to quit the game, but promised to play it tomorrow again. After that, she led me to the tree, and allowed me to do my needs there. It was the first time, I did my needs outside. Before that, I was supposed to do in the same way as the horses – to use the drain pipe inside the stable.

When I finished, she pulled me and Sandy to the water hose. We both were sprinkled and thoroughly washed with the sponge. For some reason, Christine found some pleasure in touching my body with her hands. Especially my genitals were the point of her attention. With soft, gentle pats she moved the sponge across my intimate area. Joyfully, she noticed my arousal:

“Oh my Gosh, Paul. You are so predictable. One tap on your balls and you lose your posture.”

“God, the men are so controllable. I wonder why women are not ruling the world already.”

“You know what? I start to enjoy washing both my favorite animals at the same place. From now on, we shall do it every day,” she mischievously announced.

After all the soup and foam were washed away, we headed back to stable. When Sandy and I took our stalls, Mistress brought some food for both of us. Sandy got a new pile of hay, while I received a tray with sandwiches and French fries. My diet was starting to improve, as just yet another sign of my adjusted status.

Meeting Lady Helena again

Few hours later, I saw Lady Helena, Christine's mom. She obviously came to visit her horses, as she gave them some food and slightly cleaned them. She passed my stall several times without paying much attention to me. All her interest was pointed toward the horses. She spoke with them, patted their heads, and brushed their hair.

Suddenly, on her way out, she approached my stall.

"Hello. What is your name, young man?"

"Hello, Lady Helena. My name is Paul," I replied politely.

"Well, hello Paul. How do you like it here? Is everything OK?"

"Yes, everything is alright, Lady Helena."

"Good, good. So, tell me Paul. How come such a young, handsome man like you wishes to be a slave dog? Why did you do it to yourself?"

"I just adore your daughter, Lady Helena. All I want is to be with her all the time. If it means to be her slave, or her dog, or something else, I am OK with it."

"Hmm. Very interesting and bizarre. I heard about this kinky stuff, of course. But I would never imagine such a thing happening with my daughter. Maybe, I missed something with her?"

"Oh, no. Christine is a fine, very smart, and beautiful woman. I think, the problem is in today's world. With all the exposure to Internet and social media, people began thinking differently about their relationships. Old, usual ties between couples are considered boring now. In our continuous quest for a new challenge, we found excitement in some things which were totally out of bounds just decades ago."

"Oh, I see you gave it some thought, Paul. Let me sleep on it. Who knows, maybe I will accept it. Anyway, thanks for the conversation, and goodbye."

"Goodbye, Lady Helena. It was a pleasure speaking with you."

After she left, I tried to apprehend what just happened. Somehow, from the strong denial, Christine's mom moved if not to approval, but surely to

understanding of my connection with her daughter. Well, it was only the first step in the right direction, but somehow I was sure more and more such paces will follow. Encouraged, and satisfied, I adjusted the hay pile under my head and took a nap.

The surprises keep coming

Later that day I met with Christine's mother again. Apparently, she was very interested to know more about my lifestyle. She had walked to my stall again and started the conversation:

"Hello Paul. I did some research online and now I am starting to understand you more. Still something is bothering me, though. Do you really enjoy all these humiliations?"

"It's a tough question, Lady Helena, "I told her.

"You see, I thought about it a lot, and still I am not sure. Some things definitely make me hot, others just disgust and rebuke. I guess, I wouldn't be doing most of them, if it wasn't for your daughter."

"Hmm, interesting. Now tell me something. Would you like to be dominated by me?"

By no means, I was expecting this question. What should I tell her? I started to answer by carefully choosing my words:

"I personally do not have any objections. However, Christine, as my Mistress, should decide about it."

"Oh come on. Don't put everything on her shoulders. You know, maybe you should take some responsibility from time to time," she told me.

Now I got myself into a huge dilemma. From one hand, I am not a free person anymore, and can't make any decisions. From the other hand, I knew exactly how excited Christine will be when her mother will dominate me. In addition, any further improvement in my status requires taking some responsibility on my side.

"In a worst case, I will spanked once again," I told myself.

"Lady Helena, please use me as your slave," I triumphantly said to her.

"You see, Paul, you are not lost yet. There is still a hope for you," she delightfully announced and went away.

"Was she testing me? What does she mean by hope?" I asked myself.

She returned holding the big saddle in her hands. After she gestured me to stand on all fours, the saddle with tightly attached to my back with the special straps. Next, she pulled out the small piece of wood connected to two leather bands on both sides. Perplexed, I glanced on her unknowing what to do.

“You see, Paul. This thing is called a bridle. Its purpose is to control the horse. Now open your mouth widely.”

When I obeyed, the wood piece was set across my teeth.

“Please close your mouth and bite the stick tightly.”

After I did as requested, Lady Helena checked the saddle once again, and put her feet inside the loops on both sides. After that, she comfortably sat inside. She was a bit heavier than Christine, but the difference was hardly noticeable.”

“When the reins are loose, you should run. Otherwise, when their tight, you should stop.”

“Now giddy up, my horsy!”

Already accustomed to be ridden as a horse, I started to run. We exited the stable and did a few rounds across the field. All that time, Lady Helena was screaming and cheering with joy. Apparently, she was enjoying this adventure in the same way as her daughter did. After she felt, that I am tired, she commanded me to stop, and gladly let me to rest for a while. Instead of continued sitting on me, she stood on the ground, and slightly patted my head.

The bet

When, I could relax my muscles and look around, I suddenly saw Christine watching us closely. Afraid to receive another punishment, I quickly looked away. My fears, however, were totally baseless. Christine came closer and exclaimed:

“Mom it was awesome. You are a natural rider! Was it hard to convince him?”

“Absolutely not Christine. Even though he is crazy about you, he is not a wimp anymore.”

“Oh, my Gosh. These are the best news I heard for a while. I thought he is completely ruined after I broke him.”

Now was my part to be surprised.

“What is going on, Mistress?” I asked Christine respectfully, even though my question contradicted her instructions.

“You see Paul, we had a bet on you. I was sure that you lost any self-confidence already. But my mom, from the other hand, had another idea. She convinced me to put you in this tricky situation, where you have to decide by yourself. I am really glad, that you have something left in you after everything you had experienced.”

“I still don’t understand, Mistress. What was the purpose of all this?”

“You see, Paul. I do like to dominate and order people around. But soon enough it becomes boring to control someone who is blindly obeying you. Instead, I would like to have a slave with some self-esteem and an ability to stand up to me. I gave you a chance to prove yourself, and you took it with both hands. If, for example, you referred my mother back to me, I would instantly strip away all your privileges and consider you only as my dog, once again.”

I remained speechless. “How smart and clever you should be to pull out this trick,” I thought to myself. They both, mother and daughter, completely outplayed me. I was on the edge of losing everything and becoming a

wordless slave dog again. Now, when I already tasted a better attitude, I should be careful not to fall into this trap in the future.

“Wait Christine. We are not done yet,” said Lady Helena.

“Paul, as a gesture of a good will, I allow you to stay in the house.” she announced.

“Now let’s get back to business. I heard from Christine that you used to clean her boots very nicely. After a long ride, my boots are dirty too. I hope the cat didn’t eat your tongue,” she said and pointed her index finger down.

Instantly, I fell down and crawled toward Christine’s mom. She, on the other hand, proudly presented me her black boots covered with dust and mud. As an obedient slave, I had protruded my tongue and started licking all the filth away.

Apparently, it was another test, as both ladies joked and laughed on my behalf.

“Mom, we are even. He is still my slave, and fully submits to me.”

“Yes, Christine. You are so lucky to have him. You did an amazing job, and now you can enjoy the results.”

With the last words, Lady Helena had turned around and walked away.

Another humiliations

I was about to stand up, when Christine put her hand on my head.

“Stay there Paul. I will take to the cleaning station. You can’t enter the house like this.”

She connected the leash to my collar and pulled me toward her.

“One more thing, Paul. I can always turn you to fluffy again. Always remember that!”

She led me to the hose, and covered my body with soap. She even played with my encased dick once again.

“I know, how bad you want to cum, Paul. But, as your Mistress, only I will decide when and how it will be,” she firmly stated while holding my member in her hand. The teasing continued, when with the popping sound, she pulled out my tail. Then, she scrupulously cleaned it together with washing my bottoms. After that, the tail had been inserted back again.

Finally, when I was sufficiently dirt-free and dry, she let me to crawl toward the house. I was about to enter, when she abruptly pulled the leash away.

“Remember Paul, Ladies always first! Now lay down on your back and let me wipe my shoes. After all, I helped you to get clean, so now is my turn,” she playfully explained to me.

In no time she had stood on my back, and wiped her shoes. It wasn’t the first time she did it, of course. But, somehow, each occurrence looked very mean, and humiliating. At least this time, she didn’t walk or jumped as previously. Once, she even used my hair to brush the soles. Luckily, now she just moved her shoes back and forward along my skin.

When she finished, another problem appeared, all of the sudden. My poor back was all covered with dirt, and by no means could I be taken inside. Apparently, Christine thought about it too. As she ordered me:

“Stay put, Paul. I will be back shortly.”

Curious, I continued laying on the porch. Suddenly, the cold stream of water dropped on my back. It caught completely by surprise, and prompted

me to shiver.

“Now you are clean again. Welcome to my mom’s house, Paul,” told me Christine, and gestured to come inside. When I did so, she grabbed my hand and led me to her room.

“Later on, I will show you this house in the same way I showed you mine. Remember that?”

Oh, yea. I remembered very well how she made me crawl through all her house. It was probably my first major humiliation. There were a lot of others after that. But the first one left an undeniable memory. Meanwhile, she continued:

“There is no time for this now. I have other plans for you.”

When we reached her room, I saw a big pile of used panties on the floor. I was told to clean the panties with my mouth, one by one.

“You got 2 hours to clean all this mess. When I will return, I expect each piece to shine and neatly folded on my bed. Start working, Paul!”

I already had experienced this procedure before, so I just took a first pair into my mouth. The panty fabric in my mouth started to extract a slightly salty taste into my saliva. I realized that this taste is formed as a mix of urine, squirt, and other women fluids. I swallowed it and filled my mouth with saliva once again. It took several such “washing cycles” in order for the taste to subside. After that, I pulled off the panty from my mouth and carefully examined it. Expectedly, soaked with my saliva, the panty was looking almost clean. The only dirty part left was the small sticky brown stain on the back side. Obvious for the source of this filthy spot, I licked it multiple times until it went away too. The rest of the pile was dealt in the same way – thorough wash inside the mouth, and then a special licking of any residues.

It became already late evening when my task was finished and I saw Christine again. Mistress carefully checked every panty pair and apparently was satisfied with my efforts.

Bathroom duties

Next, he announced that it's time to go to the bathroom. For my absolute astonishment, she ordered me to follow her. Inside the bathroom she wordlessly pointed to the floor. Knowingly, I instantly kneeled on the ground. After that, she sat on the toilet and peed for some time. When she finished, she wiped her pubic area with the toilet paper.

“Open your mouth, Paul. I want you to swallow it,” she told me, and handed the soiled piece.

Without much choice, I swiftly obeyed. The salty familiar flavor hit my taste buds. Afraid of taking the whole thing inside, first I chewed the disgusting meal for some time.

“Swallow it, already! Stop savoring it, you sick creature,” Christine angrily creamed on me.

Instantly, I gulped down everything. Only after I was done, she went to the mirror and started to brush her teeth. When she finished, she spat all the waste into my mouth.

“It's time to clean your teeth with something decent. I know you like dirt, gravel, and even urine, but there are better ways to wash your mouth,” she teased me.

When I swallowed everything, we both went back to Christine's room. Without any shyness, she slowly undressed in front of me. Mesmerized by her beauty, I ate her with my eyes. Her perfect body was surely sight for sore eyes. “C” cup sized breasts were looking like two big apples inviting to hold them. The small red buttons of nipples surrounded by areolas were resembling two grapes waiting to be savored. Without any overweight, her stomach was tight and straight. Nice belly button in the middle just screamed for my tongue. Man, I was willing to give up everything, for the chance to run my mouth over her body.

My desire was of course clearly visible. Knowingly, Christine just broadly smiled and continued to undress. Teasing me even more, she spun around

wearing only her panties. Only then, she slowly put on her pajamas. Next, she took a blanket from the closet, and put it on the floor:

“You will sleep here on this blanket, tonight,” she explained me, and went to bed.

Tired from all the events, we both quickly fell to sleep.

In the middle of the night, Christine woke me up:

“Paul, I want to pee. Guess who will drink it.”

Still drowsy, I opened my mouth, and quickly felt the hot liquid filling everything inside. I swallowed as fast as I can, but some part still dropped on my face and hair. After she was done, Christine simply went to sleep, leaving me to digest her urine.

Meeting Melinda

Next morning, after the bathroom, we went to play the Polo. Exactly as the last time, Christine rode her favorite horse Sandy. Suddenly, we were interrupted by Lady Helena:

“Christine, your friend Melinda is on the line. She is very upset about something,” she told Christine and gave her a phone.

Being all ears, I tried to overhear their conversation.

“Hi Melinda. How are you doing? What is going on?”

“He did what?”

“See, I told you already, that he is using you. You never believed me.”

“Don’t be so angry. You will find someone else, in no time.”

“You know what? Come to my house now, and I will show you something to lift your spirit.”

“Ok, bye. See you in 30 minutes.”

After she finished talking over the phone, she turned her attention on me:

“Ok, Paul, my good friend Melinda is coming over. She just broke up with her boyfriend. The bastard cheated on her all day long, but she never suspected anything. Anyway, she is in a complete distress, and has to relax. Guess, who will entertain her today?” she asked me.

After that, she led me to the washing station and thoroughly hosed me.

Next, we hurried back to the house. When inside, I was tasked with quick cleaning, while Christine took a bath. After she finished, she commanded me to go to her room and wait there.

“When I will call you, you will crawl to the living room. It goes without saying that you should do exactly as I say. No funny business. Remember, you behavior casts on me too.”

“Yes, Mistress. I will do whatever you want.”

On this note, she left me alone wondering about my future actions. Shortly after, I heard a doorbell and figured out it was Melinda. When both ladies

hugged and sat down, I tried to overhear their conversation:

“Christine, I can’t believe he cheated on me. He was so nice and devoted, it seemed we have a great future ahead of us. When suddenly I came home, I caught him in bed with some blonde bitch. He tried to apologize, but I just threw him away. How could he do it to me, after all we went through?” she sadly asked, and started crying.

“Melinda, don’t worry. You will surely find someone else, much better than him. He is not worth your tears.”

“Christine, all men are jerks. They only think about one thing. How to get you in bed. After it’s done, you become history, and they begin looking for someone else.”

“You see, Melinda. This is the exact thing I wanted to talk with you about. There is another kind of men. They are mentally strong and very devoted. In fact, they are so devoted, they would agree for anything, in order just to be with you.”

“Oh, Christine. You read too many love stories. Today, these men are extinguished.”

“Not at all, Melinda. In fact, one of them is waiting next door, and he is eager to meet you.”

“Christine you are full of surprises. Where did he find him?”

“I met him in our local bar. But this is not important. The important thing is that he is willing to do everything for me, and I mean absolutely everything. Are you ready to meet him?”

“Yea, sure. Let’s see your wonder boy.”

“Please don’t underestimate him. He may look weak, but under his skin lives a very strong individual. Please also prepare to see something you have never even dreamed about.”

“How intriguing. I am all pins and needles.”

“Paul, you can enter now!” screamed Christine loudly.

Bare naked, wearing only a collar and a tail, I slowly crawled inside. At the moment Melinda saw me like this, she just gasped in a complete shock. She

kept that posture for some time, until she finally could exhale:

“Oh, my Gosh, Christine. What have you done with him?”

“Relax, Melinda. Paul wanted to be my slave, so I gave him this opportunity. Now, he is completely under my control, and I own both his soul, and his body.”

“This is unbelievable, Christine. What else he can do?”

“Oh he can do a variety of things. Let me show you. Paul, go and greet Lady Melinda properly.”

Knowingly, I crawled to Melinda’s sandals and slightly kissed their tops.

“Oh, I see now why you keep him near you. Is he doing other thing too?”

“Melinda, you still don’t get it. He is my slave, and does whatever I tell him. By the way, you can take off your sandals, and Paul will treat your feet.”

“That would be awesome, Christine,” said Melinda and protruded her bare feet towards me.

Not waiting for another invitation, I quickly got to work. First, I swiftly ran my tongue along her right feet, from heel to toes. That was done in order to soften her skin. Next, I paid attention to her soles. Slowly, bit by bit, I moved my mouth across her sole, in order to grab all the dirt and sweat. After I picked up enough particles, I swallowed everything and started over. Melinda’s sweat was little saltier than of her friend, but still tolerable. When I reached her toes, I sucked each toe separately one by one. Then, I tried to push my tongue between the toes, in order to pick up all possible filth from there. The left foot followed through the same pattern.

All that time, both ladies continued their conversation, completely disregarding me. Apparently, Melinda was enjoying my work, as from time to time I definitely heard moans from her direction. Concentrated on my task, I didn’t pay much attention to their talk. All my interest was about cleaning Melinda’s feet better. I asked myself, whether I was enjoying it. Probably not, as it looked gross. I only did it because Christine told me to do so.

“Christine, he is very good with his tongue. Are you allowing him to use it elsewhere too?” asked Melinda.

I blushed from the embarrassment, prompting both ladies to laugh at me.

“Oh, he is so cute. You are very lucky. I wish, I could find someone like him.”

“You certainly will. All it takes is just a right approach,” answered my Mistress.

Playing Frisbee again

“Listen, Melinda. We are going to play “Frisbee” outside. Do you want to join us?”

“Oh, I will love to,” answered Melinda, and turned to hear the game instructions.

“We will try to throw the plastic plate as far as we can. Paul’s role is to catch it and bring it back. Previously, he was allowed only to crawl. Since, his attitude has improved recently, I would let him run.”

“Wait, Christine. It sounds like a game for the dog.”

“Exactly. Paul was a dog until a few days ago. Now he got some adjustments, but the game should remind him how vulnerable his new status is.

“But he seems so weak. Are you sure he will be able to run for a long time.”

“Don’t get pity for him. He brought it to himself, when he agreed to become my slave. After all, he enjoys my company, so he should pay for it,” answered Christine sternly. Obviously, she put a lot of thought into her last statement.

Hesitant at first, Melinda quickly caught up. In no time, she started screaming and cheering, exactly in the same way as Christine did. She also tried to throw the plate toward hardly reachable places, like bushes and tree branches. We played “Frisbee” until noon, when Lady Helena called all of us for lunch.

A surprising twist

This time, I was allowed to join my superiors. Lady Helena, even put my plate on the table along others. However, Christine had another idea about it. She promptly set the plate on the floor while giving the following explanation:

“The slaves never can be at the same level as their owners.”

No one wished to comment on her words. The ladies simply took their places around the table and started chatting. Wordlessly, I continued to stand there shaking and trembling. All the last events and humiliations turned something inside me. I served Christine with all my heart and gave her everything. Instead, I only received more severe degradation and harsher punishment for misbehavior. Her last words were literally, the last straw which broke the camel’s back. I just refused to be a slave anymore. I guess the idea was under the surface for the long time, but Christine’s last gesture had triggered its coming to the foreground.

“What is going on, Paul? Sit down on the floor and eat you lunch,” ordered Christine.

My answer surprised even myself:

“No Christine. I do not want to obey you anymore. I quit.” I answered fearlessly.

The sudden silence was the sign of absolute astonishment across the room.

“What did you say? Is it some kind of joke? You can’t quit on me. You are my slave!”

“Not anymore. I got enough of insults from you.”

Furious Christine left the table, and swiftly slapped my face. Her another try to slap me failed, because I succeeded to grab her hand. She tried to kick me with her leg, but I easily blocked it too. Defiantly, she started screaming and yelling on me. But I knew exactly how to handle it.

Holding her both hands, I moved my head closer. Then, I simply covered her mouth with my lips, and started kissing her. She had tried in vain to

push me back, but after some time just surrendered. However, waiting so much for this moment, I wasn't through with her yet. Forcibly, I shoved my tongue inside her mouth, and lost myself for a moment or two. When I came back to my senses, I noticed both Melinda and Helena still staring in shock at us.

"Excuse me Ladies. I have a word with Christine," I told them, and pulled Christine with me to her room.

Exactly when we were about to close the door, I heard Helena saying:

"Take your time, Paul. Enjoy every moment of your triumph!"

Taking over a business

“Did she approve my actions?” I had asked myself and continued my plan. Actually, there was no any plan, just a complete improvisation from my side. I pulled out my tail, threw Christine on the bed, and jumped there too. We both were laying together kissing each other, with our hands and legs twisted together. I hold her divine breasts in my palms and stroked her nipples with my fingers. The feeling was so sensational and overwhelming that I just couldn’t stop. At some point, I brought my face closer and started using my tongue over her areoles. My hands were all over her and even reached her labia. Slightly pushing her vulva, my fingers parted her lips and touched her vagina. Slowly, I moved them across, prompting ecstatic moans and pleas for more.

However, I still had one tiny thing to complete. Abruptly, I stopped all the activities from my side and even moved away. Next, I had collected all the coldness I could gather, and demanded:

“Give me the key Christine!”

That was the moment of truth. If Christine wants to be with me on equal terms, she would surrender her power, and present the chastity key. If she still wishes to dominate me, she would try to keep the key to herself. In that case, I wouldn’t have much choice, but to abandon her.

Obviously, Christine understood the increased meaning of her decision too. She raised her head, and looked directly into my eyes. Seemingly, she tried to find an answer there. I lost count of minutes we were staring at each other like this. Eventually, she got up off the bed, and walked to the closet. She opened the door and pulled out the chastity key hidden inside.

However, instead of throwing it to me, she slowly approached the bed, and opened the chastity cage with her fingers. When my released member finally jumped outside, she grabbed it with her hand, and slightly pumped it. I was about to explode, when she abruptly stopped, and moved her hand away. She laid next to me and put her leg and hand over my body. With vicious smile, she whispered in my ear:

“You see Paul, I still control you.”

However, I didn't let her to finish her words. With the powerful push, I turned her on the back and parted her legs. Next, I closed her mouth with mine, and entered her vagina with all my force. Not giving her another chance to take over, I just moved my penis back and forth inside her. We both came at the same time with the loud scream. Exhausted and totally worn out, Christine instantly fell asleep.

I still had some unfinished business, tough. Quietly, I got off the bed, and walked toward the clothes stand. Unable to find something decent, I just picked up the long coat, and put it on. Next, I paced to the living room. Expectantly, I found Christine's mom waiting for me at exactly the same place around the table. Noticeably, very happy with herself, she invited me to join her. I took a chair, and sat on the other side of the table. Looking for some answers, I just kept silently looking on her:

"Paul, you never cease to amaze me. I knew that you are smart, but how did you figure this out, for God's sake?"

"You see Helena, the sudden wish to stand up to myself was very surprising. In my previous condition, I would never even dream about such thing. Ever since, I met you, something started to change inside me. Then, I remembered how Christine tricked me to slavery with the exact same thing. The "bookmarks" are inherited through generations, aren't they? Which bookmark did you plant in me, Helena?"

"You are right Paul. I am capable of working with "bookmarks" the same way as Christine does. It indeed runs in our genes, but somehow only with girls. When I saw you were, laying naked on the floor, I felt very sad. My feelings were not just about you, but about my daughter too. At that moment, I somehow understood that if I will not intervene, I would never see any grandkids ever. I planted only one single bookmark, a small trigger increasing your self-esteem with each new humiliation. I hoped, that eventually it will grew up so large, that it will trigger a mental conflict inside your head. Let me also clarify something, most of the job was done only by you alone. My idea would never succeed with someone completely broken and unwilling to resist."

"Thank you so much, Helena. You saved my life, and I owe you everything," I graciously told her.

“Oh, Paul. There is no any debt count inside the family. Just remember please to warn your daughters about the implications of their heritage.”

The END

San Francisco, October 2016

Domestic animal

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My troubled awakening

The last thing I remember - someone's strong hands grabbed me from behind and clamped my mouth. Everything else is unclear, except a dark entrance, and a sharp pain in the hip, probably from an injection. I can't call everything that happened after that as a life. However, unfortunately, it's not a death either. Still too many sounds and smells around me, too much of sensitivity. Although, maybe this is exactly how hell looks like? Who knows?

I remember very well my first day in this hell. I woke up and opened my eyes, but could not see anything. I tried to get up, but the chain jerked me back to the floor. I found myself stripped naked, and the handcuffs behind my back tightly held my wrists. My only clothes was just a blank leather mask with no holes for the eyes, laced at the back of my head. Additionally, on my neck was a collar that connected me to a short chain with a ring on the floor. I also saw a regular hardwood flooring, which can often be found in the city apartments.

When I tried to speak, I found yet another "clothing" attire. With several straps, connected around my head, a huge rubber ball was kept in my mouth. Judging by how stiff is my jaw, the ball was there for a long time.

Yet, even then I did not realize how deep my trouble was. It quickly became clear that I can't stand up from the floor, the chain did not allow to raise my head higher than half a meter. After that, I had pulled my leg and began to explore gently around me. After a minute I realized that I was in the corner. The walls were covered with a wallpaper. In addition to the walls and a hardwood floor, nothing else was around me. Trying in vain to release the wrists from the handcuffs, I touched the collar or mask in order to remove them - with the same success. Apparently, I was in someone's apartment and could not free myself.

"Well, hello," suddenly said a voice. The only human voice, I was destined to hear from now on. Startled, I shuddered. It turns out that all this time, my kidnapper, was there and looked at my awkward movements.

Her voice was low, same as a busty opera singer singing contralto. In addition, she was clearly not that young, in her thirties or forties.

“Do you know who I am? “

I shook my head - blinded, unable to speak. I could not imagine who it could be, and did not recognize the voice.

A bed creaked, and someone began to approach me - I heard a muffled slap of house sneakers. Near me the slapping stopped. Then, the stranger dropped her foot on my neck, forcibly pinning my head to the floor.

“I'm your Mistress,” the woman calmly continued.

“You are my new pet. You don't have to know anything else. You now probably think "who is that woman and how dare she", huh? I advise you to leave such thoughts. As you already understood, you can't free yourself, on the contrary, I can make anything with you. Perhaps even now I show you something. “

“Get up on your knees and turn around while keeping your ass up. Do not make me to ask you twice!” On the last word my abductor took her foot off my neck.

Of course, I could probably resist. Maybe even start to pull back my feet, huddled in a corner. Yet, it was completely hopeless. She was right - I could not get free. And something in her voice told me that it is better to obey, otherwise I will strongly regret this.

Somehow, I got up on my knees. Sticking out my backside and resting my head on the floor, I waited with fear what will happen next.

My first punishment

My wait was not that long. My back suddenly seared with a wild pain, and I fell to the floor while howling and pursing my feet. I tried to hide in a corner.

“Get up ...” quietly said the voice.

I have plaintively moaned something into my gag, noisily snuffling through the nasal openings. The next blow was instant and very painful. It was a rod, or a stick - I felt a purple stripe swelling on the skin of my buttocks.

“Stand up,” the voice repeated.

“For this - ten more strokes. You fall again - you will get twenty.”

Gasping and clutching with my teeth a rubber ball in my mouth, I slowly stood up. Swallowing, I felt my Adam's apple moving under a thick leather collar. Whoever was this crazy, I was under her full, unlimited control.

She began to whip me with her cane - slowly and steadily. With each stroke I felt like I couldn't sustain it longer, that I am about to fall on the floor and stay there for a while. I would never have thought I could endure so much pain. Yet, I continued to stand still, clenching my fists in the handcuffs. Biting the gag in my mouth with my teeth, I helplessly waited for the end of my humiliation.

However, my torture has just begun. Oh, if I knew how much I still have to suffer!

“Stand still,” she ordered. Next, she finished spanking and stepped aside. Not daring to move, I continued to kneel on a hard floor, feeling like both my ass and thighs had been skinned alive. My perspiring face was covered with a leather mask, resembling a tight cocoon.

“Now get up on your feet,” she said, returning.

Trembling, seeing nothing and almost not realizing anything, I somehow got up from the floor and tried to stand. To make it while handcuffed and chained to the floor, was not so easy. Finally I got up, pulled the chain to the end, but still remained in hopelessly bent position.

“Get up fully!” She said.

“Straighten your legs! Raise your ass in the air all the way up!”

Our first intimacy

I somehow straightened my trembling knees, trying to maintain balance and still not knowing what awaits me. However, as soon as her finger, smeared in something slippery, touched my anus, I understood. My legs gave up and I almost fell, by some miracle, retaining composure.

“You have never been fucked in the ass?” She asked quietly, shoving her finger inside me and wielding it there. Wincing in pain under the mask, I shook my head.

“Then get used to it. I’ll do it for a long time, and often, believe me, with a huge pleasure.”

She pushed her finger deeper into my crack. I felt like my rear is ripped apart.

“A little bit tight there. Need to work harder,” she sighted.

Probing my hole back and forth, she soon finished with the first finger. Second finger had been pushed through, and I started seeing stars. My pain was unbearable, and I trembled. After that, 2 fingers were mercilessly inserted back. I started to groan, and squeezed my ball gag, careful to be quit. Her 3rd finger surprisingly received less opposition. I guess, my muscles already got accustomed to this painful stretch. After the whole palm was inside, she started fisting me by moving her hand back and forth.

I could not neither run, nor could I resist. I could not even express outrage – a rubber ball on the straps, wet with saliva, securely sealed my mouth.

Already both of her fingers explored my ass, and I still could not comprehend my fate. Standing in front of her with my behinds in the air, in handcuffs and collar on a chain, still hoping that this is some stupid joke. Next, she held my hips with both hands and fiddled some silicone core on my buttocks. When she began to make the characteristic movements, I realized that the feeling of her fingers is over. I was raped in the ass by this cruel woman. Her surrogate member moved inside me back and forth, according to her brutal whim. She was using me like a prostitute, like a doll, like her own pet.

She was in no hurry, no. Stretching the pleasure, moaning, she fucked me slowly and deliberately, sometimes even stopping. At such moments, while is not pulling out of me her dildo, she caressed and stroked my thighs covered with bruises, and my back. From all the pain, unwittingly, I slightly whined to the gag. Burning ripped me from the inside, and I could not think about anything else. Trying not to lose my balance and fall, I only prayed to all the gods of the world that it will end quickly. Finally, I felt a relief, when she pulled out her dildo. Yet, my joy was clearly premature.

“Sit down on the floor,” told the stranger with a muffled voice. I obeyed, and while still standing behind me, she tossed one hip over my shoulder. Next, she began to rub her crotch on the back of my head and neck.

I immediately felt how a hot flesh, leaving a wet streaks, began to creep into me with a lightweight champ. Suddenly, she speeded up the movement. Growling and panting, she grabbed me by the hair, pinched, and scratched with her sharp nails my face. I howled in pain, while struggling, biting my gag, and clenching my fists. It was the only movement I could do.

Finally, frantically pressing me to her, she stood still for some time, and then left somewhere. Soon I heard the sound of a pouring water from the bathroom.

Not knowing whether it is possible to lay down, I continued to stand on my trembling feet, conscious of only one thing - I was just brutally raped. Essentially, from a man I became a miserable, having no sex object.

“You can lay down,” she said, returning. For the first time I was delighted by her words. As long as I could rejoice in this situation. Carefully, groaning in pain, I laid down.

“Now I'll take the gag,” she said, sitting down next to me.

“One scream or even at least some sound - you will receive a hundred blows on the balls. Got it?”

I humbly nodded. I was ready to do anything just to be left alone.

My thoughts about the whole situation

“Your mouth from now on is used for three things only: for food, for water and for my pussy. If you will open your mouth for something else – you will be gagged again, and receive lashes on your balls. Got it?”

I nodded, and she finally took off my gag. I gently moved my jaw, but tried not to break the lips, remembering the last threat. I was going to get some food and water - that's good. I tried not to think about the third application of my mouth.

After that, she left me alone. She turned on the television and did something on her own. I was lying in my corner and thought about my situation. It would be nice to begin to figure out where I am. However no matter how much I tried, apart from the dark entrance, and a woman with the strong arms, which deprived me of my freedom, I could not remember anything. Maybe I'm still in my entryway? Maybe even close to my apartment? Maybe I was kidnapped by some of my neighbors? After all, we know so little about our neighbors, and what they think while they pass us on the staircase.

Then I began to wonder, when I will be released, and whether I will be released at all. After all, in the end, I did not do anything to anyone. I am an ordinary man of eighteen, a college student, albeit not the most studious. Who could hold a grudge against me? And for what? Why one person may strip another naked, handcuff him, and put in chains? Why she can beat and rape him? I thought about the burning blows with a stick, about an elastic dick in my own backside, and involuntarily winced with shame and pain. However, under the leather mask nothing could be seen, anyway.

Suffering from pain, shame and self-pity, I laid there for a long time. Sometimes I waddled gently from one side to the other. Sometimes even made some noise with a clinking chain - lying naked on the bare floor was not very convenient. I still briefly hoped, that if I will not be released in the near future, then at least would be removed from the chain. Maybe the handcuffs would be opened, or at least the damn leather mask would be discarded.

How wrong I was.

I did not know what my abductor is doing now. Maybe she is reading a book? Maybe she is watching TV? Maybe she is looking at me and admiring her achievement? I wondered how many of these naked stolen from nowhere guys passed through her hands. Maybe she even is fingering herself now slowly. Though why she would masturbate? Now she has me, her pet. Which she can fuck whenever, whatever and however long. In all positions and options. Then I heard from the kitchen clatter and clang of forks on a plate, and realized that she simply eats. I wondered if I can ever again to take a fork.

My first feeding

As if reading my thoughts, after a while she came to me. I heard she had put on the floor something plastic, from which came the pungent smell - obviously the smell of food, but with some strange note. Very familiar, however.

“This is a dog food,” she dispelled my doubts.

“As you are now, my pet, you will eat as an animal. “

No, I thought to myself. Not like this. I cannot eat it. Never, ever.

“And if there will be at least one crumb left in ten minutes, your ass will strongly regret it,” she added.

Without waiting for my reaction, she was gone. What could I do? Any move away from her savage rules, even any human word from my mouth, meant a new pain and a new humiliation.

Thus, I began to eat a dog food. Without the help of the hands. From a plastic bowl, standing on the floor. Before that I stood on my knees - naked, chained, and deprived not only of human life and human food, but even a human face. And I really ate it for ten minutes – smeared and domesticated even more, but at least satiated.

She silently took the bowl, came back and told me to sit down. In order to allow more movement, she did something with a chain, lengthening it, so I was able for the first time to take a sitting position. She brought to my mouth a plastic bottle, and already thirsty, I began to drink greedily from there. The awful smell coming from the bottle together with the salty taste, quickly revealed liquid's origin. I was drinking urine, and couldn't do anything about it. The taste was a bit sour together with some unforeseen sweetness. I kept gulping bottle's contents, until it became empty. Seeing my debasement, Mistress just laughed sarcastically.

“Only yesterday you were a free man, proud and full of a self-esteem. Look on you now – a disgusting creature smeared with my juices, and drinking my piss.”

Unable to reply, I meekly wiped my mouth and chin, which remained outside the mask.

A surprising dessert

“And now the dessert,” she said.

“Thank your Owner for a delicious lunch. Move your head up.”

I obeyed, and at the same moment on my face dropped a thick bush of hair and my mouth become pressed against her vulva.

“Be gentle,” I knew from her voice that she grins.

“Bite, even leave there the slightest scratch - at the same moment you can say goodbye to your cock!”

In concluding phrase, she has thrown naked thigh on my shoulder.

After the flogging, rape and a dog food, I had not even felt any shock. I dutifully began to suck, like a candy, the petals of her foreskin, and then rolled my tongue around a protruding bump of her clitoris. The vagina was warm and smelled of sardines and soap with water, and besides salty bitterness was not carrying a remarkable taste. Only strong arms, rather stroking my hidden in a leather scalp, and heavy breathing from above, told that my mouth serves a pussy of a woman who recently raped me. It was the first cunnilingus I did to someone. Yet, not the last. Oh, no, not the last.

The clitoris had quickly cured and I sucked and licked it. From time to time, vagina moving on my mouth, closed any air for a few seconds. In addition, the smell of it was so horrible, I could hardly restrain the gag reflex.

Apparently, my Owner, was already nearing orgasm as she grabbed my head and firmly pressed it to her without any movement. We are both shuddered – she felt an orgasm, I choked from the lack of air, and the warm trickle of mucus.

“Clean it,” finally she said hoarsely, stepping back and letting my head out of her hands.

“Do it right, or else!”

Hastily clearing my throat, with teary eyes under the mask, I began to lick the mucus from her pubic hair and vagina. Mouth quickly filled with viscous and tart flavor. Apparently satisfied with my efforts, she leaned back and shortened my chain, forcing me to lie back on the floor. Then he lost interest in me again, had sat on the sofa and did some invisible things.

I laid there in the darkness, alone with my thoughts and vaginal juices taste in the mouth. And, of course, with the pain from all the beatings and a rape. Yet, despite all this, in spite of the hardness of the floor beneath me, the hot tightness mask on my head, twisted behind back and aching hands, I still could not believe that all this is really happening to me. I was pulled out from the familiar, comfortable life, and placed in a kind of madness, where I was somehow a powerless animal. Worse than an animal. I still could not believe that no living soul knew where I was, and that no one is likely to come to my aid. At the very thought that a person can be so easy captured - and when never found - I would like to shout in a loud voice. I wanted to hammer my chain, miraculously to open these handcuffs, this collar, and to escape from this nightmare. However I could not do anything. I could not even open my mouth to complain about my fate. I remembered all too well the previous beating. So I laid there in silence, occasionally changing position and humbly waiting. What else would want to do with me, my abductor?

A new Inconvenience

Soon, a new inconvenience have approached. I needed to use the toilet. I even did not want to think what would happen if I will pee on the floor, but there was no alternative. So I suffered, and increasingly rolled from side to side, even pulled in my legs to myself. The bladder swelled stronger, and gradually I forgot even about the pain in the whipped and raped ass.

“Enough to fidget!” She snapped irritably.

“Toilet is in the evening. Be patient.”

It comforted me a little, and I tried to take a new position in order to make it easier to tolerate. But then I felt with horror that my penis begins to rise. This sometimes happens when you strongly want to go to the toilet. I tried to turn over, in order to hide my erection. However I was too late. Apparently, she still admired me and my helplessness.

“Lie still! Put your legs straight!” She ordered.

I obeyed, feeling as my member swells and stiffens even more,

“I see, I successfully chose my animal. I see you love it. You like it when you put on the chain and fucked in all holes as a lustful bitch. Well, I can only be glad for you. You will experience all this a lot. Or rather, nothing else will be. Now the only purpose of your miserable life is - to wallow in this corner and wait for my vagina to meet with your attractive face. Since you like that, then you will not mind, right? Although I, frankly, do not care.”

Such conversation made her hot again. The last words she said, while already sitting next to me and patting me on the head. Then her hands went down below, on the shoulders and back, until he finally got to the buttocks and penis. I felt like she took my hard dick in one hand, and with the other gripped my balls, so I cried out involuntarily.

My new punishment

“You opened your mouth without asking, creature,” she said quietly.

“You will be punished.”

I felt in my mouth again a damn rubber ball. By dragging and tying the straps, it was securely fixed on my head. Next she ordered:

“Stick up your ass in the air!”

Trembling from the anticipation of the inevitable pain, I got as far as the chain allowed, and adopted the required posture. I cursed myself for not being able to resist. Then on my ass downed the first blow of the stick, and from that moment I was thinking only about how to stay on my feet and avoid to shout in a loud voice from the horrible, unimaginable pain.

She slapped me fifty blows directly on the old bruises. Almost losing consciousness, I was ready to collapse back on the floor. Then her finger, bedraggled in the grease, touched my anus again. Next, the ruthless silicone rod began to squeeze again inside me. From all the monstrous burning in the ass, humiliation and powerlessness, I wept.

This time she raped me for a long time, a good quarter of an hour. After some time, feeling tired to stand, she put me on the floor, crushing with her weight, and began to peck me from the top. I felt her heavy body, sensed her breath on my neck, and noticed her hands grabbing me by the shoulders. Then, turning me like a rag doll, she sat down on my face, continuing to fuck with her pussy in my mouth. I could only silently lie down and twitch under her, panting and going crazy from a lack of air and a shame.

Finally she came, for the third time today. Apparently, she was very hungry for naked guys in the handcuffs. Catching her breath, she climbed off me and went into the shower, and I stayed lying there - on the back, with the tormented ass. I had no strength to stand up and lie down comfortably. I did not want it either. I wanted only one thing - to die immediately.

Though it was not in her plans.

The first day ended in this hell for me with the promised toilet. I was ordered to squat, and I felt like some bowl is slid under me. I think it was an ordinary tin basin. Following her order, I finally with a delight emptied my

bladder. This evening I couldn't poop - for obvious reasons. To my surprise, after she wiped my dick with a damp cloth, and put a gag again, she ordered me to take my place and walked away with the basin. Apparently, she did not want me to stink.

Apparently, this, in turn, meant that I will be washed - but how, I could not yet imagine.

My first night

After another hour or so, TV had been turned off, and all was quiet. Apparently, she went to bed. I continued to lie on the floor, unable to collect my thoughts, and get some sleep. I could not believe that tomorrow I will be experiencing the same thing. Tomorrow again I will spend the whole day on the chain and handcuffs, seeing nothing and wouldn't be able to do anything about it. Tomorrow I will again eat dog food and urinate into a bowl while sitting. Tomorrow she will again rape me with her crude hairy vagina, and I will again squeeze my fingers in frustration. The jaw was beginning to cramp periodically. I made some noisy nozzles in pain, clutching my fists shackled behind the back, but the rubber ball continued to fill my mouth with saliva viscous, slowly flowing from my face on the floor.

I have not slept that first night of my captivity. Minutes and hours crawled slowly as saliva on my face. Exactly as her grease on my neck. When I heard, that she got up from the bed, I laid in a stupor, indifferent to everything. Even to the fact that the handcuffs already rubbed my wrists, and that the hunger had already begun to torment me, and I once again wanted to use the toilet. After a while she raised me to my knees, and took off my gag. However she did it only to put my mouth on her pussy, warm and slightly moist.

A beginning of a new day

Without asking, I dutifully began to suck and lick her, and she came fairly quickly - prompting, of course, to lick her clean. Shortly thereafter, there was a new bowl of dog food in front of me, and I ate it just the same as yesterday - on my knees, hands-free.

Then she gave me to drink water from a bottle, allowed to urinate into a bowl ... and left. To my surprise and joy, I heard the front door locked, and the apartment became completely silent. Before that, however, she did not forget to put a gag on me, and I was not able to break the silence except a barely audible grunt. The front rubber ball covered a broad band of leather, which is securely held in my mouth all the rushing sounds coming from there.

Nevertheless, I began to call for help. I bellowed with such force that I felt dizzy. I struggled with the chain so that the head almost fell off. Again I wrenched my hands the most unimaginable way, trying to reach out to the collar or to a ring in the floor, or to the straps of a gag. Stretched out on the floor, I tried to get with my feet to some object. I hit the wall with my heels so hard that seriously marginalized my right one. Sweat bathed my face under the hot skin, but I never ceased to rage, by all means available to me trying to break out from this bondage.

All this had led absolutely to nothing. Around there was nothing but a bare floor and bare walls. Wherever my kidnapper kept her furniture, it was far away. Because of the walls, I also could not hear a single sound. The chain was connected to a ring on the floor and to my collar, so I did not move a millimeter. I somehow determined that the chain is connected to the ring with a padlock, leaving the next segment of approximately the same length to lie nearby. Later I learned that the ring is created from a head of a huge bolt, screwed six centimeters directly into the concrete. With one wall of my corner facing the street and the other one leading to another room of the same apartment, my knock couldn't be heard by anyone. Additionally, the chain was connected to the collar with an ordinary lock, which I could easily open with one hand - if, of course, I would be able to reach it. I couldn't strangle myself with the collar either – it was buckled too loose, also for that I have too little strength and determination.

I had yet to learn all that. In the meantime, I could only lie helpless in the corner - panting, with a saliva dripping from under the gag, listening to the ringing silence of an empty apartment. It remained only to wait for the return of my Owner. I have nothing more to do. Just wait and indulge in endless desperate thoughts.

My kidnaper is back

I probably fell asleep, because I couldn't hear the sound of opening of the door. I woke up only hearing her steps inside the apartment. Curled up, I listened as she engaged in her own affairs, and tried to imagine what she looked like. I already knew that she was slightly older, taller and heavier than me, but did not imagine whether her hair is dark or light. I didn't have any idea whether she wears earrings and sunglasses, what is her work position and her name. How did she grow up, who were her friends, if she had any friends at all? How could she think and plan to kidnap a living person, and keep him in the chains for sexual pleasures?

I tried to imagine all this - and could not. Then I began to think what I would have done with her, if I could get free. Somehow, it was a relief, and from these thoughts, I woke up only when she told me to get back on my knees. In my mouth again loomed dense pubic hair, and a soft thigh went down hard on my shoulder.

Strangely, a humiliation became less significant, and my suffering from a woman sitting on my face lessened too. Whether I figured out a little bit about her preferences, or it helped that I tried to relax under her body – I do not know. Yet, this way she again proved to me to that she owns me completely, and that revenge plans remain only inside my head, covered by a strong leather.

After that, there was a new bowl of food, and a new bottle of water. Again underneath me it turned out to be a basin for doing my toilet needs. This time, I was finally able to go to it as it should, and she even wiped me with a toilet paper. For all this I had to thank her with the next cunnilingus. Finally, after a while everything around me was quiet again, and I realized that I began the second night of my captivity. I had to spend it again with a gag in my mouth.

She put a gag every time she went to bed and left for work. Thus, most of the days I spent with a huge rubber ball in my mouth. I soon got used to it and learned to lie on my back, to relax the jaw in order to allow the saliva to flow back into the throat. My daily routine remained the same - a bowl of food in the morning and evening, accompanied by a toilet basin during the

evening and morning. And, of course, the same intimacy followed too. She continued to rape me every day, sometimes two or three times - do not know how she got so much energy. Games with a fastened dildo, fortunately, stopped. Gradually, I got used to serve her mouth as she wanted to. I learned to be more attentive and waited patiently for her to finish. So it was becoming easier. In any case, it is much better than spanking.

Finally, on the fourth day of my captivity I was washed. However, I still do not know how she does it. Procedure all the time is the same - a shot in my hip, after which I almost immediately fall asleep and wake up already clean. Apparently, she takes me away from the chain and carries into the bathroom. Obviously she is very strong. She even clips my nails and shaves my chin and head. She takes care of me, like someone would do to a purebred dog.

A new routine

One day, without much hesitation, she had squatted over me and moved her legs apart. With her hands, she forcibly brought my face closer to her vagina and told me to open my mouth. Unable to refuse, I instantly had obeyed, and felt a warm stream reaching my tongue.

Frankly speaking, the feeling, and sensation were quite new for me. Yes, I was already accustomed to consume urine. However, this time, I was required to taste from the source. The warm yellow liquid quickly filled my mouth, prompting me to swallow it. The taste was much saltier than before, probably because of the dehydration. Nevertheless, I gulped all the amount, as I wasn't sure when I would be able to drink again.

When the stream came to end, Mistress just brought her pubic area even closer. Afraid of misunderstanding, I just kept staying there without any movement. My indecisiveness amused her a lot:

“Go ahead. I allow you to clean me,” she playfully told me.

Meekly obeying her command I had protruded my tongue, and started to lick her labia. I moved my tongue around her outer lips, when she forcefully pushed me closely with her hand. Without much choice, I took her clitoris inside my mouth and began to suck it. My degradation continued when she parted her lips with her hands, and invited me to taste her smelly vagina. Afraid of disobeying my cruel tormentor, I frantically moved my tongue up and down. Unsatisfied with my slow movements, she pushed me down and comfortably sat on my face. After that, she grabbed my hair and forcibly moved my head along her pubic area. Eventually, she came with the loud outburst, while spreading her juices all over my mouth and nose.

I wonder whether she had a dog someday. Maybe it is enough to have naked young men, whom you can flog and rape. Men which can be held on a chain, all packed in a leather face mask.

Other humiliations

I still do not understand why she needs this mask. If she's going to keep me here until my death, she could just poke out my eyes. She doesn't have to touch them, but then still kill me. Yet, my eyes are still intact, and if the mask would ever be withdrawn - not including bathing unconscious – so when? Maybe it is just like a blind black leather which turns human into a faceless doll? Maybe even I'm blinded, but just do not know about this? After all, from the day of my captivity, I still did not see a single ray of light.

She never talks to me, and I am not allowed to talk to her. She pays her attention to me only if when she has to feed me, or to assist me with the toilet, or to rape me.

The other day, while putting a chair above me, she set her foot on my head and read something. She turned the pages, and sometimes surprised by something she chuckled, giggled. Her bare left feet - large and soft lied on me with the royal grandeur.

Obediently, I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. She grabbed it between her fingers and pulled it out to the maximum with her hand. Then, she brought her right foot closely and calmly waited for me to start. I took a deep breath and slowly touched her heels with my tongue.

I licked and licked like there will be no tomorrow. Like my whole existence was dependent on that job. Beginning with the heel, I gradually made my way toward the toes, scrapping all the dirt with my teeth. While cleaning all the salty sweat, my tongue also applied saliva to her divine skin. After leaving her sole spotless and shiny, I paid a special attention to the toes. Sucking each toe one by one, I heard moans of joy from my superior Lady. Reassured by my correct actions, I had proceeded to the second foot. All this time, Mistress's hand was on my head leading and controlling me.

Next day, Mistress had returned from work and slowly approached me. She informed me that she had decided to brand me as assign of her ownership. Unable to speak I just tried to protest by moving my head from side to side. However my awkward resistance only made her laugh. She ordered me to stay still and tolerate any possible pain.

“Stay put, and everything will be all right. I will apply the soothing cream after I finish,” she promised.

Unconvinced, I still had second thoughts about all this. The whole idea of being branded made me shivering. Unfortunately, no one was asking my opinion anymore. From now on, My Owner decided for me.

Finally, all the preparations were completed and she was ready to start. I sensed the smell of a very hot metal near me. When I began shivering, she slowly had brought the mark to my buttocks and declared loudly:

“With this mark I brand this creature as my slave dog. From now on, he loses his free will, all his possessions, and any human trait he ever bore. I claim him as my pet, and promise to take care of him, to feed him, and to provide him with the place to live. Let this mark be a sign of my ownership.”

With the last word she touched my behinds with the burning stick. The pain was totally unbearable. I had a strong feeling of all my body put on fire. Besides, the scent of the burnt flesh reached my nostrils, and started to complicate my breathing. However, sticking to the instructions, I remained still all the time, until the procedure have been completed. Eventually, the mark was taken and I was able to take some air. With the gentle, caring touches, Mistress applied the soothing cream on the burning area. Amazingly, it helped a lot from the beginning. Maybe the effect was purely psychological, as I definitely admired all the attention and help she provided.

Next, her all wet, soaked undies were forcible shoved into my mouth. Then, she squatted and peed all over my body. Special attention was given to my face, as it was literally washed with the urine. The pungent scent was coming from everywhere and I started coughing. The stream tough hasn't stopped yet, it has been just flown on my breast, instead. Finally, this humiliating procedure was over too.

Usually, I am treated with a negligence, and turned in a comfortable position as a limp doll, which, however I am.

I wonder if she thinks anything about me, or I am just a comfortable footrest.

Rest of the time I lay on the floor and left to myself, my blind darkness and the grim thoughts. However, they are becoming less and less intense. I cannot escape from this captivity and do not know when she will release me from here, and whether the release will happen at all. I do not even know if someone is still searching for me, or maybe the search is already over. After all, long ago I lost count of days spent here. My count stopped on two or three hundred.

However, the person gets used to everything. Even to the fact that he is put on a chain, and is devoid of the ability to see. I am deprived of the slightest opportunity to somehow brighten up my leisure. Only a primitive pleasure is available to me - eating, sleeping and sex. However, sex is aimed at satisfying a single person, and that person is not me. Only my own body is partially available to me, even my hands are shackled on the back.

If my hands were free, or at least constrained in the front, it would have been easier. Oh, how it would have been easier! However now I can only rub myself on the hard floor, where all traces of my entertainment seen in the most beautiful way. My Owner, of course, notices everything at once when she comes home. She laughs and calls me an "ejaculator", while wiping all traces of a wet rag. And, of course, then punishes me again. Twenty strokes in the balls with the stick. At this time, I have to lie down in front of her with my legs spread, and if I will try to move, I will get another ten blows. This is a fee for the only pleasure that I could deliver to myself. It is impossible to get used to it. Also, it is impossible then to bring a new pleasure to myself for a few days.

I think this is the part of her plan. I have to humiliate myself, and to continue to do it over and over again. This is how she always will find a cause for my punishment. I tell myself this every time I start to think about a new pleasure. For a time being, it helps. However when you're lying on the floor completely naked, when you constantly used for sex, sex inevitably begins to occupy the majority of your thoughts. At such moments, I even regret that I was not born a woman. Perhaps for a woman in such a situation it would be easier.

I hear the front door opens. I know that next to me fries yet another slimy puddle. I know that soon I will once again writhe under the blows of the

stick, frantically counting strokes. My Mistress does not condone such behavior. She keeps her pet in severity.

My only wish for now is to keep my legs straight and avoid receiving a dozen more strokes.

The END

Running a successful business

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Introduction

Mistress Sydney examined me from head to toe and said:

“Well, kid, have you got used to the new role? I see that my girls are already engaged in your education. And it is right. Slave with good manners is now expensive. You should try your best, if you don’t want to regret it. Otherwise, I will have to educate you by myself. If that happens, today’s day will seem like a paradise. “

And with that, she moved her gloved hand over my body, starting with the cheeks, to the shoulder, chest, and to the groin. Then, she examined my balls appreciatively, as if weighing in her hand, and then abruptly squeezed them in her fist. I screamed, but since my mouth was closed by the gag, the sound went muffled.

She sternly asked:

“Do you like it? I will cut them off, if your new owner wouldn’t be found in one month. So try to fulfill all the orders from my girls promptly and accurately.”

Looking at me, she also palpated my body as if searching for some flaw. Satisfied with her inspection (probably she liked her new servant object), she lightly patted her gloved hand on my buttocks and said:

“I promised to tell you about your new position and the contract, which you so kindly, almost without reading it, signed. So, in addition to the agency, I am the Owner of an elite women's club. In my club is all the female elite of our big city, also there are many women who come to the party from other cities and even countries. All of them are Mistresses. They all have money and they can afford to buy a good trusted servant. They all love to command and trample men. Many of them, have reached their position that way. Some even turn their husbands into domestic slaves. But it is not enough. They want more vivid impressions and circuses, they want extreme. Many of them want to have obedient slaves and have complete power over them. So, I organize my auctions and sell them slaves like you. They can do whatever they like with their new purchases. I turn people like

you into a thing, and these things they buy and use. You have no idea how much pleasure is to have a slave - a hefty guy and who does whatever pleases you. And he tolerates everything, and even prays to you,” with these words, she went to the big mirror and looked at herself.

“In my club there are two categories of slaves. The first, is the one to which you belong for now - are the slaves for sale. Me and my girls provide them with the presale training. Then, they pass the exam and become a commodity for sale. And if they do not pass or are poorly trained, they go into the second category - slaves for pleasure and torture. I do not advise you to get there. I have clients who can do with you things worse than your nightmare. For them, it's kind of fun, and painful death for you. With slave for pleasures you can do anything, and he is no longer as expensive as a trained servant from the first category,” she said, and picked up a rubber truncheon.

“Slave for pleasure can be beaten to death by any object - a cane, stick, metal rod, whip, rubber baton,” and with that, she hit me in the stomach and the kidneys several times.

If I was standing straight, I probably would be folded in two. Her blow took my breath away and I groaned in pain. ,

“Slave for pleasure may simply be castrated, or even beaten to death,” and she simply hit several times my long-suffering balls with her stick.

From these blows, I began to choke and nearly fainted.

“By the way, almost all the ladies who buy my slaves, later castrate them. Thus, depriving slaves of the last pleasures of self-satisfaction, and thereby showing absolute power over them. Sometimes ladies gather the whole party, invite best friends, who later also want to have such a thing as a slave and become my client. “

Mistress Sydney went around me and started to draw something with her baton on my back, from the head to the buttocks. When she reached them, she stopped her club, and spread them a bit with her hands. Next, with all her strength she pushed the baton into my untrained anus, penetrating deeper and deeper.

I have never felt such a pain. Sparks, along with the tears came from my eyes. But I could not say anything.

“Slave for pleasure just can just his anus completely ripped with stick, dildo, club, or even became penetrated with a red-hot rod in the ass, “and with that, she extinguished on my buttocks her cigarette

“A new Owner for the new slave always buys a brand and applies it with a red-hot iron on the soft spot,” and she gently held her gloved hand on my left buttock.

“Each month, I organize among the regular visitors of my club a little lottery. Lottery ticket costs only 1000 dollars, while the number of participants is enormous. Because the winner gets a slave as a gift for pleasure and torture, in addition to one of these rooms for 2 days of torture. She could do with him whatever she likes, without any restriction. And believe me, they do it. It is almost impossible to get out alive from there. You cannot imagine how creative our women in torturing men. They want to try at once all these interesting tools and instruments in action. And finally, want to keep the souvenir - a confirmation of their arts. Most often it is a cut off cock and the balls, and sometimes an ear or a finger, and almost always scraps of servant skin, with which they decorate their sticks.

From her words I felt really bad. My groin started to ache, and I nearly vomited. I could not imagine how gorgeous women wearing beautiful dresses, knowing how to communicate well, probably even shown on TV, are capable of doing such terrible things at the same time.

(On one of the forums I read that when a woman castrates a man, in addition to showing her superiority over him, she feels an incomparable orgasm, and receives confidence in her abilities and actions. Maybe it's true.)

“So baby, do not let me down. The girls will train you, and do not make me to translate you into the second category. I intend to train and sell you for 20-30 thousand dollars. After all, you have a good potential. As you can see, you're not a rebel and you will be a good servant. As for you skin, I always have time to take it off. You've dreamed about it,” and Mistress Sydney grabbed my nipples and pulled them with all her strength all the way forward.

“Shave him everywhere, so that no hair is left on the body. Cut the tongue that he would be able to use it well. Today, don’t put him in a chamber. Hang him by his hands, let him be there for a while and think about his future. Tomorrow we will start our training. Time is running short, next week we will have guests. I want to show him to them, and he will take part in several competitions. For me, prepare the next room and a freak from a chamber number 3. It shouldn’t take much to bring him to his senses. At the last party he survived only 2 hours of torture given by guest from Austria. So, the Lady left dissatisfied, though she paid a lot of money. I promised to prepare him for the next party, and to raise his threshold of vitality, otherwise he again will faint early. She does not like to deal with a log which does not respond to her action. Especially since I haven’t flogged anyone for two days already. His tongue is good,” she paused for a moment, smiled and added “still good “

First meeting

From childhood I liked beautiful women dressed in leather clothes. At that time, I knew nothing about femdom, but I always wanted for a woman to lead, and punish me. I always dreamed to submit to such women. In school, I fantasized about my teachers and classmates. I imagined them in this role. I especially liked the period of autumn and winter, when they walk in the boots with heels and wear leather coats and jackets.

But then came the Internet, and my knowledge in this area significantly increased. I began to disappear for days and nights on femdom sites, engaged in various femdom clubs, and continued to dream on this topic. Yet, it wasn't that simple to join such a club. Apparently, this required a recommendation by one of the Mistresses of this club. Unfortunately, I didn't have such a recommendation.

However, once to my email box came a compelling letter from a very interesting woman. About two weeks we had a correspondence with her, and finally she agreed to meet with me. During this time she learned all my interests and passions, in the world of femdom and fetishes. She said that she is a Mistress and she has a company, which deals with the employment of slaves, to which I assigned myself during our correspondence. She also likes to dominate in a leather dress and promised to find me the same Mistress. Not necessarily inside the US, maybe even abroad. Her name was Sydney. She appeared to be between 35-38 years old. Her look at this meeting, fully confirmed my fantasy of the ideal Mistress.

Brown-haired woman with long hair, very attractive and charming. It can be seen clearly that this woman has a great taste in clothing. The meeting took place in the cafe, and she came before me. She took off her coat, and wore a white blouse, leather vest top, mid-length leather skirt, and high heel boots. Next to her hung on a hanger chic leather coat, and on the table laid the gloves, and a matching handbag.

Only from looking on such a real woman I felt dizzy. The very thought that she could be my Mistress, made me lost my head. I have hesitated for long to approach her, but eventually grabbed all my courage and approached.

She immediately recognized me and smiled friendly, while inviting me to the table. I collapsed into a chair, like being thrown there. We talked on abstract themes, and I made her some compliments. She smiled and took them. Next, as I understood, she had examined me, and spoke about the case. Her voice was very gentle and nice, with friendly tone. I wanted to listen and listen to her. I was like under hypnosis.

My awkwardness passed, and I just enjoyed to look at this beautiful woman, almost same age as mine. I got thrilled to listen to her beautiful voice. At this moment, I did not view her as a Mistress, she behaved very calmly and confidently, without giving me a reason to consider myself as a slave. She spoke to me as an equal, as a partner. Sydney said she would help me to find a Mistress, but I was required to sign a contract with her company. She has a large database, and will immediately start searching for someone appropriate for me.

“Would you like to become my Mistress?” I dared to ask.

“If you sign a contract, I'll be your mistress temporarily until selling you to a new owner. After signing the contract, you become the property of my company, and therefore mine. It is something like a draft in transatlantic hockey or basketball, when all the athlete's rights belong to some club that drafted him. Consequently, it can sell or trade the player to another club,” Sydney said.

She hit the mark. I closely followed, except femdom, any developments in transatlantic hockey and liked the game a lot. All my doubts immediately disappeared, no one pressured or insulted me. I haven't been put in the position of a servant either. Therefore, I wanted to sign the contract quickly in order to experience the atmosphere of something new. Something alluring since childhood, the forbidden, which tickles the nerves and provides pleasure. Especially sitting next to a dream woman, a dream that my imagination has agreed to turn into reality. I confirmed my readiness to sign, because nothing held me back. My wife worked in a foreign company, and left me last year. We did not have children, and my work as a safety engineer did not bring any satisfaction. The only things left were the Internet with the femdom, and the sports reports on the television.

Signing the contract

Sydney agreed and offered to drive to her company in order to sign a contract. When she got up, I helped her to put on her beautiful coat. It was made out of a very thin and delicate leather, perfectly fit on her beautiful body and reached almost to the floor. I could see only the toecaps of her boots. She pulled on her gloves, and we walked out of the bar. We got into her car, and drove to the company.

All the way, I watched her beautiful hands in gloves with virtuosity holding the steering wheel and shift gears. I felt a confidence and a power in her. I immediately imagined in these hands a whip and got excited. I definitely liked her, and even was ready to become her slave. Her friendliness attracted me even more to her, same as the smell of a piece of cheese in a mousetrap attracted the mouse. If from the very beginning she started to intimidate me, likely it would put me off. However, this way I wanted to get to know this mysterious and inaccessible woman.

Here we are! That's the office. Office was a small two story mansion behind a high fence. I did not see any guards, but the door opened automatically on arrival, and we drove into the yard. Sydney said that on the first floor is the office itself, on the second are the rest rooms for women visitors. In the basement are the inspection rooms, rooms with appropriate equipment and devices, and lounges of the future slaves. For some reason I wanted to see these rooms, but Sydney said that the time will arrive for that. We went to her office. Young secretary 23-25 years old, sat in front of it, in a white blouse with a tie, a leather jacket and very brief skin-tight leather miniskirt. Her feet were encased in the high heel black stilettos. When she saw us, she smiled and greeted me, and her eyes began to sparkle. Seeing this very sexy lady, my member in the pants immediately stiffened. The view of two beautiful women, a decent atmosphere, cleanliness and comfort have led me in a state of euphoria, and I was ready to sign any contract on any terms. Nobody pushed me, no chains, handcuffs and whips. Very relaxed atmosphere.

Anna, this was the name of the secretary, brought the contract, and I signed it without any hesitation. Sydney even asked whether I would like to read it. I said to her that she already so convincingly told me everything, and I'm ready to entrust my fate into her lovely hands.

“That is great!” said Sydney.

Start of the long journey

“Yet, I will bring you certain provisions. From this moment, you are a property of my company, and therefore mine too. You have no rights, except the right to be the slave of women, and women can rule you as they like. All your property, and your actual studio apartment goes to my company, you will no longer need it. And many other additional provisions, which I will bring you a little later. You dreamed about it? Your dreams come true. In turn, I pledge to you to find a suitable Mistress who loves the leather fetish.”

“You are right, my lady,” I said, and my dick almost jumped out of my pants.

“From this moment, I'm for you, Mistress Sydney, and this is my assistant, Mistress Anna. Anna, please walk our new client through the ground floor, he dreamed about it for so long. Bring his appearance in order, and one hour later we will continue the conversation.

Together with Mistress Anna we went down in an elevator to the basement, which was very well equipped. There, at the entrance we met another girl, 25-27 years old, in black leather boots, leather shorts and a leather vest. On her belt hung the handcuffs, a strange device (I later learned that this is a stun gun) and the stick.

“Take the customer, Melinda,” Mistress Anna said.

Mistress Melinda was a guard in the room.

Along the long hallway on both sides there were some large rooms, three doors on each side, then barred door in the middle, followed by another 4 small rooms on each side. Apparently, the rooms for slaves which are waiting for their Mistresses.

Melinda examined me from head to foot, and ordered me to take off all the clothes. I undressed, but my member at the sight of two women, looking on me, got excited and stiffened.

“Good tool,” said Mistress Melinda, “There is still a lot of work to do,” and the girls laughed.

“From this day you do not need any clothes. Slave is not entitled for anything” Mistress Anna said.

“Until the possible sale, we will deal with your training,” she continued.

“Ladies like the trained slaves. Maybe even Mistress Sydney will leave you for herself. You will definitely like it. Only in this case we do not be jealous, she removes the skin from her slaves while they are still alive. She also likes the leather as you do. This is her fetish. Only you love to dress women in the leather, and she loves to take it from her slaves,” and both burst out laughing.

I was handcuffed, on my feet were put some shackles with chains linked to my still excited member.

“Well, let’s start the tour,” said Mistress Anna, and dragged me into one of the rooms.

It was not just a regular room, but the room of torture. Many different devices from the leather. On the walls hung various whips, metal rods, sticks, batons, and handcuffs. In the middle stood a medieval rack, some chain hoist, under the wall I saw a torture cross, and a horse. In the corner was some gynecological chair, and a table beside it with incomprehensible to me, but very terrible instruments of torture, which shimmer with silver. Seeing all this, I became to tremble in fear. Did I dream about that?

I was taken to the torture cross and handcuffed.

“Let's see which masochist you are, and whether you know how to bear the pain,” said Mistress Melinda, and picked up a bamboo cane.

Mistress. Anna, meanwhile, wore leather gloves and began to squeeze my balls with her hand. At first, slightly, then more and more. From the first gentle touch of the leather gloves on my dick, it became very excited and twitched. After a few pressings I almost ejaculated, but when she squeezed my balls with all her strength. I cried out in pain, and then got a few nasty blows on the back and buttocks by Mistress Melinda.

“This is only the beginning. Why are you yelling like a siren, no one will hear you, anyway,” and with these words, Mistress. Melinda shoved into my mouth a gag ball and tightened it on my head with the leather garters. Then she took the stick and started with the full force to beat my aroused

member and the balls. I squirmed as much as I could and moaned in pain, almost losing my consciousness. Eventually, the beating stopped and Mistress Anna entered into the chamber.

She transformed. She wore high leather boots, leather pants, leather vest and long gloves up to the elbow. Her hair was pulled into the rear beam, and her face was covered with an interesting predatory makeup. She was gorgeous. But I did not know what is still waiting in the future ...

Some results of my training

A week after, I am still a property of Mistress Sydney and live in her private prison. This week has separated me from reality and turned my whole life. Before that I was just an engineer, and now I'm a powerless creature, which is harshly abused by beloved women. After barely a week of constant communication with them, I became a hunted animal. A creature which only at the mere sight of a girl or woman begins to be afraid, and even not just to be afraid, but hysterically clogs in the corner and begs for mercy.

Week full with the constant trainings did its job. My whole body was covered with scratches, and bruises. The girls, engaged in my training were the true sadist in angelic robes. Always nice and very sexy dressed in exciting clothes, caused disgust and fear. With mocking smiles on their beautiful faces, they methodically took turns educating me. They tested on me almost the entire arsenal of the torture chamber. My body experienced the blows of different whips, belts, and sticks. For that purpose, I was specifically tied to the horse. At first, I even fainted from the pain, but gradually my painful threshold increased. Later on, I didn't care about whatever was happening to me.

Mistress Melinda apparently was very experienced in training, because she always felt when it is necessary to stop the beatings. Then, she poured water on me, handcuffed me to a pipe-pole and gave some respite.

During first few days of training I was still excited at the sight of them, looking at their beautiful figures tightened in leather. Mistress Melinda was always dressed in high black leather boots with heels, leather shorts or mini skirt, leather bra and a leather vest. During the executions, she sometimes took off her vest, when she was getting hot. After the beatings she forced to lick her armpits and boots when she was resting. Naturally unsatisfied with her work, she continued to educate me with new strength and new tools.

Mistress Anna was more feminine and constantly come to training in a new outfit. She liked to wear short leather skirt, which showed her beautiful young legs, white or blue blouse without a bra, which was illuminated by her small but resilient and standing chest. On her feet she had, either the

tight up shin boots with heels, or the ankle boots, sometimes she wore even the high heel shoes. She beat me not as much as Mistress Melinda, but her favorite objects of punishment were my cock and balls. She aroused my member with her gloved hand, and then tightened the rope around it. In that state it was kept until the end of training with her.

Last week I learned a lot about slavery and torture, and began to understand what do my trainers and Owner want from me. So, I tried my best. The training was tough, I would even say brutal, but quickly bear fruit. I've mastered a few basic commands, and gradually learned to tolerate the beatings. I was ready to graduate, and enter the service of any mistress, but my time has not come yet.

Mistress Sydney

One day Mistress Sydney entered my chamber. She unchained me from the wall and put the handcuffs on my hands.

“Today is your lucky day. As a part of your training you are required to worship women. We will practice that tonight,” she announced.

Next, she took off her divine boots, pointed toward her legs and ordered:

“Slave, kneel here and start smelling the odor. It’s a mix of the day sweat, dirt, and leather. Be assured, you will quickly find it very arousing and delightful. In fact, after few times you will desire to inhale that smell more than any perfume in the world. While you are cherishing my generous present, I will teach you how to treat my feet”.

Without any contempt, I crawled toward her soles and inhaled the stinky scent. No doubt, it was disgusting and smelly. My face expression probably told it, as Mistress laughed sarcastically.

“Take it deep down your nostrils. Learn to deal with this odor. Finally, I am doing it to you. From the moment I saw you in the elevator, I wanted to bring my feet to your nose. It’s so humiliating and arousing. Enjoy the reek of your defeat, slave.”

My humiliation was intense, indeed. The stinky scent was coming from everywhere. The feeling was like my skin and hair will carry this smell too, for ages to come. However, at that time Mistress already thought about the next step in my debasement.

“Let’s now talk about a feet worship. As a Lady and your Owner I require a frequent feet service from you. That means, cleaning my feet with only your tongue. In no way you are allowed to use your hands. You should start with the soles by moving from the heels all the way up to the toes. I expect all the dirt and crumbs being collected and swallowed. Crisp, clear soles should be your top priority. When you will arrive to toes, you should first lick each toe. Then, your mouth should suck each and every toe separately. A special attention should be given to the spaces between the toes as little dirt morsels tend to collect there.”

“Enough with the theory for now. Let’s start with the practice. Show me your tongue,” my Mistress ordered.

Obediently, I opened my mouth and stick out my tongue. She grabbed it between her fingers and pulled it out to the maximum with her hand. Then, she brought her right foot closely and calmly waited for me to start. I took a deep breath and slowly touched her heels with my tongue. My dream was about to become true. I was about to clean most beautiful feet ever, the feet of my Mistress.

Excited and trembling with anticipation I licked and licked like there will be no tomorrow. My whole existence was dependent on that job. Beginning with the heel, I gradually made my way toward the toes, scrapping all the dirt with my teeth. While cleaning all the salty sweat, my tongue also applied saliva to her divine skin. After leaving her sole spotless and shiny, I paid a special attention to the toes. Sucking each toe one by one, I heard moans of joy from my superior Lady. Reassured by my correct actions, I had proceeded to the second foot. All this time, Mistress’s hand was on my head leading and controlling me.

“Your next task is to learn to drink my urine. During the party guests could require your services in this area too,” she informed me, next.

Then, without much hesitation, she had squatted over me and moved her legs apart. With her hands, she forcibly brought my face closer to her vagina and told me to open my mouth. Unable to refuse, I instantly had obeyed, and felt a warm stream reaching my tongue.

Frankly speaking, the feeling, and sensation were quite new for me. Yes, I was already accustomed to consume urine. However, this time, I was required to taste from the source. The warm yellow liquid quickly filled my mouth, prompting me to swallow it. The taste was much saltier than before, probably because of the dehydration. Nevertheless, I gulped all the amount, as I wasn’t sure when I would be able to drink again.

When the stream came to end, Mistress just brought her pubic area even closer. Answering my silent quest, she just prompted me to lick her. Needless to explain all my happiness and joy at that moment. Oh, how many times I was dreaming about it!

Instantly, I protruded my tongue and touched her labia. Gently I went around her outer lips, enjoying every bit of the second. Helping with her fingers, she moved the lips apart, fully exposing her most intimate area. Slowly, I moved my tongue toward her clitoris picking up all the preliminary juices. The sweet taste of her pre cum mixed with the strong urine odor made wonders to my senses. Still being in nirvana, I had wrapped her clitoris with my lips and sucked it as someone would do to lemon. Moans of joy and more pre cum dropped on my cheeks, all served as a true evidence of my success,

My Owner was already very hot, when I touched her vagina with the tip of my tongue. Gently, as if still not able to believe my fortune, I made circle moves around. I must admit that long chastity made magic to my attitude. Only 4 months ago, I would never go down on a girl like that. Just some several rough touches with my hand, and then I forced myself inside. Being in a complete different situation today, I wanted to prolong every moment of sexual intimacy. My tongue simply went up and down the vagina licking every little moisture drop. At some point, I dared to shove it inside, as if a sad simulation of my member.

When Mistress finally came with the load outcry, my mouth was ready. Like an obedient puppy licking his owner's hand, I lapped every drop. The sticky substance was all over my face and even on my hair, but I didn't care. All I wanted is to clean out everything. My efforts were clearly noticed by my Owner, as she pushed my tongue inside even more. No doubt, it was the moment of joy for both of us. For Mistress, obviously it was an ultimate pleasure of being so cherished and worshipped at her most intimate part. For me, it was the closest sexual action with my Goddess, the apotheosis of all my suffering and commitment.

Mistress Anna

Next day, Mistress Anna ordered me to lay down on her lap, and started to fist me. Her gentle touches, probing my behinds, began to drive me crazy. I was moaning from pleasure begging her to allow me to cum. Obviously displeased with my behavior, she abruptly ceased her actions.

“I see you are enjoying it, slut. Don’t worry, we will do it more. In fact, we will do it so often, it will become natural for you to offer your ass to a woman. Your new Owner can even decide to feminize you,” she told me sternly.

After that she brought a strap-on and a dildo, and ordered me to put them on her. While she was wearing her jeans and T shirt, I have been kneeling naked trying to tie a strap-on around her. When it was accomplished, she took an oily cream and put it on her dildo.

“This time I will go easy on you, slut, and will put some lubricant. Next time you will lubricate it with your mouth,” she sternly explained to me.

Bending me over, she first probed me with her fingers, and then pulled in her dildo. Being already accustomed to fisting, my ass still was in pain as dildo started to make its way through. The pain became intolerable, and I began to scream. Her soothing voice, however, calmed me down:

“Almost done, girl. One more push and everything will be inside.”

With that, she pushed harder and I felt like my ass is taken apart. Next, she started to pull out and push in that dildo, causing both pain and pleasure to me.

“You see, you have been a good girl, and you are receiving your gift. Every slutty girl wants to be fucked, and your Mistress just makes your wish true,” she told me, at the end.

“Now, girl, take my dildo in your mouth and show it your appreciation. Lick it thoroughly clean, or you will be sorry,” came her next order.

Sobbing from the ultimate humiliation, I licked a dirty dildo covered with lubricant. Fortunately, there haven’t been any excrement traits on it. Still, taking into my mouth something that was just seconds ago was in my ass,

felt very degrading. Enjoying my humiliation, Mistress Anna has started to fuck my mouth with that dildo too. Finally, when my dildo education was over, I had to lick my Mistress clean as she was leaking from her arousal.

First real exam begins

Today, will be my first real exam. Mistress Sydney had announced that when she kindly came down to the basement, and allowed me to lick her chic high leather boots. From this process, I even got a little excited, and that was quickly seen by her smart and beautiful eyes. Because of that, she ordered me to lie down on my back. She stood with one foot on my stomach, and then the second foot followed. I strained my muscles and tried to hold her weight. Meanwhile, she inflicted several painful blows with her stick on my cock.

“Today I'm not going to punish a slave, but if you will misbehave or disgrace me at a party, be assured, I will provide the exemplary punishment,” and with that, she touched my balls with her toe.

In the basement, together with the torture room and slaves chambers, was another large room. In this room auctions and games with the slaves were usually held. We were all led there in advance there, and chained with the handcuffs to the large posts. Our hands were clasped behind, in addition special collars were attached to a small chain connected to the pole. Except the collars nothing has been put on us. Together with me there were 3 more prisoners. At the center, on the podium, positioned slightly in front, stood two slaves for sale. On the right side of the platform stood three battered and mutilated little slave for pleasure and torture. One of them will be drafted today, and his fate will be sealed. The other two can be also used for games or other torture from women. I wouldn't envy any of them.

We remained waiting like this for two hours, then Mistress Sydney entered the hall. She looked simply gorgeous. She was wearing a white blouse, a short leather jacket, leather mini skirt, fishnet stockings and nearly knee-fitting leather boots with high heels. On her hands were the finest leather gloves, her face was decorated with a beautiful makeup, her hair was loose. In addition, in her hands she was holding a bamboo stick. Passing along the platform she examined closely each of us. At the sight of her I got a little excited. She noticed it, said nothing, smiled and with all her power hit my member with her stick. I grimaced slightly, but gave no sign and sound, and

my dick from all the pain started became small again. She smiled contentedly and walked to the exit.

The waiting is over

After 30 minutes of anticipation, slowly walking, and talking to each other, woman began to enter. There were about 15 people, plus our Owner and her two assistants. There were no young ladies among them, mostly all women were mature, apparently wealthy, well-dressed and smelled delicious. With brightly painted eyes and lips, some of them were even very attractive. All of them aged somewhere between 35 and 50 years. Of course, it is difficult to determine the exact age for a woman. Without any hesitation they approached the podium, and looked at the slaves. Some of them even groped their silent victims, discussing something between themselves. Their focus concentrated more on the slaves for sell and those that were designed for pleasure. We received a lesser attention. Much attention they paid to the state of the slaves' genitals. Each of them felt it as her duty to pull the cock and the balls of the slaves. The genitals were weighted in their hands, as though the whole continuation of the human race depended on them.

They were dressed differently, but what attracted me is the fact that the vast majority of them were dressed in beautiful leather clothing. I got even a little excited again, which again did not go unnoticed by one of the guests. It was dyed blond 42-45 years old, tall, with a high medium-sized breasts. She was dressed in a brown blouse with a beautiful brooch instead of the top buttons, leather skirt just below the knee, black stockings, and brown high heel boots. On her hands she wore gloves, and kept in them a stick with a special leather handle.

She leisurely walked to our group carefully examined each, then gently held a stick on my cock and balls. From that my member got even more excited. She obviously liked it and asked Mistress Sydney:

“Madame Sydney, what is this creature, and when you are going to put it up for an auction?”

“This is a new not yet fully trained servant. He loves women dressed from head to toe in leather. It's his fetish. Seeing this he becomes constantly excited. I think he will make a good slave,” said Mistress Sydney and both burst out laughing.

“It is worth paying attention to him. He will participate in the games, and you can order him to Madame Taylor,” said Ms. Sydney, referring by name to the blonde.

“I think, Madame Sydney, maybe I will win a lottery, and then think about it,” said Mistress Taylor and both laughed again.

After inspecting the slaves, the ladies seated on chairs located before the podium. Tables with fruits, various juices and wine were placed beside them. Apparently, they appeared not for the first time and felt very comfortable.

Madame Sydney announced the first lot and began trading for the first slave. He was a tall man of about 32-35 years old, with good physique, clipped tongue and well-trained. The whole battle developed in order to purchase him. The winner was Mistress 50 years old, in a long leather skirt that covered her whether boots, or boots on the elegant heels, white blouse that fell out of a large chest and a black transparent cape. She was very happy and said that will make him a rideable pony. After her words all the women laughed, because the transformation of a man into a pony mount automatically implies his castration. But now she was his mistress, and owned the full rights to decide what to do with her slave.

After this, the second lot was shown - a man of about 40 years old, of medium height, but stocky and with a very large manhood. He was won by 38 year old, Mistress. She was very attractive, with a good figure, in chic leather trouser set. After winning she came to the podium, wore gloves, took a penis of her new slave in her hands and began to move her hand up and down. Member of the man got excited very quickly and he almost finished, but his new owner did not let him do that. She quickly pulled a thin rope around his cock and balls, and left her slave to stand on the platform with an erect penis. She returned to her place applauded by all the women.

A lottery

The next step of the program was a lottery. First, one of the three slaves for pleasure and torture was drawn. It appeared to be a young man 20-22 years old, very thin, with a swollen eye from the beatings and bruises all over his body. Apparently he already had to participate in some events as a slave for pleasure and torture. Then the happy owner of this prize was ruffled. It was my recent acquaintance - Mistress Taylor. She went to a poor boy with a mocking smile. In his eyes, he had only an animal fear. Mistress Taylor touch him anywhere, walked around, and commanded to the approaching Mistress Melinda:

“To the torture chamber. And prepare all the tools. I want to enjoy his torment!”

After these words, all the women began to applaud Madam Taylor, and I thought that today I was lucky that I did not get into the hands of this angry lioness.

When Mistress Melinda dragged the boy off the podium, one of the women stood up. She was probably the youngest one, at the age between 35-37, wearing a beautiful red dress and leather shoes with stiletto. She offered to ruffle yet another slave for torture and pleasure. Already excited ladies immediately agreed. Mistress Ana quickly gathered from each table the money, 1000 dollars from each member and Mistress Sydney draw the lottery for the second time. This time the victim was a man between 43-45 years old. Age was difficult to determine because of the broken and swollen face. However, he got a decent body, and his member had an impressive size.

Lottery winner this time was the tall woman at the age of 45, with short hair and small breast, which was stretched pretty good by the leather blouse. She got a good figure for her age, and was dressed in leather shorts and high boots, which further emphasized her height and shape. She got up from her seat, and put on the gloves. Next, she picked up an expensive handbag from crocodile skin, medium size whip, and went to her future victim. With a

folded whip in her hand she touched the face of a man from one cheek to the other, and then loudly announced: “Beat you to death! Get ready!”

All the women stood up and started cheering again. Third servant wasn't ruffled at all, instead the same woman in a leather red dress, who asked to continue the lottery, paid some amount of money. He was taken too out of the hall to the torture chamber. What happened there, we could only guess, but I never saw these guys again.

Some entertainment

Now was the turn of the games and an entertainment with the slaves. I was destined exactly for this. We again were ruffled between all the ladies. I got a 40 year old brunette with a good figure, can be seen even as cute, except for her sharp nose. She wore a short leather skirt, under which I had not noticed her panties when she sat astride on me during the competition. Medium-length stilettos, and translucent blouse, through which her beautiful delicate bra was clearly seen, all added to her powerful posture. In the hands she had gloves that kept the classic riding stick.

We got untied of the posts. We collapsed on our knees in front of the new owners and the first task was to lick their shoes clean with our tongues. The committee shall determine the winner. After that, the winner of the award had to lick a pussy of his temporary Mistress. At the same time, the other three losers were supposed to be punished by flogging sticks, 40 lashes from their new Mistress. In the first competition I was not lucky, I lost and received pretty painful 40 strokes on my back and buttocks.

The second competition - push-ups. Whoever lasts longer, will be the winner. I lost again. This time I had to 20 lashes. My temporary Mistress with great enthusiasm began to spank me with her whip. After her kind treatment, my skin was full of wounds and the bloody scratches. Mistress Melinda brought the hydrogen peroxide and water. Slaves washed each other until our tormentors rested. After a few minutes we were ready to continue the competition.

The next contest was riding on top of the slaves. When my new temporary Mistress sat on my back, I felt the soft touch of her leather skirt, and her tender ass. She leaned close to my ear and told me that if I will not win today, she will beat me to the near death. Then, eventually she will buy me and skin me alive. This threat has affected me and I came to the finish line first. My mistress was very happy. She climbed on a special chair. I crawled under her, and made a stunning cunnilingus for her.

The rest of the slaves received 30 strokes with bamboo sticks. My new Mistress roughly came right in my mouth. I licked her clean with me newly

cut tongue, and she said that her promise is still valid. She will remember me and will pay off for everything.

The next contest was throwing darts at the live targets. We were again tied to poles and women took turns in order to throw darts on us. The only condition was that you cannot throw in the face of a slave. After each hit some painful marks left on the chest. Some women even tried to point specifically to the balls. This time I was lucky and my balls were left intact.

Next, there was a competition for throwing semen. Slave approached a certain line, and his Mistress was beginning to pump his penis. When the ejaculation had occurred, it was evaluated with a tape measure. The winner served his Owner or any other women chosen by her. The losers received 15 blows with a metal rod. Not a pretty sight. And if the Mistress is tired, this function can be offered by another woman. I lost in this competition. Probably I got too excited and my sperm flew not far enough as my Mistress desired.

She moved her hand on my penis so fast that I became worried about a bridle on my dick, and could not concentrate on the essentials. Her friend volunteered to enforce the punishment. A woman of the same age, in a tight medium-length black skirt made from latex. She wore red high heels and a cute red blouse with an open collar and big sleeves. Her hand was strong and I wished I would win the competition.

After her beating, I could not get up from the podium. The back and buttocks were burning. Yet, Ladies still demanded a continuation of entertainment. The servants have barely moved their legs. Then, the slaves were dragged to special cubes. Each woman could choose any cube and urinate into the slave's mouth there. The later was supposed to lick her cunt and ass. This task was very hard for me. Luckily, no one wanted to poop. Yet, I served 3 guests including my temporary Owner and her friend. Finally, when we almost reached our limit, Mistress Sydney sent us to our chamber. The women left to discuss some other issues. Our entertainment for today had finished, but tomorrow there will be another day full of surprises and new torments with the powerless slaves.

The End

November 2016, San Francisco

Taming the wild cougar

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Preclusion

Let me first introduce myself. My name is Greg, and I am a proud slave of Mistress Melinda. I met her during a regular business appointment. At that time, I was working as a mid-level manager at some local IT company. Our company was about to sign a lucrative deal with a much larger company. That deal was crucial for our survival, so all the best resources were involved to make it through. Among others, I was sent to supervise my group's share of the deal. I quickly got friends with all the people involved, and my job became a routine. However, near the closing date, when everything was already almost agreed, a sudden obstacle threatened to jeopardize all my effort. One of the other company's top managers had considerable objections to the arrangement.

Eager to convince that manager, I quickly scheduled a meeting with her. Full with arrogance and self-esteem, I was sure about my ability to overturn her decision. Things however turned to be completely different. I expected to see grumpy old woman, unhappy with the world. To my utter surprise, I was met by a strong, energetic young lady. You guess it right, it was my first view of my future Mistress, Melinda. From the first minutes, she took matters in her hands. She elaborately detailed all the flaws of our product, and its unfavorable future.

Though, all that time, my mind was occupied by completely different ideas. I just kept standing still, captivated by her beautiful posture. Her Blue eyes were perfectly matched with her blond long hair. Tight body enclosed in a white blouse and the blue jeans, was definitely a thing to remember. Add to this the enormous ability to express herself vocally, and you will understand my feelings. Stunned by her beauty, I quickly stopped paying attention to our conversation.

Clearly, Melinda noticed my awkward reaction. With the knowing smile on her face, she got closer and waived her hand in front of my face. I quickly came to my senses, and apologized for my ignorance. I even blushed and turned my eyes away in order to hide my embarrassment. Still struggling to find a solution for this last minute crisis, I inquired whether the deal is still

in place. The answer was absolutely unsurprising and unequivocal. Melinda was about to use all her power and influence in order to cancel it. My job, future aspirations, and career, became endangered by her move.

I begged her to reconsider, and to overturn her resolution. At some point, I even pleaded to do everything she wants, only for the deal to succeed.

“Wait a minute. What did you just say?”

“Yes, Melinda. I will agree to do everything for you.”

“Really? Hmm, that sounds promising. How about kissing my boots?”

“Your boots?” I asked her, pointing to the shiny black boots she was wearing.

“Yes, these boots. Made it quick, or you are out of here.”

Without much choice, I had complied, and instantly knelt on the floor. Next, I brought my head closer, and paid a tribute to her footwear. With two kisses I slightly touched the leather with my lips. Sure about the successful completeness of my mission, I started to raise my head. Melinda however had other far reaching ideas. First, she demanded to clean some stains on the toecap, and then pointed toward the soles. Thus, from kissing, my assignment quickly became a full scale cleaning operation.

The toecaps on both boots were indeed slightly dusty. Therefore, I just applied a small portion of saliva in order to make them pristine again. From the other hand, the underneath of her footwear was all covered with dirt. Disgusted, I couldn't make myself to lick it. Hesitantly, I raised my eyes and wordlessly begged Melinda to finish my humiliation.

Descent into the unknown

I think, that was a beginning of my descent to ultimate slavery. Inclined to debase me further, Melinda wordlessly pointed her index finger on the boot sole, and insisted on fulfilling her last command. Additionally, she returned a stern look, and pushed my head closer with her hand. Completely debased. I protruded my tongue and moved it across the both soles. My tongue started to hurt from licking the harsh rubber surface. However, afraid from Melinda, I continued my disgusting mission. Whenever I encountered small parts of gravel, I just swallowed them. Tears of humiliation appeared in my eyes. At some point, I even hated myself for falling so low. After several minutes, satisfied with my efforts, Melinda allowed me to get up.

“You just have paid your price for your arrogance, Greg. In order for the deal to be signed you will have to do more.”

“I am doing a party for my friends tomorrow. Your attendance would be very helpful. If you will be there, and will obey my every command. In return, I will sign the deal,” she informed me while specifically emphasizing the word “every”. Reluctantly, I agreed, and started waiting for more instructions.

“You will arrive exactly at 5 at my house. The party will start at 6. Until then, you will help me to prepare the whole event. When the guests will start coming, you will attend to them. Any questions?”

Hearing my negative answer, Melinda gave me her address. We exchanged also our phone numbers and emails. When everything was settled, she gestured me to leave.

I quickly drove home while thinking about all the recent events. I have never in my life experienced such a humiliation. To clean someone else's filthy boots with my tongue was a total nightmare. I utterly disgusted the whole idea, and my disgraceful behavior. At home, I thoroughly washed my mouth and showered. I felt so angry and disappointed with myself, that I started crying. At some point, I decided to refuse to Melinda's demands, regardless of the result. My decision gave me a lot of confidence and raised

again my self-esteem. Empowered with a new energy, I started to write an email to her:

“Dear Melinda,

Thank you for generous offer to help you with the party.

However, my dignity and pride are coming in contradiction with my prior agreement.

Therefore, I would like to refuse, and excuse myself from any future communications.

I am fully aware about the consequences of my actions, and any future outcomes.

Sincerely, Greg”

I clicked the “Send” button, and stared at the screen. Still unable to believe my courage, I got up to make something to drink. When I reached the kitchen, my cell phone started ringing. You guessed it right. Melinda, probably furious with my email, wanted to talk with me. However, I wasn’t ready to take this call, yet. Afraid and vulnerable, I stood in the middle of the room, shaking from fear. Somehow knew, that if I will answer that call, Melinda will successfully convince me to help her with the party.

A surprising visitor

Rest of the evening went in a constant fear of her subsequent call. However she never called again. Exhausted and completely worn out, I finally went to sleep. I was woken up by the ringing doorbell. Still dozy from a deep sleep, I trotted to open the door without even looking outside. My busy neighbors were building something outside, so they frequently asked for my help.

Sudden strong slap on my cheek was absolutely staggering. I already had started to see the stars when yet another blow followed. Furious Melinda stepped inside and started shouting on me:

“You dumb animal! How dare you to refuse my orders? Let me show what happens to someone being too smart with me.”

She proceeded toward the couch, and waived me to come closer. Then, she comfortably sat on it, spreading her legs apart. Wondering and afraid to make her angrier, I continued to stand there. Her next words both brought some clarification, and made me even more surprised.

“Don’t just stand there. Lower your pants, and lay down on my knees.”

I became speechless. Is she going to spank me, like a little boy? No way, I am going to agree to that!

“Are you insane? Melinda, you lost your mind.”

Her reaction was fast, and hardly predictable. Instantly she got up, and grabbed my ear with her fingers. She pulled my face closer, and sternly looked directly into my eyes.

“Never speak to me like this! You already have earned your punishment, don’t make it harsher. Drop your pants and take you place across my knees, now!”

I think, that was the moment of truth, the moment when she broke me. Fearing for my safety, I obediently pulled down my pants, and laid on her knees. Still angry, she had grabbed my underwear and took it off too. Totally ashamed from such a disgrace, I blushed and started wiggling. Tough, that didn’t impress my vicious tormentor.

Melinda squeezed my member between her legs and slapped me with her bare hand. It felt like a sudden painful sting. While the pain was spreading over my body, few more slaps followed. Shortly after, my poor ass became to burn, as like it’s on fire. I had started to scream and beg for forgiveness. Both the humiliation and pain caused me to cry.

“Stop crying, boy. You brought it to yourself. Take it like a man,” was she had said, and continued with her beating.

When the spanking was finally over, Melinda allowed me to stand up. With the mischievous smile, she reminded about tomorrow’s party. All that time, I stood naked before her, unable to move from the strong pain. At some

point, my dick started to stiffen, reacting to the whole awkward situation. I tried to hide my arousal, but it was noticed quickly by Melinda.

“I see you like to be ordered around by the girl. Well, that makes my task a lot easier. See you tomorrow, at 5,” she announced, and paced out of the house.

Still feeling a lot of pain, I managed to reach to the cabinet, and get myself a soothing cream. Screaming and calling Melinda different names, I applied large portions of the cream on my poor behinds. When it was done, I tried to take some sleep. However, absolutely overwhelmed by recent events, I kept going through them over and over. I felt totally crushed by Melinda’s cruelty, and reduced to be her punching bag.

The party

Next morning, still very painful from the powerful spanking, I went to work. Unable to sit down, I took a bus and was standing during the whole ride. Luckily at work I managed to reschedule some of the meetings, and others just did online. Full with fear I waited for the dreadful time to leave to Melinda's place. I was trying to delay my departure as long as possible. Finally, when there was no time left, I slowly paced toward the exit.

The bus just left the station, when I arrived. Worried, I continued to wait for another 20 minutes. As a result, when I approached Melinda's porch, the time was already 5:15. Hesitantly, I pressed the doorbell button. Melinda had opened the door, and waived to come inside. I had tried to apologize and even cited the unlucky bus schedule. Still unimpressed and enraged, she instantly assured me that my tardiness will not go unpunished.

"Don't worry, after the party, we will have a small talk."

"I left your new outfit in the other room. Now go and change your clothes there," she gestured with her hand toward the hallway. Wordlessly, I went to another room, wondering what I would find there. To my utter surprise, I saw a short maid uniform placed on the small bed. On the floor, I sensed a set of matching slippers too. Filling deeply humiliated, I slowly undressed and put the costume on. I stayed in my underwear, since I couldn't find anything else except the dress there.

When I came back to the living room wearing my new clothes and the slippers, Melinda was already waiting for me. She raised my skirt and closely expected my underwear.

"No, that will not do. I never have seen so dumb creature like you. I told you to put only the clothes I left for you. Nothing else is allowed. Take your underwear off, now!"

I hastily complied, and felt vulnerable and debased once again. Satisfied with my look, Melinda quickly taught me how to curtsy, and serve the dishes.

“Remember, you are not allowed to raise your eyes and stare at people. Always look at their feet when you talk with them. Also, be very polite, and responsive to their needs,” were her final instructions before the first guests started to arrive.

Embarrassed and ashamed I waited patiently at the entrance. When the door had opened, I saw 3 handsome young ladies coming inside. Blushing from the utter humiliation, I curtsied and sheepishly welcomed them into the house. I was regarded with laugh and more embarrassment, when one of them viciously raised my skirt. Luckily, I was able to excuse myself as I had to run other errands too. When they comfortably sat on the couch, I served drinks and appetizers. Meekly following Melinda’s orders, I kept my head down all the time.

My docile behavior obviously amused them a lot. They asked Melinda all kinds of questions about me. In her turn, she described them our yesterday’s meeting, and the rest of the last evening’s events. She even waived me to come closer and to turn around. Next, she had raised my skirt, and fully exposed my poor red buttocks. In an apparent appreciation of my punishment, girls slightly touched my bruised skin.

After that, the girls sat around the table and I was sent to the kitchen. They continued chatting for a while, until Melinda called me to start serving the dinner. I instantly had brought the tray with all the dishes and waited aside. Finally, when the dinner was over, I was ordered to clean the table and stay in the kitchen.

After an hour or so, when the party was over, I was called to the entrance door again. As a farewell, Melinda commanded me to make a curtsy and to kiss girls’ hands. Laughing at me, all the ladies thanked Melinda for a special treat and joyful evening. When the door finally closed after them, I was sure that my nightmare is about to end.

Melinda, though, had another ideas. First, she instructed me to clean up the kitchen and load the dishwasher. When it was done, she loudly announced that my punishment time is about to begin. She had brought a ruler, and waived me to come closer. Next, she ordered me to raise my skirt and to stand still. With the sudden blow to my penis, she triumphantly announced that I had earned 15 lashes for 15 of being late. The pain was enormous, and

intolerable. I quickly started to cry and begged her to stop. Untouched by me sorrow, she continued her violent torment until all the blows were completed. As opposite to previous spanking, Melinda immediately gave me the soothing crème and waited patiently for me to apply it.

Signing the deal

Finally, beaming with joy and utter satisfaction, she produced the deal papers. Jubilantly she signed them in my presence. By any count, this was the most expensive agreement I have ever experienced. The price I paid in order to get it, was way over anything I could imagine only 2 days ago. At the end of this long evening, without further ado, I was allowed to put on my clothes and get back to my home. Wishing to forget and put aside the whole matter, I ran to the bathroom. Hoping to wash all the recent feelings of humiliation with soap and water, I showered for a very long time. My other hope was an absolute with not to see Melinda again.

Next morning at work, I was welcomed like a hero. Everybody patted my shoulder, hugged me, and congratulated me. If they only knew how much it cost me, I doubt whether would continue. Anyway, in no time my manager called me, and informed about the huge bonus I am to receive. In addition, he stunned me with the following announcement.

“I got a call from Melinda Carter. She is really impressed by your dedication, and attention to details. As a valued customer, she specifically requested your assistance in “implementing” stages.”

“As I understand you have a good working relationships with her. So, I have agreed to send you over for 2 more weeks.”

I became speechless. The scenes with my “attention to details” and “dedications” went quickly before my eyes. Melinda’s boots, my special uniform, and a unique party all were clear signs of my “dedication”. Disgusted with my docile attitude, I promised myself to stand up to Melinda, this time. I have to decline all her insinuations, and remain a dignified human being. Bearing a new mantra, I courageously went to Melinda’s office.

When I had arrived, she immediately started with her already familiar tone.

“Greg, I was waiting for you. My boots are all dirty and muddy. Would you be a good boy and clean them for me?”

“Melinda, I am sick of your perversions. Go find yourself a good therapist.”

“What? You are fired! Now you go, and find yourself a better place,”

“Melinda, with all due respect, you can’t fire me. I don’t work for you.”

“Well, I have a news for you. Few hours ago we purchased your company, instead of just buying your product. Now get your stupid face out of here!”

I became really worried. If Melinda was saying the truth about the buyout, I was in a serious jeopardy. Immediately, I called my manager, and got his confirmation. Our whole company now became a division managed by Melinda. She indeed had all the authority to fire me.

A surprising offer

Trying to prevent the inevitable termination I begged Melinda to forgive me. Despite all my explanations and pleas, she still insisted to move forward with her decision. Completely lost and ruined, I went down and crawled to her feet. Leaving all the dignity aside, I relentlessly kissed her boots. At some point, she softly had patted my head, and asked me to raise my head. Then, with the authoritarian look she gave me her verdict.

“I will allow you to keep your job on one condition. You will become my absolute slave for 1 week.”

“During that time, you will obey my every command. You will lose a free will and an ability to decide. Any misbehavior or disobedience will be severely punished.”

“Do you agree to my terms?”

Without my choice, facing dire consequences, I readily accepted Melinda’s offer. My positive answer prompted Melinda to pull out the short leather strap resembling a dog collar, from her bag. Then, she fitted the strap around my neck, and closed it with the striking sound. By far it was the most dreadful sound in my life, the sound losing my dignity and freedom. Next, she put her hand on my head and proudly announced:

“I claim this man as my slave. I promise to feed him, and to provide him with a place to live. In return, I am taking a full responsibility his life, body, and soul.”

My slavery to Melinda have just began.

The cruel beginning

“One more thing. From now on, I name you as a “slave”. That should be a perfect reminder of your new status. You will call me Mistress, when we are alone,” she informed me.

Her footwear was still muddy, despite all my kisses. So, her next command was to bring it to the pristine state.

I tried first to take off some mud parts with my hands. Careful not to scratch the leather, my fingers gently scrubbed the surface. The success was only partial, tough. Stains and sticky mud still remained everywhere. Without much choice, I put my tongue in service. At the beginning, I licked the soles taking away all the dust. I tried to moisture every sticky part with my saliva, and then grabbed it with my teeth. This process went on and on until the soles were clean and shiny. All the crumbs I had found, I swallowed.

When I had finished with the soles, I thoroughly licked the leather. I rolled my tongue over and over some sticky spots and stains. During the whole process I lost the track of time again. My only goal was to satisfy Mistress’s demands and make the boots as neat as possible. At some point, Mistress had stopped me and carefully examined my work. She pointed out to some unclean spots and went away. Eventually, this tedious assignment was finished. I had proudly presented the boots to my Owner and got an approving smile from her. She patted my head and announced:

“You are becoming quite handy. Stay on the floor, until I will finish some paperwork.”

For the next hour, I sat quietly on the carpet, thinking about my future fate. I dived inside a completely unknown, and scary world of submission. The world full of debasement, low self-esteem, and lack of any dignity. I wasn’t sure at all, whether I would be able to sustain all the future humiliations, Melinda has in stock for me. My only hope, was to survive this incoming week, and then forget about it. Determined to put aside all the shame and disgrace, I promised myself to remain a same person, regardless of any future activities. This promise helped me tremendously, and enabled me to stay calm and relaxed all that time.

Eventually, Melinda had finished with her work, and prepared to leave home. She signaled me to stand up, and then carefully detailed my future actions. I was supposed to follow her closely, but walk 5 feet behind. All my attention should be concentrated on her. In addition, she forbade me to talk with anyone, without her permission. When everything was clarified, we slowly walked toward the exit. My strange behavior and outfit, had been well noticed by everyone, but probably knowing Melinda's personality, the looks quickly turned away.

When we approached her car, Melinda gestured me to take a backseat. To my surprise instead of going straightly home, she took me to buy some groceries and other supplies.

Someone looking over our walk through the grocery shop would be thinking of us as a regular couple. Few details were quite unusual, though. I was always left pushing the cart few steps behind my Mistress. In her turn, she always solely selected what to buy, without ever consulting me. At some point, Mistress casually grabbed an ice cube and viciously dropped it inside my pants. Bringing enormously unpleasant cold sensation, the ice started to melt adding the wet stains on my pants. Embarrassed, I tried to cover the blemishes with my hands.

Visiting her house again

When we reached her house, Melinda had prepared yet another humiliation. Instead of allowing to enter, she insisted on taking off all my clothes, before I step inside. Apparently, according to her perception, slaves are not allowed to wear any clothes. Absolutely ashamed, I started to undress. Yes, she had seen me naked already, but this time it was somewhat different. I was supposed to be nude all the time, and it bothered me a lot. Unfortunately, my new social status forbade me from having my own opinion.

Inside the house, I was ordered to stand on all fours. Meanwhile, Melinda grabbed some kind of a small tube connected to the ring. When I took my place on the floor, she sat behind me and held my penis. She inserted my member inside the tube, and tightly closed the ring around my balls. The ring then was locked in order to disable any removal. Playfully touching my enclosed genitals, she gladly described the purpose of the latest device. Apparently, it should prevent my masturbation, and unplanned ejaculation. Only Melinda, as the key owner, could detach the mechanism, and allow me to cum. The construction felt weird and heavy, but I couldn't complain, of course.

My thoughts were abruptly cut by the following monologue from my Mistress.

“Slave, let me now teach you some manners. As my property, you are required to pay a proper homage to all women coming in contact with you. You should never start a conversation, and look directly into the eyes. Asked about something, first you have to kneel and kiss the feet, and only then reply with all the honor and honesty. As a slave, you do not have any dignity whatsoever. So, terms like shame, and self-respect are not applicable to you anymore. Remember, your behavior shows my training. Any discrepancy in your attitude brings a shadow on me too. Of course, you will be severely punished if it would occur.”

Feet worship

Next, she took off her boots, pointed toward her legs and ordered:

“Slave, kneel here and start smelling the odor. It’s a mix of the day sweat, dirt, and leather. Be assured, you will quickly find it very arousing and delightful. In fact, after few times you will desire to inhale that smell more than any perfume in the world. While you are cherishing my generous present, I will teach you how to treat my feet”.

Without any contempt, I protruded myself toward her soles and inhaled the stinky scent. No doubt, it was disgusting and smelly. My face expression probably revealed it, as Mistress laughed sarcastically.

“Take it deep down your nostrils. Learn to deal with this odor. Finally, I am doing it to you. From the moment I saw you in the elevator, I wanted to bring my feet to your nose. It’s so humiliating and arousing. Enjoy the reek of your defeat, slave.”

My humiliation was intense, indeed. The stinky scent was coming from everywhere. The feeling was like my skin and hair will carry this smell too, for ages to come. However, at that time Mistress already thought about the next step in my debasement.

“Let’s now talk about a feet worship. As a Lady and your Owner I will require frequent feet service from you. That means, cleaning my feet with only your tongue. In no way you are allowed to use your hands. You should start with the soles by moving from the heels all the way up to the toes. I expect all the dirt and crumbs being collected and swallowed. Crisp, clear soles should be your top priority. When you will arrive to toes, you should first lick each toe. Then, your mouth should suck each and every toe separately. A special attention should be given to the spaces between the toes as little dirt morsels tend to collect there.”

“Enough with the theory for now. Let’s start with the practice. Show me your tongue,” my Mistress ordered.

Obediently, I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. She grabbed it between her fingers and pulled it out to the maximum length with her hand.

My face became all red and I almost choked. Of course, she wasn't bothered by my state. Melinda just brought her right foot closely, and calmly waited for me to start. I took a deep breath and slowly touched her heel with my tongue. Even though the scent was very strong, the actual taste wasn't that bad. Salty mixture of the daily sweat and leather resembled a flavor of the salted butter.

Beginning with the heel, I gradually made my way toward the toes, scrapping all the dirt with my teeth. While cleaning all the salty sweat, my tongue also applied saliva to her soft skin. After leaving her sole spotless and shiny, I paid a special attention to the toes. Sucking each toe one by one, I heard moans of joy from my superior Lady. Reassured by my correct actions, I had proceeded to the second foot. All this time, Mistress's hand was on my head leading and controlling me. At the end of this humiliating procedure, I even started to enjoy it. My twisted mind, and Melinda's perfectly shaped feet both influenced my desire to continue. Wishing for make them spotless, I squeezed my tongue between her toes and picked up every dirt part there. Restlessly, I moved my tongue over and over until her skin started to shine from my saliva. Melinda probably had sensed my devotion, as she commanded me to stop and lay down under the table.

In her part, she took a seat at the table, and rested her legs on my stomach. She worked on her computer, and browsed the Internet. From time to time, she moved her legs closer to my face. Eager to experience the same feeling as before, I had stretched my tongue and gently caressed her skin. The sensation of touching such a soft surface was quite overwhelming. Every time during my treatment, Melinda quickly wiggled her body and sighed from pleasure. It was already late night, when she decided to go to sleep. She sent me to my room, and trotted toward the bathroom.

Morning activities

My room was furnished only with the small twin side bed, and the little cabinet. It was adjoined by the tiny bathroom, and served as yet another reminder of my low status. Although, in my position, I was lucky even to have a separate room. As I heard later on, slaves usually sleep on the floor chained to the owners' bed. To my utter surprise, I found a set of clothes in the cabinet. It appeared exactly my size, and even resembled the same style I liked. Noticeably, it lacked the underwear, as Mistress already had disallowed me to wear it. From the other hand, it included a tie to hide my slave collar. Apparently, Melinda somehow had predicted my enslavement, and prepared everything for my stay.

Next morning, she woke me up early and had invited me to the kitchen. Unwilling to appear naked, I put my new clothes on, and went inside. Melinda glanced on my outfit and became very angry.

“What are you wearing? Have you absolutely forgotten my instructions? Only free people are allowed to wear clothes in my house. Start undressing now! I will deal with your punishment at evening.”

Wordlessly I hastily, started to strip. When, I became nude again, Melinda signaled me to sit on the floor. After that, she put my breakfast plate next to me, and told me to eat it with my hands. We both ate our meals, when Mistress stated her plans for the incoming day. Exactly as I thought, I have to put on my clothes and accompany her to the office. We both will stay there for the whole day, and then come back home. Speaking about her work, she specially emphasized some temporary arrangement. During my working hours, I am allowed to behave like a free person, without any restrictions. Moreover, she expects me to be productive, creative, and show my full potential.

Inside her office, Melinda became very professional. Since we worked together on the same project, she politely asked my assistance. As a result, we engaged in a very effective brain storming session, and openly exchanged our ideas. I even argued with her on some critical subject without fearing any retribution. The time we spent was surely the best one

among all other occasions we met together. For the first time I saw before me very smart, well spoken, and knowledgeable leader. My skills were noticed too, as Melinda acknowledged my correctness many times.

Horse riding

At the end of our work we headed back home. When we arrived, the whole atmosphere between us changed dramatically. As previously, I was required to strip on the porch, and only after that was allowed to enter. When I stepped in, Melinda was already waiting for me cherishing a new idea.

This time she ordered me to stand on all fours and then sat on my back. I had to carry her through the house, like some sort of a pony.

“Slave, you have to walk slowly on your hands and knees. Watch the surrounding carefully, and always remember to hold the back straight. If I will squeeze my legs, that would mean the immediate stop for you. My slap on your buttocks should tell you to increase the speed. One more thing, if I put my hand on your head, you should drop to your elbows and lower your head. That would enable me to dismount from you. Now, let’s move. Giddy up!”

I had raised my left hand and leg and did a first step. The right hand and leg followed. After the few steps. I started to feel Mistress’s weight more and more. In addition, my body began to fail on me. My breath became heavier, feet and legs started to tremble. Determined to carry on, I took a deep breath and continued walking. Suddenly, Melinda brought her legs together, and strongly pressed my neck. As required by her rules, I instantly stopped. She gave me a little rest, and then we continued again. It took few more minutes until I fell down on the floor, totally exhausted. Obviously, Mistress wasn’t satisfied with my effort:

“Your performance is a total disgrace. You are too weak even for such a simple task. You should only stop when I tell you. Don’t worry, tough. After couple more rides, you will start to catch up.”

She left me laying on the floor until I was able to stand again. Rest of the evening went in the same fashion as yesterday. I was required to clean her feet, and then laid under the table while she was working on the computer. Melinda even decided to cancel my punishment, as she was very impressed by my efforts at work. In fact, it was our typical work day, breakfast at

morning, and joint hard work during the day. The whole submission activity took part at evening, when we returned back home.

Visiting a pet store

During the weekend Melinda took me to the Pet store. We went straightly to the shelves filled with leashes. Mistress ordered me to stand still and started to test them by clipping to my collar. While she playfully changed leash after leash, I was worried that someone will see me. After the appropriate leash was found, we collected some pet food, a pet bowl, and walked toward the toys. I have been required to crawl, sniff fetch balls, and bring plastic bones with my mouth. All of the sudden I heard laughing behind me.

“What a wonderful doggy. Does it know some tricks? Puppy, what is your name?” some middle aged women asked my Owner and me.

“Oh, unfortunately he doesn’t know much and goes without name. He had only started his training. But he is very polite. Go, greet the Lady properly,” my Mistress angrily told me.

Instantly, I turned to the Lady and kissed her shoes. She was apparently working in this store as she wore its logo on her uniform. That probably was the reason for approaching us. I guess, it wasn’t so uncommon to see such a couple nowadays. She asked my Superior whether I can carry her sandals to the counter. Mistress quickly agreed and explained how she deemed it should be accomplished. Finally, I took her sandals with my mouth and crawled toward the registers. Strong smelly odor of the daily sweat filled my nostrils. Laughing at my face expression, both Ladies accompanied my humiliated walk. As we approached our destination, I was rewarded by licking Lady’s feet. All the way back to the counter she walked bare footed, so her soles were enormously dirty and smelly. My tongue and teeth were making wonders going back and forward. I even almost choked from all the swollen grease and mud. Amused by my sheer efforts, the Lady congratulated Mistress with obtaining such a helpful possession and asked to spend some more time with me. We left the store with her business card promising to return at the earliest occasion.

During our way back home, in the car, I was punished for the failure to properly greet a Lady in the store. My pants were taken from me and I rode naked at the back. Each time we stopped in traffic, my face turned red from

the slight idea that someone will see me. Suddenly, our car made a sharp turn and went toward drive in restaurant. We waited in line until our order was taken. Young lady took Mistress's credit card, and on the way to return it, occasionally glanced on my ashamed position. Speechless, she wide opened her mouth in total disbelief. The awkward situation continued at the next window, when we picked our meals. This time, another young lady kept staring on me waiving her head.

The dreadful week was slowly coming to an end. Waiting in anticipation, I was wondering what Melinda is preparing for me next. She never had revealed her plans regarding my future, though from to time I caught some strange looks coming from her. Apparently, she was trying to make some sort of decision, but still had doubts about it. Anyway, I always kept in mind he promise to release me, and allow me to retain my job. Assured with her pledge, I started to count days to obtain my freedom back.

The last day

On the last day, Melinda invited me to the restaurant. I kept silence when she ordered the meals for us. I got some strange looks from the waitress, but already accustomed to much worse, I didn't pay much attention to them. We kept eating in silence, until Melinda took a deep breath and put her hand on top of mine. I abruptly stopped, and glanced on her. Her words were quite staggering.

"I have a problem with men. Due to my busy schedule, and a powerful personality, they simply ran away from me. I had tried for multiple times to calm myself down, and start over again. Unfortunately, they all sensed my strength, and an enormous desire to dominate."

"I was about to give up, when I met you, Greg. Arrogant, and full of self-esteem you were the easy target for my ambitions. I hugely enjoyed to order you around, to humiliate, and degrade you. Yet, despite all my actions, you still stayed the same dignified human being. This is main thing I like about you. In addition you are cute, smart, and handsome. I was really impressed by your knowledge, and professionalism."

She made a small pause, and then continued.

"I offer you to date me, and become my boyfriend. Of course, during all that time, you will remain my slave too. I know this sounds kind of strange, and even weird. Yet, this is who I am, and whoever will want to be with me, would have to agree to my terms."

I became speechless for a moment. Unable to comprehend her last words, I just stared in shock at her.

"Are you out of your mind? To be you slave and a boyfriend, at the same time? You can't be serious."

"I am dead serious. I am giving you one day to decide. Don't worry, though. There would be no any retributions from my side about your refusal."

We continued to eat in a complete silence. Each of trying to understand, the meaning of last events.

“There was absolutely no way, I would agree to her terms. I had enough of this slavery,” I thought to myself.

When the dinner was over, and we were already outside, Melinda held my hand and pulled me closer. Then, she brought her lips closer to my mouth, and tenderly kissed me. Her tongue probed inside my mouth and rolled around. I felt a sweet taste of her saliva pouring inside. After that, I took her top lip in my mouth and started to suck it gently, like a candy. Later on, we switched places. She caressed my lips, while I let my hands to work on her body. I pulled her closer, and slowly with tender touches fondled her breasts. I put my palms over her nipples, and slightly squeezed them. Her loud moans of desire proved, that I am moving in a right direction. I was ready even to go further, when Melinda pleaded to stop. Reluctantly, I took off my hands and stepped away.

By all means, it was a sweetest and most successful kiss in my life! We both lost ourselves in that kiss. With some sort of embarrassment, Melinda announced:

“It was a small introduction to all the things waiting for you. Believe me, you will never regret!”

With the last words, she slowly went away, leaving me in a complete disarray. For the first time in my life, I had serious doubts about my sanity. With all my heart I wanted to be with Melinda. I wanted so much to hug her perfect body, and to kiss her beautiful lips. My dream was to and fondle her gorgeous breasts, and make her mine. From the other hand, to continue to be her slave seemed very demeaning, and derogated. Still wondering, I called the cab and went to my home. Seeing my abandoned house after a whole week filled with activities, was very strange. Trying to calm myself down, I slowly paced through all the rooms. Finally, when I was able to settle my emotions, I went over and over Melinda’s proposal.

Still undecided, and completely worn out, I fell asleep. Next morning before going to work, I made a decision. Still wishing to be with Melinda, I thought about my pride and self-respect. The choice was very hard, but eventually the feelings about myself overweighed anything else. Determined to turn down Melinda’s offer, I went to work.

A thirsty nomad

When I had arrived, I found my assigned place located next to Melinda's office. The connection between my placement, and the last events was very clear, and quite noticeable. Yet, I just sat there and tried to continue my daily assignment. My efforts were fruitless, as unable to concentrate, I kept thinking about my cruel and beautiful manager. After the lunch, she called into her office, under some damn excuse.

Still adamant to reject her suggestion, I stepped inside. However, without giving me any opportunity to begin, she pulled me closer and started to kiss me. She sucked my lips and forcefully penetrated my mouth. The impression was like she was waiting for ages to do that. Like a thirsty nomad in a desert, she kept moving her tongue across my mouth picking up all the saliva. With both her hands she held me so tight, I couldn't even move. I just stood there, and allowed her to lead. Quite overwhelmed by her attack, eventually I began to reply. I held her lips in mine, and sucked them one after another. Then, I shoved my tongue inside her mouth. Unable to stop, we continued taking turns for a while. Finally after our lips started to hurt, we pulled away.

"So what is your answer, Greg?" She playfully asked me.

My answer was very obvious, though. Absolutely unable to resist her temper, I meekly agreed to date Melinda. I hated myself for such a docile behavior, but my heart won the fight with my mind. Delighted by my concession, Melinda held my head with her hands. With gentle touches of her lips, she covered my face with her kisses. I closed my eyes in a pure appreciation. After a few moments, she sent me away, promising more "fun" later today.

Unable to concentrate, I spent the rest of the work hours thinking about my amazing girlfriend. Still mad about my defeat, I became ultimately grateful to her for having such an enormous joy. For the first time in my life I have experienced such a strong passion, and a sentiment of love. I counted hours and minutes until the day will be over, and we would be able to leave. When the anticipated time had finally arrived, Melinda hastily exited her

office and proceed to my desk. Wordlessly, waiving her hand for me to follow, she led me out of the building. In no time we drove home in her car.

Returning a favor

When we arrived home, Melinda still insisted on my undressing on the porch. I complied, but gave myself a promise to return a favor.

Inside the house I suddenly ran toward her, and held her body tight with my hands. Without giving her any opportunity to escape, I started to cover her face with kisses. She tried to control herself, and was pushing me back. Shortly, I moved to kiss her lips, but she still tried to resist. With the victory smile, she even succeeded to withstand my attack for a while. However, I had a much more powerful weapon in my arsenal. Returning her smile, I parted her legs, and slowly moved my hand higher. Unable to resist, she widened her eyes in disbelief. When I raised her dress and reached her panties, she became worried.

My hand was moving across her bikini line, when she finally conceded her defeat. With the loud moan, she kissed me back. She ran her hand across my stomach and touched my member. In my turn, I put my fingers over her panties, and gently squeezed them prompting another sigh. Heavily breathing already, Melinda just asked me to refrain from using my penis. Reluctantly, I agreed and continued to warm her up. With the slight move, I had relocated my palm inside her panties, and fondled her labia. My fingers moved back and forward gradually opening her outer lips. When they reached her vagina, Melinda was already leaking. Few moment after, she came screaming loudly.

My mission hadn't been accomplished yet. With the passionate kiss, I raised my hand and caressed her ear and cheek. Returning my kiss, she lowered her head and first kissed my stomach. When, her warm lips gently touched my aroused member, I felt in heaven. She started to stroke my cock, while her lips were wrapped around its top. In no time, I got a best orgasm of my life, and ejaculated all over the floor.

A harsh payback

However my triumph was very short lived. Melinda quickly reminded who wear the pants in the house. With the vicious smile she ordered to clean the floor with my tongue. Totally shocked I lost my voice for a second.

“Don’t tell cat ate your tongue, slave. You heard it right. I want you to make this floor spotless with your tongue.”

Obediently, I went down on my knees and stuck out my tongue. Along huge humiliation, licking my own sperm felt disgusting, and gross. The nasty mixture of semen and dirt was lacking any taste, except the flavor of my defeat. The sudden change in Melinda’s temper was very worrying. Only seconds ago we kissed and made love totally enjoying each other. Yet, now I am lying at her feet busy with cleaning my own discharge. Once again, Melinda had succeeded to trick into the complete submission and the utter degradation.

Devastated and lost, I reluctantly complied with her other orders, later on. As previously, I was commanded to lick her feet under the table, and server as her footstool. The long day finally ended, when I was sent to my room.

Next day started in a familiar fashion. I sat silently on the floor, and ate my breakfast. After that, as an obedient machine, I meekly followed Melinda to her car. My gloomy attitude was clearly noticed by my Mistress. However, she just glanced on me and shook her head from side to side. Helplessly trying to concentrate on my work, I still felt very unhappy about the events of the last night. After all we had together, she hurt me so bad. We definitely need to talk about the whole matter. Apparently, Melinda thought the same as she invited me into her office.

The painful truth

Without further ado, she quickly took the reins in her hands.

“Look Greg, I really like to be with you. Yet, I like to dominate you too. I know that twisted and even kind of perverted. I told you that already. So, I do not understand your problem.”

“Melinda, I thought we have something together. I really hoped you love me. Now I see how wrong I was. You just used me to supply your needs. I am breaking up with you.”

“What? You can’t do it to me!”

“Yes, Melinda. I am done with all this stuff. I understand now all these men who left you.”

With the last words, I turned away and went out of the room.

“My days with her are over,” I thought to myself. Finally completely in peace with myself, I went home.

Few days passed without much action from both sides. Neither me, nor Melinda, ever tried to talk again. We still saw each other every day, but except a cool welcome, nothing was done between us. Totally convinced, that our affair is finished, I even started to look for another opportunities with other women. Couple of times I even dated someone, but time after time my thoughts went back to Melinda. Unable to get over her, I started to wonder whether my rejection was right.

One day, she called me into her office. At first, it looked a pure professional conversation. We sat together around the table and tried to solve some complex issue. When we were about to finish, Melinda suddenly changed the subject.

“Greg, I want to apologize for all the mistakes I made. I understand now how badly I hurt your feelings. I tried in vain to get over you, but all my attempts were unsuccessful. I want for use to get back together. I promise, I will change my attitude.”

“Melinda, I gave it a lot of thought too. I browsed many relative resources, and now have a better comprehension our problem. I mean our problem, because I want to get us back together too. Yet considering your temper, we have to reach some sort of agreement.”

“What are talking about? Which agreement?”

“Look, Melinda. Knowing your personality I highly doubt your intentions to change your attitude. You are born to rule, to lead, and to order people around. From the other hand, I find a little pleasure in the harsh submission stuff. That being said, I would definitely agree, that some of this activity was enjoyable.”

“Enjoyable? You mean you liked it?”

“Not everything. Just a feet worship, and maybe even a servitude during that party for your friends.”

“Yes! I knew it all the time, when I saw your arousal and devotion. You see it wasn’t all bad.”

The cougar is tamed

“I want to propose to establish a safe word. A special word allowing me to refuse your orders. I promise to use it wisely, and only when absolutely necessary. Will you agree to that?”

Her answer was delivered with a long kiss. We finally found a common ground for our relationship.

Later that night, we found ourselves together in bed. I pulled off Melinda's panties and had her laying down on her back. Then, I lowered my head toward her pubic area. Instantly, I protruded my tongue and touched her labia. Gently I went around her outer lips, enjoying every bit of the second. Helping with her fingers, she moved the lips apart, fully exposing her most intimate area.

Slowly, I moved my tongue toward her clitoris picking up all the preliminary juices. The sweet taste of her pre cum mixed with the strong urine odor made wonders to my senses. Still being in nirvana, I had wrapped her clitoris with my lips and sucked it as someone would do to lemon. Moans of joy and more pre cum dropped on my cheeks, all served as a true evidence of my success,

Melinda was already very hot, when I touched her vagina with the tip of my tongue. Slowly, as if still not able to believe my fortune, I made circle moves around. My tongue simply went up and down the vagina licking every little moisture drop. At some point, I dared to shove it inside, as if a simulation of my member. When Melinda was about to cum, I entered her with my member, signing our relationship.

I was happy to have such a gorgeous Lady as my girlfriend. More importantly, a Lady was happy to have me as her boyfriend and long lasting property.

San Francisco, November 2016

Huntress and her prey

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Preclusion

“I want you to become my temporary servant, Alex. I will provide you with the food, place to stay, and clothes. In response, I will demand only one thing, an absolute obedience. I am giving you one day to consider my proposal. If you wish to accept it, I would expect seeing you here at the exact same time tomorrow. Goodbye for now.”

The entrance door had closed, but I was still standing on the porch. Totally in shock, I couldn't believe it. That naughty girl really wants me to be what? Is it legal now? Is she trying to live in mid centuries, or so? All I wanted, is to invite her for the date. No surprise, that she is an outcast at work.

Oh sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Alex and I am working as a system administrator at large IT company. I was about to get a promotion, when one my coworkers had discovered some nasty pictures on my work computer. Yes, I like to browse porno sites and see some action there. I do not think, it's a big deal especially when most of the time it's done at home. Come on, 99 percent of men are doing it.

Normally I wouldn't be worried. However, our company has very strict rules against such things. I was stupid enough to store my private files on my work machine. Clearly, it comprised a severe violation of the so called “code of conduct”. Thus, instead of getting promoted, I could be facing a work termination. In addition, the slight knowledge about the content, would be absolutely devastating for my social life. Please do not misunderstand me, I am a straight guy with usual needs, nothing kinky. The problem is in a total openness of today's world. Everyone with some information about you, can potentially make your life miserable using so called “shaming” in the social networks.

So, here I was, helplessly standing on the porch of my coworker Sydney. When she wanted to speak with me in private about her findings, I just hoped to offer her a date. I was sure she will gladly agree, as for my knowledge, no one ever wanted to date her. Yes, she was cute, had a great body, and posture. Her tantrum was the source of all the problems. She was

always very mean and demanding. Most of the time, she just sat in her cube, without ever talking with anyone. At first, when she came to us last year, we tried to socialize with her, but she always refused even to chat with us. Someone called her a “Black Widow”. Another, suggested that she is spying on us all the time. Well, surprisingly enough, it was true.

With the admin access, she was staying late to search through the network for the forbidden stuff. I mean, how weird you should be, in order to do such thing? Apparently, she knew that she was doing, as she successfully caught me in her net. So, next day, she appeared at my desk and told me all about her little hobby. She invited me to her house to discuss the “matter”, as she called it. Unknowingly, I agreed and went on to my own business. As usual, the day was full with all the network troubles, viruses, and a bunch of non-working installations. Only at evening, on my way back home, I remembered about Sydney and her invitation. Sure about the quick positive outcome I just approached her house, and received the shocking reply.

It took me some time to come to my senses, but eventually I was able to grasp some thoughts. When speaking about service, she probably meant some modern deviation. Like subservience, subordination, or something similar. It is supposed to be some kind of kinky play, very close to my original plan of dating. How tough it can be? Just 2 weeks of a strange theatre show, and then my dream promotion becomes real. Still unsure, I wanted to ask Sydney more questions about the whole idea. Exactly when I was about to knock on the door, it suddenly had been opened.

“Alex, what are still doing here? I thought you already left.”

“Hi again, Sydney. I just want to clarify some details. What do you mean by “to be your servant”?”

: Hmm, have you heard anything about a domination?”

“Well, kind of. Is it some sort of a game?”

“A game? You can surely call it a game. Even though many people would never agree with that. I will tell you what, Why don’t you come inside, and I will tell you more about that game,” she said in a sort of joke.

“Don’t get any ideas, though. The house is under a surveillance, and with only one push of the button I could call a police,” she warranted me.

Inside the house

Wordlessly, I had entered her house and started to look around paying attention to my hostess too. Wearing white blouse, tight jeans, and high black boots, Sydney was looking awesome. With her blue eyes, full red lips and cute cheeks, she was definitely a sight for sore eyes. Add to it, her “C” cup sized breasts, and a tight stomach and you will understand my arousal. Too bad, her attitude was not on the same page as her beauty. She could become a real fashion model, but instead was called a witch.

As for her house, it was surely a big and well maintained 2 store building. Large living room decorated in modern style was surprisingly pleasant. It was furnished with the large sofa standing in the middle, and a dining table located in the right corner. Nice pictures of various landscapes added some soft touch to the whole atmosphere of the warm welcome. Large windows, and a backyard exit all made the room very bright and spacious. I even was very surprised to see such shines and lights here, considering the nature of the house owner. Nevertheless, it was all true and real before my eyes.

Noticing my curiosity, Sydney pointed to the pictures on the wall. She explained me in detail how she got each one of them, and how important are they for her. All that time, I was absolutely stunned. Suddenly, instead of a lone outsider, I saw a beautiful attractive woman, in front of me. She haven’t been speaking with everyone in days, but now was all open and talkative about her hobbies.

Well, speaking about the hobbies. After her detailed lecture about the pictures, Sydney had stopped for a moment and then went to sit on the chair. As I was still standing near the walls, she waived for me to come closer. When I wanted to take a seat too, she firmly resisted it.

“I have to explain you my motives. I think, they will become clearer, if you will stay standing.”

“Whatever. Just tell me what you want from me.”

A surprising offer

“I am looking for someone how will obey my every command for the next 2 weeks. That person will live here with me, except going to work, of course. He will do all the house duties, serve me and my friends, and provide any other assistance if required so. In return, I agree to hide any information about your files, and even to help you to get that promotion. Yes, I have heard about it too.”

Come on Sydney. How can you help me with the promotion?”

“Well, Alex. Do you really think you are the only with the dirty stuff on your computer? Believe me, with some skill and effort, you can find unpleasant things about anyone. I do have sufficiently large influence about your promotion.”

“I am not really sure Sydney. I have never done it before.”

“There is always a first time for everything. Since you are a complete novice, I will go easy on you. I will ask you only to do the house errands, at first. I promise, I won’t be harsh and demanding with you. Don’t worry, nobody will know about it.”

“How do you see that thing happening? Do you really think nobody won’t notice?”

“Oh, let’s this be one the least of your worries. We will just tell that we are dating.”

“Sydney, somehow I feel there is more than meets the eye. What happens if I refuse? Which exactly house chores, you were talking about?”

“If you will refuse to my terms, I will let your manager know about your little secret. The same thing will happen if you will disobey my command. In that case, our agreement will be terminated immediately. From the other hand, I do promise to order only the things related to your house duties. As my servant, you will be responsible to do the laundry, to clean the house, to cook and serve the meals. I give you my word that nothing else is expected from you besides my previous description. One more thing though, than in

private, you are supposed to call me Mistress, in public you can use my name.”

“Sydney, why me? You just told me that you have same compromising things about almost anyone else. So, why the hell it’s me?”

“I just find you more suitable for this. Believe me, others will get their share too. When I will need something, I would know which material to reveal.”

“Why wouldn’t you just forgive me? I made a mistake, I admit, but it’s a human nature, for God’s sake.”

“Alex, you don’t understand. I am doing it for you. I believe that this experience will make you better with yourself, and with the women around you? When was the last you have been with the woman? A year ago?”

Her last sentence made me mad. How dare she to tell me such things?

“Sydney, it’s not of your business. I do not have any problem with women. You just are trying to use my mistake in your creepy ideas. You can go to hell with all you servitude plan. Have a nice day!”

Yet another offer

I left in a hurry, loudly slamming the door. Yes, I indeed broke up with my last girlfriend a year ago. Since then, I have been searching in vain for someone else. I do not have any problem though. Whenever I want I can find a new suitable girlfriend. With these thoughts, I drove home, and made myself a dinner. My cooking wasn't that great, but it was OK, at least for my unspoiled taste buds.

Next morning at work I started to think about the events of the last night. Confident with my decision, I just totally ignored Sydney, exactly as I have been doing for a long time already. At first, she did the same, and just continued her work. Everything changed when after the lunch, she sent me an invite to meet her at the private booth. Unwillingly I agreed, in order to repeat the same words I told her yesterday.

However, to my surprise, she started to say something else. First she apologized for her "wrong idea", and promised to forget about the whole thing. Secondly, she even offered me her assistance with the promotion. I instantly refused, as her tactics could only make matters worse.

After that, while feeling relaxed, I told her about my problem with women. It took me the whole night to come to conclusion, that there is indeed some issue there.

"Listen Alex, you are a great guy. You are smart, handsome, and really amazing," she told me.

"However, women are looking for passionate men, for those who will understand their inner desires."

"So, where do you think I can get this passion?"

"This is exactly what I was trying to tell you yesterday. By being with me for 2 weeks, you will be able to see how the things are looking from the other side. You are only accustomed to be a strong, leading macho, taking responsibility for everything. Now, by submitting to me, you will grasp the behavior of the other side. Moreover, this experience will make you more

soft and compassionate. Who knows, maybe you will even like the whole thing.”

“What? You must be kidding. No way, I am going ever to like it. I am willing to give it a chance, but on my rules. Whenever I feel offended, I quit.”

“Sounds OK with me. But I have a slight comment. If you quit, you are never coming back. We just break up, as if nothing ever happened.”

“Deal. I will give it a try, and see how it benefits me.”

“Ok then. See you at 7 at my house.”

“Sure, I will be there at 7.”

I had no idea where my decision will eventually lead me. From the other hand, I had nothing to lose. I got myself a safe walkway opportunity, and was looking forward to learn something new. Do I really have a problem with women? The answer is probably positive. Since my last breakup I tried a number of times to create a new relationship. But still never got more than a first date. Something in my attitude was absolutely wrong, and I was determined to find it out.

Starting the journey

Eager to start my journey, I arrived at Sydney's doorsteps exactly at 7. I pressed the doorbell button and waited in anticipation. In no time, Sydney opened the door and let me in. When inside, I was able to take a closer look on her. This time she was wearing a very open shirt, tight shorts, and flip flops. Her perfect breasts were clearly visible, and very appealing. Like two big juicy apples they stuck out from the small shirt, begging to hold them. In order to calm down, I tried to move my eyes down, and then saw her long bare legs. That made the things even worse. My arousal had increased, and I started sweating.

Obviously Sydney noticed my reaction. Blushing, and unwilling to be seen so ridiculous, I tried to make a joke.

"Sydney, I see you got yourself ready for me."

To my utter surprise, she instantly slapped my face.

"I will not tolerate any discrepancies. Mind your tone, and remember how you should call me!"

Her sudden outburst was so unexpected, that I readily replied:

"I am sorry Mistress. That won't happen again," I meekly said.

"I forgive you this time. But it won't happen next time. One more such occurrence and you are out of here."

"Let's now go through your chores. Please follow me."

We first went upstairs to a master bedroom. Obviously, it was Sydney's own room. When inside, she pointed on the large pile of dirty clothes.

"Your first task is to keep my clothes neat and clean. The laundry room is downstairs, so you will have to pick up everything and take it there. I left the instruction manual near the machines, so hopefully you won't have any trouble to operate them. After the laundry is done, you are required to get the clothes back here into the cabinet and the stand. I expect this task to be done every other day. Any questions?"

"No Mistress. Everything is clear."

“Great. Your next duty is to clean my room, and make my bed. As opposite to laundry, this thing should be done daily. I am not that crazy about cleaning, but some decent work would be expected from you. The same is true for my bathroom, it shouldn’t be absolutely unblemished, but still be kept in an acceptable state. The other rooms on this floor are all empty, so there is no any reason to scrub them daily. Once in a week walkthrough will be probably enough. The same goes for the stairs, and for the hallway. “

Next, we went downstairs to the living room. As expected, I was required to clean, and dust it every day. When we arrived at the small room on a side, I immediately understood for whom it was prepared. Lonely small bed, accompanied with the low table, was all the furniture inside.

“Yes, you got it right, Alex. This is the room for the house keeper. As you are temporarily filling this position, this room is all yours together with the adjacent bathroom. Of course, exactly as with other rooms in this house, both the room and the bathroom should be kept clean too.”

When we reached the kitchen, Sydney showed me the location of the pans, utensils, plates, and ingredients.

“You have to prepare a breakfast and a dinner for both of us. During the weekend, you also are supposed to cook the lunch. The meals should be served separately. First, I will eat, and after I will finish, you could take your turn,”

The last statement sounded very peculiar, and even humiliating.

“Would it be faster, if we both eat together?” I asked her.

“Maybe yes. But the whole point is to teach you to be compassionate. Your help during my meal, will exactly serve this purpose. Instead of thinking about yourself, you will attend to my needs. Besides, it is a common wisdom to divide servants and their masters.”

The painful truth

The truth about my status here was finally said. I am here to serve Sydney, and to be her subordinate. I was expecting this thing, when I agreed to be here. But it all happened too fast. Until the last moment I still hoped that we will keep behaving as equals. Apparently, Sydney wanted from the start to put me in place. She clearly had noticed my worries, as she tried to reassure me:

“Look Alex. Remember, you are doing it for your own benefit. It always hurts at the beginning. I promise you that you will be a much better and attentive person after these two weeks. If you do not like something, just tell me, and we will try to find a compromise.”

“I do not like to be called, or referenced as a servant. I am doing it from my free will, after all.”

“Alex, but this is who you are here. You came to serve me, and attend to my needs. That should improve your chances with women, and make you more attractive in their eyes. You should be thankful for the opportunity, and my generosity. Instead, you keep complaining, and whining. You know what, you can leave this very moment, and pretend that nothing has happened. Better do it now, than later.”

Her strong words succeeded to discourage me. Do I really want to leave, and waste this opportunity? Is it worth to stay here little longer? I decided to give it a chance.

“I am sorry, Mistress. I am just not used to be a servant. That will not happen again.”

“Good, as we have just verified your status, let’s continue. We both will be leaving to work tomorrow at 8. Therefore, you should wake up at 7 and prepare the breakfast of your choice for us. At 7:15, please wake me up too. I think we are done for today, aren’t we?”

“Yes, Mistress. You are probably right. I will remember to set an alarm for 7 am.”

“Great. Good night then.”

“Good night.”

Exhausted after really long day, I ran a quick bath, and went to sleep. However, I couldn't stop thinking about the whole situation. By no means, I was mentally prepared to serve Sydney. Neither, I wanted it badly. It's all was done out of absolute necessity and without much choice. Still, I could be standing up more to Sydney, and resist her insults. Promising myself to change her attitude, I finally fell asleep.

The start of a new day

Next morning started with the ringing alarm sound. Still drowsy, I quickly visited the bathroom, and went to prepare the breakfast. As agreed, exactly at 7.15, I knocked on Sydney's door. Assured that she is awake, I continued with the breakfast. I called Sydney again, when the breakfast was ready. Still wearing her pajamas she quickly showed up, and sat at the table. As agreed, I kept standing, waiting for her commands. She occasionally asked for salt, pepper, and bread. I was told also to serve her a cup of coffee. Somehow, it resembled a breakfast in the restaurant where the waiter has to wait for guest's orders.

All that time, I was also trying to glance briefly on Sydney's body. Even with the pajamas, she looked very hot. Strong long legs, clearly visible under the table, made me crazy. I took several deep breaths and wiggled my body, in order to hide my erection. Sydney started to shake her legs from side to side, and that was already enough for me. With the pleading voice, I begged her to stop teasing me. Smirking mischievous, she agreed, and quickly went away.

I was in the middle of my meal, when she suddenly reappeared. Pointing to the clock, she announced that I have only 5 minutes left in order to dress.

"Alex, I do not intend to be late because of you. Just leave everything as it is now, and put on your clothes. You would clean up everything after we will get back home."

Instantly, I ran to my room. Sydney was already at the doorsteps when I was ready. Giving me a stern look, she quickly closed the house, and went toward her car. When I was about to take mine, she abruptly interrupted.

"Where do you think, you are going, Alex? You are coming with me, as my personal driver."

There was no time to argue, so I meekly complied, and went to take the driving seat. When we arrived, I opened the door and exited the car. However, Sydney was still sitting inside. To my surprise, she pointed

toward the door knob. Thinking about some possible malfunction with her door, I opened it from the outside.

“Thank you Alex. This is your first lesson. You should always open any door before the lady. It shows your respect, and determination.”

“Thank you Mistress. I will surely memorize that.”

“From now on, call me Sydney. Remember, for everyone else, we are dating. So, please behave accordingly.”

“Sure Sydney. In fact, I will start now,” I had told her, and gently held her hand in mine.

“Wow, you are a fast learner! Let’s go,” she told me while still keeping her hand in place.

When we had appeared holding hands together at work, the scene resembled Shakespeare’s drama. Yet, some of the guys even approvingly smirked at me. No doubt, it was the exciting opportunity for gossip lovers. We both, although, didn’t care much about it. Anyway, the real state of our relationship was our mutual secret. As long as it stayed this way, I had nothing to complain about. During next hours I tried to avoid any contact with Sydney, and she did the same. Even when I needed something from her, I managed to send someone instead. Finally, our work day was over, and we both headed back home.

When we had arrived, I was sent to do the laundry first. I must admit, it was kind of annoying to go through all the dirty clothes and try to sort them. When it was finally done, and the washing machine was loaded, I turned my attention toward the kitchen. After all, my next duty was to prepare the dinner. All that time, Sydney just sat at her desk, browsed some Internet sites, and totally ignored me.

A brilliant idea

Needless to say, I didn't like the idea of being exploited. So far, I have been as docile as possible. But the more I tried, the more I hated it. Obviously, Sydney just tricked me into the submission using that nice compassion lecture. From the other hand, I did want to be with her. Something in her was definitely appealing and attractive to me. I badly needed some sort of plan in order to stop her from taking advantage of me. My plan also should help me to turn the tables, and trick her into doing some house work too.

After some time, I came up with the brilliant idea. Basically, I will just pretend to be sick. That will clearly prompt Sydney to look after me, and to perform some of my chores. Everything seemed to be great, but I had no idea how to accomplish it. I lacked any medical background, and any knowledge about making my fake sickness to look real. I decided to look for answers online during my next work day, as it was the only time free of Sydney's supervision. Eager to get even with Sydney, I continued my duties and served her dinner. Next, I tidied up her room and a bathroom.

When I was cleaning the living room, all of the sudden, Sydney turned her attention to me.

"Alex, you are simply amazing. I never expected so much of compliance and dedication from you. I am in shock,"

Even though her words were very pleasant, I still was determined to continue with my plan. After all, she was clearly using me, so it would be only fair to forge something similar.

The phenomenal show

Next day at work I booked the meeting room and locked myself there, as if having an important conversation with the customer. My tedious browsing gave me some ideas, and leads. When I got back to my cube I was ready to start the show.

I rubbed my neck, ears, and forehead in order to color them red. To achieve the same effect, I even slapped my cheeks couple of times. Next, I started to breathe heavily, and to act cranky. I put my head on the table to fake my tiredness.

Obviously, my behavior had been noticed very quickly. My co-workers started asking whether I am OK. Still playing sick, I just replied that I probably got some virus. When somebody suggested to leave early, I strongly refused. I just wanted to be seen more realistic, and a desire to stay will make my position to look stronger. All this drama around me, forced even Sydney to acquire for my wellbeing. After all, she played a role of my girlfriend, and should be somehow more attentive to me. As previously, I tried to assure her that I am OK. Still unconvinced, she asked to update her, if my situation worsens.

Before the work day was over, I went to the bathroom and rubbed my face again. Then, I ran back to Sydney, and informed her that I just had vomited. She seemed very worried, and offered to take me to the doctor. Instead, I just asked her to take me home.

“I am sure, I would be better after some rest,” I tried to calm her down.

When at home, I quickly went to lay on the sofa, and asked for the tea. Left alone, I even pulled at the bottom of my eyelids and then blinked hard a few times. You really should be seeing Sydney’s face expression when she returned holding the cup of tea. With watery eyes, red face, and heavy breathing, I could posture as a perfect example of a sick person. Impressed by my appearance, she instantly gave me the cup, and ran to the kitchen to grab some medicine.

My vengeance still hadn't been complete yet. Shortly after, I made Sydney to bring me a comfortable pillow and a warm blanket. Next, she was sent to prepare a dinner for us. Of course, when it was ready, she brought it on a tray to me. My simple plan paid off nicely, and gave me so much delight. After the dinner, I even asked Sydney to tidy up my room, as I should be sleeping in a clean environment. Later that evening, when we were about to go to sleep, she advised me to call her at night if I would need anything. That sounded like a good idea. I thought, that this is a perfect opportunity to hold someone accountable for her actions.

We both would probably remember that night for ages. Every hour I raised my head, and screamed like crazy for Sydney to help. I begged her to prepare me the tea, or even to help to reach the bathroom. That was quite a show, I must tell you. At morning, we were both exhausted and drowsy from the sleepless night. Ignoring Sydney's request to stay home, I asked her to prepare me a breakfast and then followed her to the car. When we arrived at work I started to behave according to the same scheme. Slight tiredness, red face, and watery eyes. In fact, I didn't have to pretend much, after the last night.

The truth comes out

I intended to continue my show for one more day. However, my plans were abruptly tossed away. All of the sudden, Sydney called me to one of the empty meeting room. Wondering for the reason of such urgency, I followed her. When inside, she angrily exposed my fake.

“I secretly rerouted all the network traffic from your computer to my proxy. That enabled me to sniff all your web requests. I swear, I did only it only out of curiosity. Guess what I found today going through your yesterday’s logs?”

“All the queries were about how to pretend to be sick.” she told me.

“All this time you faked you pain, and illness. How dare you to lie to me?”

“It’s all your fault, Sydney. You tricked me into becoming you servant. Now we are even!”

“Oh, this is how you talk now? So, our deal is over. I do not want to see your ugly face in my house anymore.”

“Fine, I never wanted to be there anyway!”

Our screams were very loud, and surely could be overheard. Fueled with mutual distrust, we quickly left the room, and went to our places. Later on, I couldn’t concentrate on anything, and just asked my boss to leave early. I had called the taxi, and went to Sydney’s house to take my car. After that, I drove straightly to my house. When I got back home, exhausted and very tired from all the last events, I fell instantly asleep.

Since that day, we haven’t spoken for a week or so. Even when we had met each other walking in a hallway, we both just turned our eyes away. I was really mad with Sydney, and felt like I did the right choice to stand up to her. She probably thought the same way about me, as occasionally I caught some repulsive glances from her. Our silent hostilities suddenly came to an end when she urgently wanted to see me.

A sudden request

“Alex, I have to speak with you immediately. Are you able to meet me in a meeting room now?” She unexpectedly asked me in a messenger chat.

I swiftly replied with a confirmation, and went directly to the meeting room. When I had entered, I saw Sydney worried, and very upset. She immediately gave me all the details:

“Several months ago I broke up with some guy named Mike. He was simply not my type. Now Mike is trying to get back with me, and he is looking for me. Apparently, he met with our mutual friend and asked for her help. That girl, Jessica, just called, and invited me to her party today. According to Jessica, Mike is obsessed with me, and is very determined to have me back. I need someone who will go to that party with me, and will pretend to be my boyfriend. Will you agree to come with me? You don’t have to do it, of course. I just can’t think about anyone else right now.”

“Sydney, why me? You tricked, and really hurt me just a week ago. In addition, we haven’t exchanged any word since then.”

“Look Alex, I am really sorry we started on the wrong foot. I indeed was very wrong about you, and I sincerely apologize for it.”

“So Sydney, let me understand something. You tricked me in the past, and now you want to do the same thing for this poor guy, Mike?”

“Alex, that’s not true. In your case, I just wanted to know you better, and test you. Mike is very different though. He is very rude, and ignorant. I simply loathe him a lot. I beg you to help me. You are my only hope.”

“Ok Sydney, you can count on me. But any funny business, and I am out of there. If you are faking it again, I would just leave,”

“Thanks Alex, you are a life saver. All you need to do is to make my ex jealous. I want him to feel all the pain he had caused me. You should frequently touch, hug, and kiss me. Your eyes should be glued on me with love. “

After we had agreed on all the details, we went back to work. Rest of the work day went uneventful, and we drove to Sydney’s friend.

The party had already begun when we arrived. 3 more couples and Mike were inside the house. From the start, to the utter surprise of all the attendees, I was introduced as Sydney's new boyfriend. To prove that, I had slightly kissed Sydney's cheek, and put my hand around her waist. Mike's reaction was easy to predict. Jealous and angry he kept his eyes on us all the time. We continued flirting and hugging through the rest of the evening. Frankly speaking, I didn't pay any attention to the surroundings. I was just mesmerized by the ability to be so close to Sydney. Finally, I was able to touch her body and even slightly kiss her cheeks. The feeling was quite overwhelming, especially for someone like me who hadn't touched a girl for a while.

Suddenly, strong push on my shoulder brought me back to my senses. Apparently, Mike just wanted to have a small talk with me outside. You don't have to be a genius, to understand his motives. Yet, I was prepared for something like this. My father had always taught me to stand up to the bullies. So, I slowly rose up, and left the room. By all means, I wouldn't describe myself as a tough guy, but I was never afraid to take a punch.

Mike started to explain me how wrong I was dating "his girlfriend". When he went telling me what he will do with me, I powerfully stroke him with my fist. A subsequent knee blow to his ribs, had knocked him down. At that moment, Sydney ran to me and her eyes told me the whole story.

"Alex, I was so worried about you. You are my true hero. Why did you leave without letting me know?"

I started to apologize, but apparently she wasn't angry at me at all. After that, we had returned back to the room, and stayed until the end. When everybody else had left, Jessica, asked Sydney:

"Where did you find him? He is adorable."

"We work together. He is just sitting next to me. Alex is very talented and dedicated. You won't believe all the things he is doing for me," she said with the broad smile on her face.

A first kiss

When we reached her car, Sydney held my hand and softly asked me to stop for a second. Then, she brought her lips closer to my mouth, and tenderly kissed me. Her tongue probed inside my mouth and rolled around. I felt a sweet taste of her saliva pouring inside. After that, I took her top lip in my mouth and started to suck it gently, like a candy. Later on we switched places, she caressed my lips, while I let my hands to work on her body. I pulled her closer, and slowly with tender touches fondled her breasts. I put my palms over her nipples, and slightly squeezed them. Her loud moans of desire proved, that I am moving in a right direction. I was ready even to go further, when Sydney pleaded to stop. Reluctantly, I took off my hands and stepped away.

By all means, it was the longest kiss in my life! We both lost ourselves in that kiss. With some sort of embarrassment, Sydney announced:

“I just wanted to say thank you for standing up for me. It means a lot to me. I will never forget it,”

“Thanks for the wonderful kiss, Sydney. It was surely something. I really liked it.”

Somehow, instead of encouraging her, my words made the matters worse. She hastily turned away and opened the car. “Goodbye”, was a last word I heard before she powerfully pressed the gas pedal and disappeared. For a few moments, I kept standing there very surprised. Everything went OK, and then suddenly she ran away. Perplexed, I wondered what happened.

Next day, I tried to approach Sydney, but she simply avoided me. I even tried in vain to chat with her online. Her behavior really amazed me. One moment she kissed me tenderly, and even allowed to fondle her breast. Another moment, she totally ignored me. After several tries, I decided to give up.

A forceful continuation

Several days passed without much activity from both sides. At Friday, when I was about to leave, Sydney asked to talk with me. Reluctantly, I had agreed, and followed her to one of the private rooms. When inside, without further ado, she pulled me closer and started to kiss. She sucked my lips and forcefully penetrated my mouth. The impression was like she was waiting for ages to kiss me. Like a thirsty nomad in a desert, she kept moving her tongue across my mouth picking up all the saliva. With both her hands she held me so tight, I couldn't even move. Frankly speaking, I wasn't enjoying her actions that much. I just stood there, and allowed her to lead.

Fortunately, after some time, she became satisfied. She had taken away her hands, and allowed me some movement. Heavily breathing she tried to explain her motives:

“I really like to kiss you, Alex. Never before, I had experienced such an overwhelming joy. Last time, I was so embarrassed to show my reaction, that I preferred to simply run away. I know, that doesn't look right, but this is who I am. A modern woman full of complexities and strange explanations.”

The surprises keep coming

“Will you date me? I am sure we can be quite a match. I have so many plans for us this weekend.”

This woman was driving me crazy. I adored her body, her posture, and her cuteness. However, her temper was absolutely insane. These sudden mood changes, weird demands, and unexpected twists were all too much for me. From the other hand, I still wanted to go out with her. Yes, somehow, I was already prepared for such question, as knowing Sydney I had covered all possibilities. Therefore, my answer was maybe staggering, but very specific:

“I will date you, but only on one condition. While we are dating, you will move to live with me.”

“What? Why should I do it? Ever since I had left my parents, I always lived alone.”

“This is exactly your problem. You are too used to be single. You lack the same compassion, you told me about. Instead, you should share everything with me, my bedroom, my bed, and all the house chores. Your house is too big for such a task. In contrary, mine 1 bedroom apartment seems like a perfect fit. Don’t worry, I will not touch you without your permission.”

“No way I am moving with you. You must be nuts to suggest me something like that.”

“No problem. Since you already broke to my computer, you should know where to find me. Have a nice day,” I told her, and left the room.

All the way home, I thought about our conversation. Will she agree to my terms? Was I right to demand them, at the first place? Probably yes, I convinced myself over and over again. To prove it I thought about that different caring person who tended to my needs, when I pretended to be sick. I was sure, I saw a real Sydney at that time. My goal is to date only that Sydney, not the weird twisted type she appeared at work. If she wouldn’t agree to my condition, than we do not have any further future together as a couple.

Still unsure about the possible outcome, I went home to prepare the combat field. Thinking about vengeance, I messed up my bed, piled the dirty clothes on a floor, and even spread some trash across my apartment. Two hours later, when I almost gave up, my doorbell started ringing.

Sydney is coming back

When I let Sydney inside, I couldn't stop my laugh. She accepted my rules! My victory celebration was interrupted, tough.

"Alex, instead of joking, go and bring my suitcases."

"Sydney, with such an attitude you can return home! Remember we spoke about sharing, and compassion. I haven't heard any compassion in your last sentence."

"I am sorry. Alex. Can you please bring my luggage?"

"That sounds much better. I appreciate your understanding. I know how hard it is for you," I told her.

When we settled down, we went through the list of home duties. It took us some time to agree on the schedule, but finally we made a deal to take turns every day. So, today was my turn to make a dinner, while Sydney had to clean the house. Later that evening, we planned also to do the laundry together.

It was kind of strange to eat the dinner together. My silly jokes about that, were met with some stern look. She obviously had regretted her previous attitude toward me already. After the dinner, when she was loading the dishwasher, I softly kissed her neck from behind. Totally surprised, she tried to move away, but I used my hands to hold her still. Quickly overpowering her resistance, I tenderly kissed her cheeks and moved toward her mouth. After a few moments she started to kiss me back. Everything resembled our last time with one little difference. Now, I was leading the show, and held her tight. However, when my hands started to move across her body, she suddenly pushed me back and begged to stop.

"Alex, I am not ready yet. Please give me some time."

"No problem, Sydney. I am a man of my world," I told her.

Totally forgetting about the laundry, we moved to the living room. We sat together and spoke about all kind of things. Our college, and high school experiences, food preferences, even about last partners. Apparently, we both just wanted to describe ourselves more to each other. I personally enjoyed

this conversation, as it allowed me to understand Sydney better. Apparently, she felt the same way too. Her eyes were beaming with joy all that time. It was already well after the midnight, when we decided to prepare for the sleep.

As you may remember, I insisted on sleeping together. I thought that such a proximity would bring us closer. Sydney, of course, was strongly against my decision, and was willing even to sleep on the floor.

“No way. Either we sleep together, or you are going home. It’s your choice,” I told her.

After I promised not to touch her, she reluctantly agreed. We took opposite sides and quickly fell asleep. All the night, I was dreaming about hugging and squeezing a fluffy bear. The bear even comfortably put his head on my shoulder, and smiled. Imagine my surprise, when the bear kicked me with his elbow and screamed on me, at morning. Clearly, instead of a toy, I just held Sydney in my hands through the whole night. She continued kicking and striking me for a while, until I just grabbed her hands, and pulled her closer. Taking her by surprise, I tenderly kissed her lips. She struggled for a while unwilling to concede her defeat. My tongue was already doing wonders inside her mouth, when she finally agreed to give up, and laid on me. This time, I remembered to restrain my hands, and only used them to hug her body. We stayed in bed for a while, frequently changing positions, and twisting our hands and legs around each other.

Falling into my trap

It was Sydney's turn to prepare the breakfast, but she asked me to do it. I was reluctant to agree without receiving anything back.

"Ok, I will prepare the breakfast. You instead, will do the laundry, or clean up the room."

"Can I do something else? I really don't like doing all these menial activities now."

Apparently, her tantrum again started to take over. I refused to show her the door each time she broke our agreement. Instead, I came up with some ingenious plan to teach her a lesson.

"No problem. You will owe me a wish for every task you refuse to do."

"Which wish are you talking about?"

"I don't know yet. I can tell you one thing for sure, it will be inside the limits we have discussed."

"Ok, but the wish should be announced immediately after the breakfast,"

Convinced by my openness, she readily agreed, and fell into my trap. We silently ate the breakfast together, both thinking about the upcoming event. Finally, when the breakfast was over, I was ready to start.

"Sydney, I think you have a gorgeous body. I would like you, to allow my hands move freely across it, next time we kiss."

"What? There is no way I am doing it!"

"Sydney, the deal is a deal. Hopefully next time, you would think before you jump to agreement."

She seemed to be very unhappy about my decision. However, after a few seconds she thought about something, and then even smiled mischievously.

"Ok, I agree. On one condition, though. My hands would be free as well."

I couldn't find anything wrong with that, so I gave it a go-ahead approval.

Fulfilling my wish

After that, we went for a walk in our downtown. We held hands, joked, and laughed all the time. However, every time I wanted to kiss her, Sydney simply refused. I wasn't worried much about that, since I utterly enjoyed to be with her. After we had eaten the lunch outside, we returned home and took some rest. While we watched TV, I tried to kiss her again, but the same story occurred over and over again. Under different reasons, she repelled all my attacks. Her little game was all clear by now. She just wanted me to give up, and to forsake our deal. I have prepared my "contingency plan", though.

When we went to bed, I suddenly rolled over to her side. Without giving her any opportunity to escape, I started to cover her face with kisses. She tried to control herself, and was playing dead. Shortly, I moved to kiss her lips, but she still didn't show any reaction. With the victory smile, she looked teasingly into my eyes. However, I had a much more powerful weapon in my arsenal. Returning her smile, I touched her legs, and slowly moved my hand higher. Unable to resist, she widened her eyes in disbelief. When I raised her night gown and reached her panties, she became worried.

My hand was moving across her bikini line, when she finally conceded her defeat. With the loud sigh, she kissed me back. She ran her hand across my stomach and touched my member. In my turn, I put my fingers over her panties, and gently squeezed them prompting another sigh. Heavily breathing already, Sydney just asked me to refrain from using my penis. Reluctantly, I agreed and continued to warm her up. With the slight move, I had relocated my palm inside her panties, and fondled her labia. My fingers moved back and forth gradually opening her outer lips. When they reached her vagina, Sydney was already leaking. Few moment after, then my fingers touched her clitoris, she came with the loud scream.

However, my mission hadn't been accomplished yet. With the passionate kiss, I raised my hand and caressed her ears and cheeks. Returning my kiss, she asked me to drop off my underwear. When I complied, she lowered her head and first kissed my stomach. When, her warm lips gently touched my aroused member, I felt in heaven. She started to stroke my cock, while her

lips wrapped around its top. In no time, I got a best orgasm of my life, and ejaculated all over the bed.

We changed sheets, and went to bed again to continue the long night. This time, I was determined to return the favor. I pulled off Sydney's panties and had her laying down on her back. Then, I lowered my head toward her pubic area. Instantly, I protruded my tongue and touched her labia. Gently I went around her outer lips, enjoying every bit of the second. Helping with her fingers, she moved the lips apart, fully exposing her most intimate area.

Slowly, I moved my tongue toward her clitoris picking up all the preliminary juices. The sweet taste of her pre cum mixed with the strong urine odor made wonders to my senses. Still being in nirvana, I had wrapped her clitoris with my lips and sucked it as someone would do to lemon. Moans of joy and more pre cum dropped on my cheeks, all served as a true evidence of my success.

Sydney was already very hot, when I touched her vagina with the tip of my tongue. Slowly, as if still not able to believe my fortune, I made circle moves around. My tongue simply went up and down the vagina licking every little moisture drop. At some point, I dared to shove it inside, as if a simulation of my member. When Sydney finally came with the load outcry, I squeezed her vagina with my fingers to prolong her orgasm.

A payback

Next morning, Sydney decided to improvise. She started the small foreplay which quickly grew up to the full scale action. While I was still asleep, she held my balls with her left hand. At the same time, her right hand stroked my member. When my dick was fully erect, she took off her hands, and kissed my stomach. After some time, when my member was placid again, she brought it the full erection again. The same story went over and over for several times. Unable to ejaculate, I begged her to let me cum. With the vicious smile she demanded to allow her a wish.

“You got yours yesterday. It’s only fair, that I will receive mine today.”

When I approvingly groaned, she playfully brought me to a quick discharge.

As yesterday, we went to walk through our downtown. When we approached a movie theatre, Sydney asked to go inside. We bought two tickets to some short movie, and in no time found ourselves taking the last row. The movie just had started, when Sydney whispered in my ear:

“My wish is coming over. I want you to relax, and to have fun.”

Splendidly, she quickly opened my pants, and shoved her hands inside my underwear. Next, she had taken my penis in her mouth, and ferociously sucked it. Luckily, we were sitting alone, and couldn’t be seen. Her surprising attack caused me to spurt my sperm all over my pants. Satisfied with the result, Sydney tenderly kissed my mouth, and moved all her attention toward the movie. When the screen play ended, I had a hard time to conceal all the stains on my pants. Embarrassed, I ran out fast to our car. Shortly after, delighted Sydney had joined me, and we went back home.

A perfect recipe

At night, when we both were in bed, Sydney tried to perform the morning trick again. She grabbed my balls, and went to pump my cock again. However, when she released it, I was ready to take the reins back. With the powerful push, I turned her on the back and parted her legs. Relentlessly my hands started to work on her labia. When she was ready I entered her vagina with all my force. Not giving her another chance to take over, I just moved my dick back and forth inside her. We both came at the same time with the loud scream. Exhausted and totally worn out, Sydney instantly fell asleep.

Monday morning, I was called to my boss's office. Expectedly, he announced my promotion. When I thanked him, he tried to cool down my excitement.

"Among others, you will be also managing Sydney. Knowing her personality, it won't be that easy."

"Don't worry. I know just the perfect recipe to tame her down," I replied to him.

"How would like to date your boss?" I asked Sydney when I saw her later.

Serving My Mistress

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Meeting Christine

It all started when my car broke down on Monday morning. Being a youngest manager, I couldn't miss that meeting at work. After arranging car pickup, I went to bus station to catch a ride to work. The bus has arrived in time and I took a seat preparing myself for 20 minutes of boring experience.

Suddenly, after 10 minutes, a group of 3 college girls has boarded the bus and sat a few rows in front of me. I was trying to overhear their conversation in order to entertain my ride. It wasn't an easy task as continued giggling and laughing were seem to be a necessary part of their conversation. One girl, called Christine, was even telling additional comments intensifying their laughs.

I tried to take a close look on that girl and was nearly mesmerized by her appearance. Beautiful face was followed by perfectly shaped body. I couldn't find any flaws no matter how long I tried. Finally, I took a pick on her legs, and like a last drop of water in a desert, I felt myself wishing to look on them more and more. Cute sandals were embracing a real wonder – petite sole and toes accompanied by finely colored toenails. My whole world changed in a moment, I wanted to touch, lick, and worship these legs again and again.

Unfortunately, next stop was girls' last, so they exited continuing their fun conversation. The rest of the day was almost uneventful as I couldn't concentrate on anything I was trying to do. I couldn't avoid thinking about Christine, and was portraying her divine body over and over in my mind. Eventually, my work has been finished, and I hurried home to think about morning experience.

The whole situation was completely new to me. Being 24 years of age, even though I didn't have a current girlfriend, I have been dating several women already. I really enjoyed the whole date atmosphere, kisses, and mutual desire. Never in my mind, was I dreaming about worshipping a women so much. That strong lusting feeling was both strange and addictive. Minutes later I found myself coming all over my floor while thinking about Christine.

Next day, even though the car was already fixed, I have decided to go with the bus. The thought of been able to see Christine again was taking over of anything else. Thus, I took my previous seat and started waiting for my Goddess's arrival. The girls has boarded the bus exactly at the same stop as yesterday. Christine has glanced briefly on me and continued to her seat. Exactly the same way as yesterday, I have been enjoying girl's look as much as I can.

I have been riding the bus through Friday, not being able to stop. Seeing Christine every morning was something I completely desired and couldn't avoid. This Friday however, something has been changed. I found myself being watched by Christine more and more. It seemed like a girl was thinking about something while looking on me. Eventually the time for girls to exit the bus has arrived and they started to walk toward bus doors. Suddenly, Christine has stopped and asked the girl to continue without her. Apparently, she has forgotten something and had to get back home. After that stop, Christine has approached me, and looked into my eyes.

"Follow me," she said while giving me her backpack. I stand up and meekly went after her not being able to resist. We exited the bus at the next stop, crossed the road and started to wait for the other bus to take us back. All that time, even though we went in a complete silence, much more was going on between us underneath the surface. I couldn't raise my eyes and was looking with complete admiration on her legs. It was like I have given her a complete control on my actions and behavior. Very odd feeling to say at least.

It didn't take much until the bus came and we were on our way back. After the ride, I blandly followed the girl to her house. She approached a high fence, and walked to the gate. Christine has opened the gate and motioned me to enter the backyard. After crossing large backyard we stopped by the nicely 1 store house. My attempt to follow her into the house was halted abruptly.

"If you want to enter my house, you have to strip," she told me.

Without giving much of a thought, like under girl's spell, I obeyed and started to undress. Standing naked before younger girl was like a natural thing for me, underscoring her complete control. I quickly unbuttoned my

shirt, and pulled down my panties. Without thinking twice I took off my underwear and bended to fold my clothes neatly on the floor. When I stood up, Christine's curious face expression told me everything. With huge disbelief, she closely followed my actions, still trying to grasp the reason for my utter obedience.

The complete awkwardness of the whole situation suddenly struck me. I was standing naked before a complete stranger, on the porch of her house. I had felt a deep sense of shame and tried to cover my private parts with hands. My futile attempts caused Christine to laugh. Amused she started to walk around me, thoroughly inspected my body, and chuckling approvingly. I got a feeling of being sold to slavery on a public auction. I would lie if I say I like it. After a while, she suddenly stopped in front of me and slightly slapped my hands.

“Raise your hands, silly. I want to see my booty.”

Trembling from cold, totally humiliated, I was able to grasp some courage and to shake my heads. Her look instantly became serious.

“Raise your hands, or you are out of here!”

The moment of truth

That was the moment of truth. If I will obey Christine, I will be at her whim. Obviously, she understood that too, as she stared into my eyes. Unable to resist, I meekly raised my hands in the air admitting my defeat. Blushing from shame, I was at mercy of my beautiful capturer.

With vicious smile, Christine slightly touched my chin and slowly moved her hand all the way to my member. Her gentle touches caused my arousal, and my member already stiffened when her fingers tapped it. Next, she grabbed my balls in her palm and squeezed them, causing me enormous pain. I instantly cried, and bended. Seemingly, she found some delight in seeing my suffering, as she mischievously smiled, and announced:

“Never disobey my order again, or you will be sorry!”

After this show of her power, the girl seemed to be satisfied as she allowed me to enter the house.

The living room was furnished with coach sofa and table. Christine quickly sat on the coach, kicked off her sandals, and waived for me to come closer.

“Get on your knees, and start licking my feet,” was her next command.

Like an obedient creature I was, I dropped down on my knees and protruded my tongue. The moment my tongue touched her skin was the happiest point of my life. I was licking like crazy, like there is no tomorrow. The heaven smell of her soles was driving me nuts. My whole point of existence was to be at her legs, cherishing and enjoying every moment.

Unfortunately, my hysteric excitement has been abruptly put to the end. Christine has moved her feet away and raised my face with her hand. Looking into my eyes again, she started to say slowly:

“Well, what's next?” Christine asked.

“I do not know,” all I could respond.

“I know. I have long realized that you're in love with me, but could never think that your love is so unusual! However, I like your behavior, and if you obey my wishes, maybe I will let you to continue, and will it keep it as a secret. Do you agree to comply fully with my wishes?”

“Yes, I will obey you,” I meekly replied, feeling as my dream becomes a reality.

“From now on you will address me as Mistress. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I replied.

“Then look on me, and get ready to listen.”

“Yes, Mistress, “I remarked, mesmerized by her stern look.

My slavery begins

“From now on you will be my slave, you will carry out all my orders. Any sluggishness or tardiness will be severely punished. If you will dare to disobey me, our relations will be over. You see in what kind of story you got involved. Now let’s check if you learned my requirements well. Get on your hands and knees and crawl into the hallway. Find my red sandals and bring them in your teeth!”

Standing on all fours, like a dog I followed to the hallway. There were no red sandals there. Yet, looking at the box for shoes, I saw them! Now I understood why Christine insisted on them. It was my dream, not new, with well-preserved footprints pads of fingers and heels, bright red on high thin heels, with elegant sole and almost completely open at the top. In anticipation of something new and untried, but painfully familiar from my dreams, I took these beautiful sandals with my teeth, and crawled on all fours into the room where Christine sat.

“Put them on,” told Christine, putting the left leg forward. I crawled to her feet, trembling with emotion and overwhelming feelings. Very neatly and carefully, I slowly put the sandals on Mistress’s feet.

“Do you like my legs?” Christine asked.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Kiss them, kiss them all the time, until I will be tired, or will give the new orders!”

My dream come true - I could kiss the feet of beautiful, gorgeous woman, humiliated by her adorable posture. Worshipping her toes, heels, shin, foot, was all I could think about at that moment.

“Stop! I see you like it too, and I'm not going to encourage you. Lie down on the floor,” Christine ordered.

“How?” I asked, and immediately received a slap in the face.

“I want your body on the floor. Further reaction to my orders must be instantaneous. You should strive to execute my commands immediately and fully. For any silly questions, I will punish you, and much more severely than just a slap in the face.”

“Lie down on the floor on your stomach, stretch your arms as if you were going to perform push-ups.”

I meekly obeyed and took my position next to Christine’s feet. That allowed me to admire her stunning legs that were so close to my face that I could see the smallest details. Lovely smooth fingers with very thin soles, charming rounded heels, covered with thin red strappy sandals. However these beautiful long legs were quickly taken away from me. Christine stepping on my hand, and said:

“Do you like, to lie near my feet, lousy slave?” putting even more pressure on my hand. My treachery hand ached, fingers went on fire, but delicious languor, spreads throughout the body, suggested the right answer:

“Yes, Mistress,” her pressure became even stronger. The tip of the shoes began to scroll from side to side, and the pain increased.

“Yes, Mistress,” sharp heels replaced the tip of the sandals.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Taking off her leg from my hand Christine said:

“I am delighted to see your patience. Yet, enough for today, I have to leave. You can kiss my feet and get out, come tomorrow at 11 o'clock. I'll have time for fun with you.”

I kissed each finger individually, several times, and moved to the heels. When kissing them, I tried to lick too by poking very gently the tip of my tongue between the base and the sandals. Mistress, paying attention to my efforts, slightly raised her heel allowing me to push tongue deeper, then abruptly dropped all the weight on my tongue. My pain tears gushed from my eyes, but I waited patiently for the future.

“Okay, you can take these sandals with you, lick them for fun at home, and now shoo away!

After removing fine red sandals from Mistress’s feet, I went home with one thought "would quickly come tomorrow."

Next morning's adventures

Waking up at 9 o'clock in the morning and looking forward to 11, I kissed and licked the sandals. Finally, five minutes to eleven I rang the Christine's doorbell. I waited for a long time until the door opened at last. On the threshold stood Christine:

"Oh, my servant came. Drop down on your knees. Put sandals back on and crawl into the room.

After putting sandals in a box for shoes, I crawled on my knees in the room. Christine had just woken up and was in a bad mood. Taking me by the hair she sharply bent my head to the floor, where she put her slippers.

"Lie down here while I will rest. We have nowhere to hurry. I freed all my time until the evening for our little entertainment. Sitting on the bed, Christine stepped on my head with her foot, while placing her second foot on my back. She had stretched and announced:

"No, perhaps I will not sleep. I will teach you a delight of kneeling before a woman.

Christine, sitting on the bed, unbuttoned and removed her robe. There were no panties, no bra, and no other piece of clothes on her gorgeous body. My eyes darkened from seeing such beauty. Christine, noticing the impression made on me, slowly stretched out on the bed, put her legs wide apart, and said:

"Your job is to lick me from the tips of my toes to the waist, not missing a millimeter. Get started!

Starting with the right leg, slowly licking everything and everywhere, climbing higher and higher, I finally reached my Mistress's cunt.

"So, here you will have to spend more time. Have you used to lick women?"

"No, Mistress."

"You start with a careful licking of outer lips, then ... No, I will guide your tongue afterwards.

I licked her for a long time. Suddenly, I realized from Christine's heavy breathing that she is near her climax. After she strongly pressed my head in her hands and clenched her feet, Christine came and abruptly pulled away from me. My face was red and all wet from saliva and secretions. A few minutes later she came to her senses. Christine looked at me, kneeling in front of her legs:

"I'm not happy with your job, slave, you will be punished! Take off your clothes!"

Naked, kneeling, I expected further orders from my Mistress.

Christine brought a hank of clothesline, tied my feet, and then ordered to clasp with my hands the legs of the chair, which was previously set in the center of the room. Christine tied my hands to the legs of the chair, she sat on a chair, put her feet on my elbows and pinned them to the floor. In her hands was an army belt. Luckily for me, without buckles.

My first punishment

“Slave, for poorly executed order you're supposed to receive 20 lashes!”

She stood up and walked around me, lying on my stomach with bound hands and feet tied to the legs of the chair – as you can see my position seemed to her unsuitable for such a penalty.

“Elevate your ass, slave, I can't punish you.”

The first blow caught me by surprise, and I screamed quite loudly.

“Silence, slave!”

Christine went to the closet and pulled out her dirty socks:

“Open your mouth.”

After shoving her socks in my mouth, Christine continued to whip my ass with the belt. She even increased the force with each blow. At the end of the punishment my face was wet with tears.

“Well, slave, do you understand why I punish you?”

“Hmm...” I could only hum.

“You did not fulfill my order - a very large portion of my body left unattended by your tongue!”

After she untied my hands and feet, Christine took me by the ear and twisting it to one side, and put me on my knees. Then she turned her back to me, and held her ass up to my face. Pulling me by the ear to her behinds, Christine said:

“You forgot to lick this part of the body. Don't you like it? Maybe you think that a second hole is not in need of your tongue? Lick, slave!”

Christine laid on the side, with one hand parted the halves of her ass. I saw a small, wrinkled hole, overgrown with sparse black hair. The second hand was still holding me by the ear and pulled my head to her ass.

“Lick, Slave. Lick my beautiful ass and do your best, otherwise I will punish you again.”

I carefully began to lick the ass of my Mistress - there was virtually no the smell, which I expected. Under my tongue the hole smoothed as if budged

toward my tongue. I began to experience a strange, irresistible urge to shove the tongue in this hole, I wanted to shove it as c deeper as it could be. Helping myself with my hands, I spread Mistress's ass as widely as possible and practically screwed my tongue in her anus.

"Well done, slave! Tuck your filthy language as far as possible, you have to do it very often, I really enjoyed it."

After another ten minutes of my tongue scurried into this hole, I thought that Christine had come a second time, this time from the anal stimulation.

"Now I will lie down and think, and you go into the kitchen and put the kettle on, make a sandwich and wait for me there."

A few minutes later Christine walked into the kitchen, dressed in a robe and slippers. These slippers looked magnificently on her feet. They revealed her prefect ankles and heels. My Lady was looking amazing in them.

"Crawl under the table and lie down on the floor."

Putting on my chest with her charming feet, Christine began to drink tea. Occasionally moving the legs, which turned out to be on my head, abdomen and groin. My groin has ached, this dull, aching pain of constant erection. Yet, this pain instantly disappeared as soon as the leg of my lovely Lady leaned against my excited member, I ejaculated. Christine felt my penis reduction, strongly pressed her foot, causing even more enjoyable ecstasy.

"Parasite, rather than to serve as a bench for my feet, you satisfy your needs. Quickly run to the bathroom. You have to work and forget about pleasure. Wash my underwear. Look, I'll check and if I will find at least one spot - you will be sorry."

As I washed my Lady's underwear, I came another two times on her panties and socks. After the laundry, I walked into the room. Christine sat and watched TV.

Game time

“What else would I think of?” She asked herself. “So, yesterday I noticed that you are not indifferent to my shoes. Run quickly into the hall and bring all my shoes.”

I brought all the shoes, and set them on the carpet in the room, then knelt down. Christine told me to put on her feet all the pairs of shoes at a time. My job was to bring the slippers with my teeth like a dog. I had to approach sitting on a chair Lady, low my head, and gently put the shoes in front of her. If the shoe was falling (which happened very often in the presence of the high heels), Christine gave me a slap in the face. Without looking up, I had to ask permission from Christine, to put the shoes on her legs (it sounded something like this "Beautiful Lady, let despicable servant to put on your beautiful legs these shoes"). I was very carefully putting on the shoes while kissing first her bare feet, then the shoes. Then Mistress put her legs on my back and pressed her heels, leaving red back prints.

However, very quickly she got bored from this game. Christine told me to carry all the shoes back and crawl into the bedroom. In the bedroom, I was told to kneel down, take Mistress's legs with my hands and keep them at arm's length. After 5-6 minutes, my hands began to tremble, and Christine sitting on a bed looked at me with a strange smile on her lips. After another 2 minutes, under the weight of Christine's feet, my hands fell down

“You dared to disobey my orders for the second time. Now you have to endure 40 beats with my favorite strap. Yet that's not all. During the punishment you will be kissing the floor at my feet and thank your Mistress.

After each strike, I kissed the floor at the feet of my Lady with the words "Thank you, my Mistress", while expecting the next blow. Then somewhere in the 10-15 blow I began to tremble and could open only with great difficulty my lips to thank my tormentor. After 30 shots my throat ached and I coughed gasping for air. Near 40 stroke I couldn't understand anything and I had thought, "It is necessary to quickly run away, otherwise I will be spanked to death". The strangest thing was happening with my cock,

though. It was stiff, in spite of all the beatings, and bullying, which in abundance rained down on me today.

I started to be afraid of myself, I could not understand how I could withstand such an attitude. Everything was much quieter in my dreams. It is one thing to lie on the floor at the feet of the woman and kissing her lovely legs and quite another - to receive 40 strokes with a belt on the butt. Completely confused in my mind, I lost sight of that I am not alone. At that time, Mistress fully Counting 40 blows stood in front of me.

“Enough for today, I'm tired of you, and will soon have to leave to my girlfriend. Go home to treat your wounds. Tomorrow I will be waiting for you in the morning, leave me your phone number.

“Are you leaving alone, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Great. Get out and wait for my call!”

After kissing beautiful Christine's feet goodbye, I went home.

Mistress comes to my house

At 12 o'clock my phone rang, it was Mistress Christine.

“What is your address, slave?”

“100 North Evelyn Drive, Mistress.”

“Wait for me.”

All the while, until the arrival of Christine, I was restless, wandering aimlessly around the house. Finally, the doorbell rang. On the threshold stood Mistress Christine. I reflexively went down on my knees, planting kisses on her legs.

“Show me your house!”

After seeing the house, Mistress Christine sat in a chair, pointed out to me on the floor near her feet. She put her feet in the open sandals on my chest.

“Slave, tonight I'm going to visit my girlfriend, will you go with me. Now lick me!”

She set her legs wide apart and comfortably ensconced in an armchair, waiting for me.

Kneeling in front of my Mistress, I began to cover her legs with kisses, rising to the panties. Pushing aside a narrow strip of panties, I began gently licking with my tongue her divine labia.

“Take off my pants, idiot!” said Christine, and slapped my face.

“Lick the anus too, put your nose through the crack, and shove your tongue, otherwise I will punish you. You probably missed the penalty.

I licked anus and slid my nose in Christine's crotch, trying to make it very vigorously.

A few minutes later the Christine's perineum was all wet with secretions, her anus opened and my tongue scurried into the hole, going to a depth of 3-5 centimeters. This procedure had delivered my Lady a maximum pleasure.

Christine began to fidget in her chair, leaning towards my movements. A few minutes later it was all over. Christine blissfully calmed down in the

chair. Few moments later, she came to her senses, bent down and looked at her pussy. Wincing her nose, she said:

“Lick very carefully all the spin-off, my pussy must always shine. Tonight, as I said, I'm going to visit my friend. Yesterday, I told her about you. She did not believe me. In the evening you have to prove to her that I am your Mistress, and make her happy. At six o'clock, I'm waiting for you in the park next to my house.”

During her further clarification of responsibilities, I was licking her divine pussy. After a while the pussy gleamed.

“Walk me to the toilet, no, first bring me my bag.”

When I brought her bag, Christine pulled a dog collar and a leash

Next she set me on my knees and buttoned up the collar on my neck. Having twisted in her hand a long canvas leash with rivets, Mistress whacked me with it on the back:

“Take your position, slave!”

Standing on all fours, head bent low to the floor and sticking out my ass, I froze in anticipation of punishment.

“I was joking, leave our entertainment for the evening,” said Christine, buckling the leash to the collar,

“Well, where do you have a toilet?”

It was a magnificent sight: a beautiful lady, with the leash in her hand and a despicable slave at her feet with a collar around his neck. As mentioned, I'm a dog crawled to the toilet, on the way, Christine periodically pulled the leash, blocking the air and pushed me to the heels of her sandals. After going to the toilet, Christine meticulously checked the cleanliness of the toilet lid, made me lick all the rest, and then not at all embarrassed lifted her skirt, pulled down her panties, sat at ease on just licked the toilet seat and began to pee. For the first time in my life I saw a woman pissing. Stream from the Christine's pussy was pretty rapid and wide. Having finished defecating, Christine stood up and reached for the toilet paper, but changed her mind and said:

“Why do I need a slave, if I am doing all the work myself? Quickly help your Lady!”

Serving my Mistress

I did not know what to do. I tore off a piece of paper from the roll and stiffened with a dull expression on my face.

“Blunt animal, don’t you know - after using the toilet lady wipes a piece of paper, because we are not pigs like men walking with the dirty panties. However, you’re just a dog who cannot think, and if you’re a dog,” Christine said, thinking aloud “then you cannot use your hands. So you’ll help me with your tongue! Quickly lick my pussy!”

Christine pulled me to her with the leash, put her legs apart and watched me. I had no choice but to cling to the wet pussy of my Lady, cleaning her.

“Lick everywhere, do not forget about the hairs and the anus.”

Christine turned her back to me, parted her buttocks and a little hunched. Licking Christine’s pussy after using the toilet, I felt with my own tongue a salty moisture, yet the taste and smell of it was not unpleasant, but rather resembled a little salty water lapped with a gentle scent. My breast was bursting with a strange feeling. I did now something wild, but very nice, rather wildly nice. I wanted to lick the pussy of my Mistress constantly, lick this divine moisture, which erupted from the depths of this beauty. It couldn’t be compared to anything else, the bright red-pink petals of the labia drove me crazy. I was sorry that her urine lost in the pipe of the toilet, I wanted to be this pipe. I would gulp all moisture, all the golden rain, with which not so long ago, my Mistress abundantly watered the damn toilet.

As if reading my thoughts, Christine had proclaimed:

“Everything is much more serious than I thought. Well, I will use you as long as possible, who knows if I’ll have second such jerk in my life. Yesterday, I thought that you will not answer my calls, but you, as I thought, only pleased with your position. Let’s wait for the evening. I will try to complete the entire program. There will be two of us so we’ll come up with something funny. Let’s wait until the evening.

Christine put back her panties and left without saying goodbye.

Meeting Christine's friends

At six o'clock I was waiting, as I was told, in a park near her house. Christine was late. In half past six I saw Christine and another girl. They came and Christine waved, ordering to follow them.

"Come with us, but not very close, all right?"

"Yes ..." (I do not know whether it was possible with this girl to call Christine as Mistress)

"I did not get that!"

"Yes, Mistress. Sorry for the slowness, Mistress."

The eyes of the unknown girl widened, but Christine took her by the hand, and went forward.

I overheard the phrase of their conversation.

"This is my slave ..."

"Yes, he does everything I want."

"I tell you everything, everything I totally control him."

"... Let's go to Maria, I will convince you both, Maria does not believe too."

Busy with the conversation, both girls have come to the house where Christine's girlfriend Maria has lived.

At the entrance Christine pulled out a collar and a leash, and set me on my knees. Under the astonished girlfriend's gaze, she fastened on my neck collar and ordered me to stand on all fours, having brought to the door. I was very ashamed to do it all in front of a stranger, but I was looking at a very beautiful legs of a girl and did not dare to raise my eyes. Opening the door, Maria looked at me, I involuntarily looked up, and was instantly punished by Christine. She pulled the leash heavily, while at the same time stepping her foot on my hand.

"Unworthy creature, how dare you raise your head, without order, quickly go into the house!"

Under the surprised looks of girls, urged by Christine, I walked into the house. Christine sat on the couch, and I laid at her feet. Christine rested one

leg on my head, and the second was on my neck.

“Well? Do you believe me now?”

“Yes,” said Maria.

“Let’s begin an acquaintance,” Christine said.

“It’s my slave. His name is ... Well, he hadn’t earned a name yet.”

These are my friends, Mistresses for you. Mistress Maria, the owner of the house, and Mistress Laura.

Through an acquaintance, Christine raised her leg standing on my head and pointed to her girlfriends.

“Meet the Mistress Maria.”

Christine released the leash and kicked me in the direction of Maria. I crawled on my knees to Mistress Maria and kissed her slippers. Maria obviously still unused to such treatment, stepped back.

“Do not be shy, let the bastard lick your feet,” Christine said.

Maria, removing slippers, handed me one leg, placing second on my shoulder.

Kissing her stretched leg, I looked at her, as if getting acquainted.

The leg was bigger than that of Christine, with beautiful long nails painted red. From the feet came fairly strong smell of sweat, but it seemed to me as the best flavor. Maria changed feet, seemingly the whole idea excited her too, and her second leg was wandering across my face. Mistress Maria wanted me to kiss her toes first, then the sole, heel. Finally she placed her fingers in my mouth.

“Enough now crawl to Laura.”

Mistress Laura

Putting back slippers on the feet of Mistress Maria, I crawled to the feet of Mistress Laura. She stretched her very beautiful long legs shod in yellow shoes with high heels, while sitting in the chair. When I crawled to her feet, she, throwing one to the other, held up the sole of her shoe to my lips.

“Lick my shoes, slave, I want them to be bright.”

Obediently licking the dirt these divine shoes, I inadvertently licked her bare foot, and was immediately punished. Mistress Laura grabbed my hair, pulled strongly upwards, and cocked my head. She put the shoe on my face, and drove heels in my mouth.

“Suck heels, dirty pig. Who allowed you to touch my feet with your nasty mouth? Now take off my shoes and lie down on your back next to my feet!”

Placing both feet on my face, Mistress Laura took out a cigarette and lit it, asked Christine:

“Do you want to drink wine?”

“Do you have money?” asked Christine.

“Yes, but I'm too lazy to go to the store.”

“Never mind, I and Maria will go. Slave, we will back soon come, listen to Mistress Laura. If you will not carry out her orders, I will punish you when I will return.

Mistress Christine and Mistress Marina went away, leaving me alone with Mistress Laura.

“Undress naked. Go to the kitchen and wait there for me there,” was Laura's first order.

15 minutes later, I washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen. Meanwhile, Mistress Laura changed her clothes. She took off her skirt and blouse leaving only a white bra and panties on her beautiful tanned body.

“Take a mop from the bathroom and wash the floor,” she ordered me next.

While I was on my knees washing the floor, Mistress Laura was sitting on the table and tried to hit me with her foot, when I crawled near. Her strikes became very painful, when I began to clean the floor under the table. She

constantly strove to get the toe shoes in the most painful place: in the abdomen, buttocks, the ribs and head. After I finished cleaning, Mistress Laura put me on my knees in front of the table and began to beat on my buttocks, but that was not enough and she brought out from one of the rooms a belt.

Putting me on my stomach on a stool, she sat down on the table, put her feet on my back, and strongly pressing her heels, and began to smack my ass with the belt. After 20-25 strokes, as my ass was all red from the belt, Laura stopped beating, spread her legs even wider and told me to lick her crack. To humiliate me even more, Laura grabbed me by the hair and began to press my face strongly to her crotch.

A horse for Laura

With her second hand she began lashing my back. When Laura came, she gave me a few slaps in the face, held out her hand for a kiss, and then I kissed her shoes. Next, was told to get up on all fours.

“Now you will be my horse.”

Sitting on my back, Laura, slipped the belt in my mouth, taking it as the reins, she said:

“Giddy up, horsy, take me to the room.”

Passing on my back to the room, Laura put a collar on me, took a rope and tied my balls and cock. When again she sat on my back, she had announced:

“You became my horse, with the words "Giddy up" you're going forward, jerking the rope attached to your member, means to stop.”

“Giddy up, horsy!”

Laura rode me around the house, pulling on the leash and whipping me on the sides with the belt, when she wanted to go faster. She stopped her horse with a dramatic tension of the rope, which dug painfully into my cock and balls. After a long ride with Mistress Laura I had very sore knees and from her weight my back ached enormously.

“Mistress, please excuse the audacity of your servant, but I can't carry you any longer,” I said, falling to the floor.

Laura slowly got out of me, and kicked me severely with her shoes. While pulling strongly on the leash, she almost lifted me off the floor and said angrily:

“Stupid slave, you dare argue with me? Okay, wait for the return of my friends, I want you to be punished in their presence. Now lie down on your back.”

Laura slowly took off her panties, put her feet on my chest, while pressing her heels and scratching my skin with them. Then she put her foot so that the sharp heel was on my nipple, pushing very hard. Next, Laura looked me in the face turning my body from side to side with her shoe, she said:

“Open your mouth!”

It was very painful, her heel bruised the nipple harder and harder, making it a bloody injury. Yet, Laura did not think to weaken her press, on the contrary, all the pressure intensified. I opened my mouth, and waited. Mistress Laura spat in my mouth, took off her foot, and sat down on my face. She began to settle comfortably, while sitting her butt on my chest, so that her pussy was in front of my mouth.

“Lick my pussy, but do not forget about the ass.”

Carefully licking her pussy, I periodically went down below, starting to lick her anus. This had excited her very much and she pulled closer to my face. I set my tongue at the disposal of her ass. Carefully I shoved my tongue as deeply as possible into this lustful hole, which was significantly greater than that of the Mistress Christine, despite the fragility of Laura's figure. Probably my tongue inside her anus delivered Laura a great joy, and I a little tired, as she pressed her ass to my face even strongly. She took my nipples with her hands and turned them in different directions, strongly squeezing the tips of the nipples with her strong fingers, forcing me to push my tongue deeper into her ass. When Christine and Maria had returned from the store, they saw us in this meaningful position.

The last opportunity

Seeing her friends, Laura instantly raised her ass from my face. Without any shyness, she put back her panties and bra, and led the girls to the living room. I remained to kneel in the middle of her bedroom, wondering what will be my next task.

After 10 minutes or so, I was called to the living room. Obediently I immediately crawled on all fours and took my place at Christine's feet. For some reason she was very angry at me. She stretched her leg and strongly pushed my shoulder, causing me to fell down on the floor. Still unsatisfied, she began to kick my body with her feet. The pain became very severe, and I felt like a punching bag. I started to cry and begged for mercy.

"I invested so much effort and time in your education, and you failed me, slave. How dare you to disobey Mistress Laura? There is no excuse for that."

"Oh, I got it. You probably think about yourself as an equal to us. Maybe even you want to be a free man again? Answer me, loser!"

"No, Mistress. All I want is to be your slave. Please excuse me."

"Remember your words slave!"

"We decided to give you a chance. There is a big bowl standing on the floor. Each one of us, your Mistresses made her needs there. If you still want to be our slave, you will eat and drink everything from that bowl. If not, you can leave now. This is your last opportunity to get back to your life!"

Only now I started to pay attention to my surrounding and saw that big bowl, Christine was talking about. Awful scent of urine and excrements was clearly coming from there. I winced my nose and slowly approached it. My eyes met with the filthy mixture of piss, saliva, and even some particles of shit. Gurgling, I almost vomited, and quickly turned my head away.

All three girls were silently staring at me. They obviously wanted to know my decision, and patiently tracked my every move. Seemingly, they all agreed to give some space, and not to interfere with my judgement. Gladly, I bend my head thanking them for the consideration.

At that moment, I saw Christine's feet before my eyes. All the suffering, humiliation, and painful experience of the last days, suddenly faded away. The mere thought about not being to kiss these toes, heels, ankles, and soles made me insane. Without thinking twice, I turned back, pulled my head closer to the bowl, and started to drink the most disgusting mixture of all, the mixture of my defeat. Crying, I swallowed all the dirt and filth, while saying goodbye to all my previous life.

At some moment, I realized that the bowl is already empty. I looked around, and couldn't see anyone near. To my surprise, the girls left me alone with my thoughts. I stood up and noticed the piece of paper with the instructions for me. I was ordered to go home and be available for tomorrow's actions. Obediently, still under impression of the last events I went home.

Friday's adventures

This day, a sunny day, Friday, I remember a long time, or rather, I remember it all my life. Right from the morning phoned Mistress Laura and told me to come to her for the whole day. Half an hour later I was at the door of Mistress Laura. Opening the door, Laura told me to undress completely in the hallway and to follow her into the house on all fours.

Putting me on my knees, Laura told me to wait. After a while she returned. I was shocked by her appearance. She was wearing a very short white coat, open white sandals on very high heels. A little white cap worn by nurses in hospitals complemented her outfit. Only one item didn't fit her innocent look. In her hand she held a homemade whip with a fairly thick handle. Scourge was a wooden stick, a length of about 20 cm, 3-4 cm in diameter with a dozen pieces of soft flexible coated wire strapped to it. Striking my bare back, Laura looked on her tool leaving an imprint on my back. Apparently she has been satisfied by the imprint, so she whipped me a couple more times. Sitting on the bed she told me to crawl to her feet and lick her shoes. Lying at the feet of the Lady, I licked her beautiful feet, shod in sandals. Laura, throwing off her sandals, told me to lie on my back. She placed both feet on my head and ordered me to lick her heels. Then, Mistress began to explain to me what I should do.

Trying to improvise

“I'm studying in medical school and today we will play a strict nurse and a patient.”

Try to improvise, if I do not like something in your improvisation, I will punish you with a whip, beating you like you felt already.

I must admit it "beating" still hurt me, so I was ready to carry out all the orders and wishes of my new Mistress with great zeal. I was ready to do everything to prevent the whip again to come in contact with my back.

Coming out of the room, Laura told me to lie on the bed and wait for the arrival of the nurses.

After some time, going back into the room, Laura said:

“So, what is this time, obnoxious patient? Why have you called me?”

“I have a headache,” I said with a little fear, unaware whether it is necessary to add after each response "Mistress", but I improvised. I was convinced my improvisation was successful.

“Oh, you have a headache? Now I will try to help you. Stretch out your hands up and grasp the back of the bed.”

When, she tied my hands to the headboard Laura said:

“Stretch your legs.”

“Does it help with headaches?”

“Yes, the patient's supine position makes all pain to go away,” Laura said laughing.

Tying the legs, Laura took off my blankets.

“Oh, sick guy, aren't you ashamed to lie without panties? The patient, why should you?”

“The form of a pretty nurse always get me excited.”

“You are insolent. You will soon strongly regret about your arrogance.”

Laura, picking up a syringe, attached a large needle and gently pricked me in the dick.

“AAAA! I cried.

“Shut up your mouth, patient.”

Syringe injections followed one after another. I was not really hurt, rather a bit unpleasant, yet these shots did not come in the head of the penis and testicles.

But I was a little moaning and twitching in bed, pretending pain and flattering my Mistress. In my heart I hoped that Laura will not go for more radical measures and will not drive the needle completely.

“So patient, I see that this procedure haven’t caused any remorse. Let us turn to more active measures.”

With these words, Laura stopped stabbing me, picked up the enema, and filling it with water from the basin, standing under the bed, told me to turn over on my side. I performed it as far as allowed by the ropes. Wearing gloves Laura took a jar of Vaseline, and smeared her fingers with a petroleum jelly. She slipped her fingers into my anus and then pulled them out.

Looking at her fingers, Laura saw it a little residue of my rectum and brought her bare fingers to my lips.

“You've got a dirty ass, patient. This is not good when due to dirty assholes nurse can’t carry out the prescribed procedure. Open your mouth, pig!”

“Thrusting her fingers in my mouth, Laura told me to lick them. The taste of my own shit felt disgusting, yet the taste of Vaseline slightly interrupted it.

“I have to rinse the intestines, because they are full of shit. That’s why you have a headache.”

Laura gave me three consecutive enemas, and it was a real torture. Belly bursting with water, the sphinx had to be kept in constant tension. At that time, Laura, raised a short robe, exposing her beautiful buttocks. She sat on my chest and bent her legs at the knees so that her hands rested on my belly. The same belly which was filled with three enemas. Her buttocks were right before my mouth.

“Now it's your time, patient, to help me. I also suffer from constipation, you need to lick my ass until my beautiful anus will soften enough and I would be able easily to go to the bathroom. Got it?”

Carefully licking her anus, I barely kept liquid gusts located in my stomach. It was particularly difficult when Laura was pressing on my stomach with her hands. My member was in constant agitation, Laura began to play with it, clutching its head with two fingers. For a short time, the blood drained from my cock's head and declined, but the view of her wonderful buttocks excited me again causing my dick to stiff again. After some time, Laura's anus opened under the caresses of my tongue. I carefully stuck in my tongue inside the hole, as if trying to feel the Lady from the inside.

Hairs around the anus matted with my saliva, in addition from her cunt became wet, I felt it with my chin. Laura began to rub strongly her pussy against my chin, my tongue scurried in her opened anus, waiting I tried to hurry her orgasm, as it would bring a liberation. I wanted to be in the bathroom already. Urging abdominal pains became more persistent, and with I hardly could sustain them.

I worked with my tongue so hard that it seemed not only the tongue, but the whole head is beginning to enter into the anus of Laura. Finally Mistress came while she relaxed and with all the weight sat on my face, blocking the access of air. My convoluted twitching under her ass, did not seem to bother her at all.

Luckily, Laura raised eventually her charming behinds, got off me, untied the rope, but did not let me go to the bathroom. Mistress sat on the bed, put her legs apart to the sides, and ordered to lick her pussy and ass until they will shine. This was truly the unbearable torture, to lick so charming pussy and ass, and think only of the bathroom. At any other time, I would have the pleasure to caress these beautiful holes for a few hours, but not now, when my thoughts were far from that, my thoughts were only about the bathroom. After her pussy and ass were put in proper form, Laura continued to keep me in the room, continuing to torture me. Now I licked her feet, lounging on the floor, licked her sandals, treating each fingers individually, and licked between her beautiful fingers. I thought for a moment, that all the contents of my stomach breaks out of the ass right there on the

floor. Oh, sweet moment, Laura let go of me, realizing that I cannot hold it anymore.

After a while, crawling on my knees in the room, I spoke words of gratitude to my mistress.

Mistress Laura, thank you very much for the heartfelt lesson. I, your humble servant, am waiting for further orders.

“Slave, go to the bathroom and wash your ass thoroughly, you can take your enema. I want your ass shining, I will not tolerate any more dirt on my fingers.

I went to the bathroom, and even defecated a few times, until only a pure water erupted from me. I wondered why my Lady wanted me to do that.”

Back in the room Laura was sitting in a chair talking on the phone. Pointing a finger at the floor at her feet, she gave her legs at my disposal. Oh, I licked her feet with such a delight that no place seemed not been covered with my kisses. I licked and licked her fingers, licked her heels when Mistress deigned to raise a little her leg and allowed me to take off sandals. I covered with kisses her soles, her feet, gently licking the tips of the fingers on these amazing pads, like the five sweetest candies, which seemed to look at me from the top and said, "lick us lick, despicable slave, we provide you a great favor by allowing to lick us, kiss us, worship us, serve us, to love us."

The Lady with the dog

So thinking like this, to my horror, I missed to notice how my Goddess finished speaking, and was looking at me from above, looking and frowning.

“That's enough, you rested too long anyway. Maria called and asked where you were. I pity you and did not say that you are with me. If she would have come, together we would have tortured you to death. I like to look at you, crawling at my feet, you will come and serve me always, as soon as I want it. I will make a deal with Christine. Now we will play in "the Lady with the dog," Yes, Lady, I like that word.”

Laura put a collar on me and explained to me how to behave.

My job was not to talk, always to be on all fours, to express my joy by wiggling my ass. I was also supposed to reside at her foot, and to run the following commands:

"Lie" - arms extended forward, bent at the elbows, the elbows close to the body, palms on the floor, legs bent at the knees, knees at the belly, ass practically lies on the feet, the nose on the floor;

"To the leg" - almost identical to the position "lying", a nose close to the Lady's foot, the body with one or the other side of the Lady's legs;

"Look" - to search anything on the orders of the Lady, running on all fours, my nose very close to the floor;

"Walk" - to bring Mistress a leash from the collar in the teeth;

"Sit" - on my knees with ass on the legs, back almost straight, arms bent at the elbows, the elbows close to the body, and so on.

Initially, Mistress Laura just took me on a leash through the rooms. I was doing some simple commands, laid at her feet, was sitting, and walking. If I was doing everything quick, I received the approval of the Lady, which was expressed in the slight tapping of my cheek, not strong blows, twitching nose, not strong compression of the neck, which was clamped between her legs. If the orders were carried out according to Laura not fast enough, I was ordered to cross my hands behind my back. On my knees, I licked the

feet of my Mistress, and she gave me the blows with her whip on the back and buttocks.

"Search," followed her another order "look for my socks."

Crawling through the apartment, I found her socks in the hallway. They were lying in the beautiful shoes in which the Lady Laura legs, looked probably amazing. To pull the socks off the shoes with only my teeth presented some difficulty. While I was busy with the second sock, came Mistress's remark:

"Bad dog, my feet are cold, and you're still busy in the hallway."

This was followed by a bunch of blows with a whip. When I finally managed to get the second sock and holding them to my lips, turned to my Mistress, Laura strongly kicked me in the chest with her sandals.

"Run into the room, lousy dog!"

Carrying in my mouth the socks of my lovely Lady, I ran into the room.

"Take off my sandals, creature!"

Putting socks on the floor, I tried to take off the sandals with my hands, but got hit with a whip.

"The dog doesn't have hands!"

Instantly understanding everything, I began with my teeth and nose to try to remove the sandals from my Lady's. On the second or third attempt I managed to remove one of her sandals, a little later the second. I have not had any prior experience to take off her shoes this way. I would not say that it was unpleasant, though.

In general, to be located near the feet of a beautiful girl, look at them, kiss them, and lick her shoes - was and will be my dream. Especially when it was not just a girl, who is experiencing a completely incomprehensible to me discomfort when her feet kissed cherished, and idolized. But a real Goddess, a Lady, who do not hesitate to sticks her feet for the kisses. To say correctly, she takes it for granted, as a reward for her slave, allowing this vile beast to touch her divine feet with his unworthy lips.

Sorry for the digression.

I could not to wear socks without the help of hands, no matter how much effort I made. But my efforts were not in vain. I drank and licked enough feet of my Lady, to be located near her legs was a great happiness for me. Soon my attempts have wearied Lady Laura.

“Are not you happy dog?”

“Woof, woof.”

“Are you satisfied?”

“Woof, woof.”

“Why don’t you fidget your ass?”

I began to turn the behinds in different directions.

-“Oh, poor dog, you do not have a tail.”

With these words, Mistress Laura turned me, standing a foot on my head, she pinned me to the floor. Striking lightly several times in the ass with her whip, she stepped aside. I laid on the floor, or rather reclined, trailing up my ass.

Suddenly I felt like my butt rested against something solid. Not daring to raise my head, I kept waiting. The pressure on my anus had intensified. Unable to endure, I tried to relax muscles of the sphinx. I realized that Lady wants to shove some object in my ass. Finally, the effort was more than a muscle resistance, and my ass was penetrated by a foreign body. As it turned out, the foreign body was nothing more than a whip handle. Lady moved her whip in my anus a little, the sensations were pleasant, the pain from the pushed whip almost gone, yet it was still something unusual.

“Now, my dog has a tail! Wag your tail, creature!”

At the same time Mistress put her feet on my back. I was standing on all fours along the sofa. Laura laid her legs on my back, and I wagged my new tail. Laura laughed, looking at me, sometimes she touched with her foot her whip, as if trying to push it deeper, giving me a new experience.

“So, stop playing. I have to go to the dance. During my absence, clean the house, and wash my underwear. You will find Linen in the bathroom in a box. Yes, and wash those socks. Now you're not a dog, but the tail cannot be removed prior to my arrival. Help me to dress.”

I put on Lady her panties, she wore herself her bra. Again I shod her feet, kissed them, and followed my Mistress to the kitchen. While Mistress painted, I sat at her feet and looked at them, tried to kiss them, but Laura pushed me away.

Laura left without saying goodbye.

I waited for her return.

Laura returns

Laura came back after midnight. During her absence, I cleaned the house, washed clothes, and five times masturbated on her shoes. The only thing that I forgot to do is to wash socks. I removed and put them in the shoe in hopes after cleaning to masturbate on them. They have absorbed the smell of my Lady, the smell which aroused me, excited me so much that the thought of it forced my penis to fill with blood.

Laura was heavily drunk, casting a misty look flat. She apparently was satisfied with cleaning produced by me.

“Go in the office room.”

In the room she fell on the bed.

“Undress me a slave.”

Taking off her sandals I began to shower them with kisses, but Mistress strongly kicked me in the face, as if pushing away. After removing the dress with some difficulty, I stopped not knowing whether to remove her panties and bra.

“Take everything off.”

Laura curled up peacefully and sniffed. I knelt beside the bed and watched her sleep. After a while, Laura turned the blanket, and slipped slightly exposing a beautiful leg. I immediately pulled the whip out of my ass, which managed to annoy me through all the evening. I sat down near the feet of the Lady, and with pleasure looked at her charming foot, looked and could not imagine how I ever managed without kissing those feet, inhaling the strong odor emanating from these divine feet. I really wanted to lick them, lick feet, fingers, and soles. To lick their gloss, lick until they are completely clean. But I was afraid to disturb the sleep of my divine Lady.

Christine is coming back

Next day I got a call from Christine.

“Where have you been yesterday, slave? I was calling you the whole day.”

“I am sorry Mistress. I was serving Mistress Laura. I promise, next time I will let you know first!”

“You will be punished for that. I am coming in 30 minutes. Prepare yourself for me.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She hanged off the phone without saying goodbye. I guess, from now on it was my predicament. To obey strong dominating women without getting anything back. Did I like it? I would say yes, yet sometimes their unrestrained cruelty really bothered me. Diving deeper into the world of BDSM, I started to wonder how all this thing would continue. Thinking about my new social status and rewinding my latest experiences, I cleaned the house, waiting for my Mistress.

When she rang the doorbell, I was already all pins and needles. I opened the door and stared into the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. My joy was suddenly interrupted by the strong slap on my face. The blows continued to fall on my cheeks until I started cried, and cried for mercy.

“How do you meet your Mistress, creature? Strip naked and kneel before your Superior, at once!”

Quickly obeying her orders, I took off all my clothes and threw them on the floor. In no time, I found myself standing on my knees before my gorgeous tormentor. Christine smirked and passing me walked into the house. She went straight to the bedroom and called me to join her there. Next, she ordered me to stand on my knees in the middle of the room and wait for her. In her turn, she went to the bathroom.

The new experience

After nearly 10 minutes she returned wearing most surprising outfit I have ever seen. She came into the room in black stockings, white bra and wearing the strap on device attached to her hips. The dildo stick was quite large and moved invitingly from side to side. Christine ordered me to stand up and bend my body forward, while placing my hand on the bed. After I eagerly complied, she pulled out some lubricating cream and smeared it over her fingers. Mistress even put some cream on my ass crack causing me to twitch. My trembling was met with the strong warning:

“Stay still, lousy bastard. I don’t remember allowing you any movement.”

After thoroughly moisten all my ass hole with cream, she shoved her first finger inside me. She wiggled it there for a while, pulled out, put back the finger again. Such alternation went on for some time until at some point I realized that two her fingers are already inside me. Frankly speaking I was surprised to have them inside without feeling anything unusual. I hoped that further intrusions would be painless too. However, my hopes were met with the cruel reality. When her third finger followed previous two, I felt sharp aching in my sphincter. My whole behinds went instantly on fire, and I started crying from intolerable pain.

“Shut up your mouth, slave!” Christine shouted at me.

When I stopped whining, she suddenly said:

“Turn your face to me.”

I turned and saw in from of my face the strap, which persistently tried to climb into my mouth. I opened my mouth and heard.

“Well, little whore, now you know what it feels like to suck dick.”

I was surprised to hear the voice of my Mistress, but quickly regained my posture.

Suck deeper, bitch!” Christine said roughly.

With these words I began to stick my head on this dildo, and Christine increased the speed and pushed it deeper. A rubber member already rested deep inside throat, but she did not pause and had continued her violent intrusion. I tried to pull away, but it was not possible. Grabbing me by the

hair with both hands, she did not let me, continuing to grind a dildo of my throat, and it slipped surprisingly easy to somewhere in the larynx. After my face boiled down to her belly and her strap was on my chin, she pulled the member with the words:

“Well, how do you like it when I am so deep in your mouth? Believe me, this is just the beginning,” with these words, she continued to fuck me in the mouth.

The strange thing is that I loved it all, more and more. I was glad for the fact that she took my mouth first allowing me to lubricate the dildo thoroughly. I was sure, that my ass would thank Christine too, if only it was able to speak. Pulling once again a rubber stick of my throat Christine started to slap with it my face while saying:

“Oh my whore, do you like it?”

Since her spanking interspersed with planting of a dildo inside my mouth, I could not answer. However, my answer was not necessary for her. Tilting my head back she asked:

“Well, bitch, do you want more?”

Afraid to angry my Mistress, I just nodded. Christine pulled out a nylon bag and threw it to me, while saying:

“Then quickly dress up!”

My new clothes

The package turned out to contain the red stockings and lace thong of the same color. After I put on all this, I stood in front of my Mistress not knowing what to do. I felt like a real slut, with my standing member protruding from the top of the stockings. My awkward posture was instantly noticed by Christine. Laughing with joy, she playfully announced:

“Well, now you look like a whore, but you are still a virgin. Turn your back toward me. I'll fuck you in your little ass and made you my little bitch.”

Kneeling, once again, I felt how some grease is applied to my ass. Then Christine sharply pressed her artificial cock into my anus, and it went all the way through. I almost cried, the pain was wild. I tried to jump and pull away, but it did not work out. In front of me was a closet, and behind me, tightly holding was my Mistress.

“What do you want, whore? Don't tell me you didn't like that. I don't believe you. All whores love when they get fucked from behind. I don't care about your opinion, anyway. You are my slave and have to endure whatever all my wishes. I can guarantee you that this is only the beginning. I plan to use your filthy ass every day.”

The pain gradually went away, although the feeling that my ass is torn out, still remained. When my Mistress started to move, the pain came back. With every move she pushed deeper and deeper, until she reached my prostate. Taking me by the hair with her hand, she began to fuck me. Her dick nearly jumped out of me and she shoved it back, each time increasing the speed, while asking:

“Well, do you like it, whore?”

The whole mixture of speed, depth and power of punches, surprisingly excited me and made me hot. My member stiffened and I was ready to spit my sperm all around me. I focused on it and even started to moan from pleasure. I even moved in tact with Christine as if trying to help her dildo to penetrate me deeper. However my Mistress suddenly pulled out her dildo, and forcefully slapped my ass. Then she put it back at me, as if something had exploded from the inside, I felt such a buzz I have not received ever in my life. She began to repeat it on every movement, took out, clapped, then

thrusted again. I do not know how long it lasted, I just dropped out of the reality.

Suddenly I realized that I was lying on my back, pressed my knees to my chest, and my Mistress took off the strap. She was sitting on my cock facing me. She jumped on me, moving faster and faster, with each jump. Of course it could not last long and I came. My God, I did not come like this ever in my life. A little more and I would have lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes, I could see right over my face the divine vagina of my Mistress and heard her angry voice:

“Bitch, I have not yet came, yet you have spread all your filthy liquid already. Slut, keep working with your tongue until I am done.”

She sat with her pussy on my face. I inserted my tongue into her vagina, and enjoyed serving the most beautiful Mistress ever, until she came all over my face.

Tricked into submission

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Introduction

I entered the subway car and saw her. She stood at the opposite wall of the car, turning her back to all, and carefully studied the subway map. The girl had dark straight hair falling over her shoulders. She was a little shorter than me, but at the same time, her body seemed to me very proportional and correct. She was wearing a short light windbreaker and trendy black shiny leggings which perfectly hugged long and slender legs, and gorgeous round ass. Oh my God! Her ass was absolutely gorgeous! It was the most beautiful ass in the world. Appetizing elastic women's buttocks, tightly covered with a thin sexy shiny cloth, looked like two large drops of fused - convex, juicy, firm, and sweet.

My breath was taken away by her mesmerizing behinds! I have never seen in my life an ass with such a perfect shape. All around me there were a plenty of people who went with me to the station, but I haven't noticed anyone - like under the spell, I was looking at a beautiful stranger, and was choked by a mad desire. In my mind I knelt faithfully behind this young goddess and with an admiration approached her buttocks with my face. I wanted to caress their lips hungrily, licking smooth "leather" fabric while rubbing against her cheeks, moaning with pleasure.

Suddenly, the car rocked. I started to lose my balance and at this time accidentally looked up. The girl was watching me with curiosity, looking back over her shoulder. I was very embarrassed and blushed, because she surely understood everything. Obviously, she knew where I was looking, and what I was thinking. A stranger quickly turned to me and moved her whole body closer. She confidently took me by the sleeve of my jacket and pulled sharply to her, intending to say something in my ear. I cringed, expecting to hear a well-deserved rudeness in my address...

"At the next stop we will exit!" she suddenly said in a low voice and playfully winked.

"Do not forget to take it too."

She pointed her finger to a large travel bag, standing on the floor beside her. I did not expect that everything would turn out, and therefore leaned toward girl's slender legs to grab her bag by the handle. Stranger chuckled and

smugly turned on the spot, pulling her perfect round ass closer to my face. She even seemed to me, slightly bent forward, making shiny cloth on her buttocks tightened even more and even more exciting. It literally took my breath away. I was suddenly so close to the desired spot. Thus, not realizing, I involuntarily reached out with my mouth open, just as a moment ago in my dreams, However at this point the car lurched again and a beautiful stranger rapidly past me, and moved to the door.

Before I could straighten up, the train stopped suddenly, and I saw that my girl already went out of the car. I quickly grabbed the bag and ran after her.

I managed to catch up with her only on the escalator. Jumping with fussiness on the tape behind her, I leaned forward a little to put a heavy bag on the floor and stopped - directly in front of my face again were the same teardrop-shaped buttocks of my young goddesses, covered with shiny sexy "leather" leggings. I held my breath, and greedily licked my lips.

"To touch or not to touch, kiss or not to kiss?" I frantically tried to solve a puzzle. There were a lot of people and what they all would think of me? On the other hand, they do not know me and will never see me again, and I want it so badly - destiny suddenly gave me a chance!

I blissfully closed my eyes and began slowly to move my lips to the sacred buttocks. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain. Without turning around, and just looking at me over her shoulder, the girl ruthlessly grabbed my hair and pulled my head sharply upward.

"Hey! Chill out!" she said ironically and at the same time very powerfully.

"You can see, but can't touch! Are we clear?"

I frantically nodded in response.

"You can't touch yet," grinning, summed a stranger. "Come with me and see!"

Having said that, the girl let go of my hair, quickly turned away and walked out of the subway.

We walked for a long time on the street - my young Goddess slightly in front and I behind, unable to take my eyes off her sexy buttocks. They so exciting swayed with every step of my young beauty that I could no longer

think about anything else, but rather eagerly kept looking at the world's best female ass!

Finally, we went into the quiet deserted park. Suddenly she stopped and looked back. I, panting with excitement, mechanically moved closer and hesitantly stood beside her.

“Do you like to look at my ass?” a stranger asked while slyly grinning, and without waiting for my reply, pointed to my bulging pants.

“I see you like that!”

I shyly lowered my head. The girl confidently approached me closely.

“Do you want to touch my butt?” she whispered mysteriously.

I nodded ridiculously.

“Ha-ha. Do you want to kiss it?”

I was like in a dream. Of course, I would like to touch her miraculous ass, I was ready to kiss those divine buttocks at least a hundred times each, and even to lick between them. Yet, it was very embarrassing to admit it to completely unknown girl. I became silent, and just opened my mouth.

“Well? Answer at once! Do you want to kiss my ass?” a stranger, almost laughed at me

She pulled away a little from me and turned her back. Involuntarily, I immediately looked down at her ass, fitted by fashionable "leather" cloth. Girl looked at me over her shoulder and smiled while lasciviously bending forward. Thin "leather" stretched and I moaned softly from the overflowing desire.

“Do you want to kiss it?” a stranger asked again.

“Yes!” a sudden loud voice burst out of my chest.

“Ha-ha-ha! Do you want it so much?”

“Y-yes!” no longer able to restrain emotions, I groaned.

At this time the girl deliberately moved from one foot to another. I groaned again, seeing as swayed her juicy buttocks.

“Yes! I ... I want to!” with a tremor in my voice, I almost cried.

At that moment, I suddenly began to kneel behind the gorgeous butt of a stranger. She noticed my sudden impulse, quickly straightened up and turned to face me.

“Ha-ha! So much blown away? Didn’t you forget something? You can only watch.”

Begging for mercy

Girl approached me closer and again turned to whisper.

“I'll let you touch my ass on one condition. You'll ask me for a long time about it. Do you agree to beg me?”

I excitedly gulped and ridiculously nodded.

“Ha-ha! Well, then start now!” girl slyly looked into my eyes.

“What to begin?” I asked stupidly.

“Begin to ask,” condescendingly replied the stranger.

Again she slowly walked away, then turned back to me and slightly bent, showing me her elastic back, covered with shiny fashionable cloth.

I hesitated and couldn't say anything.

“Come on. The cat ate your tongue?”

“I do not know how to say it,” I said distractedly, and then has finally lost my head. “I want it ... I beg you ... let me ... “

“Come on!”

“Please let me ... kiss your ... well, that's ...”

“Fool!” a disappointed stranger interrupted me and straightened.

“I did not understand a word! Learn to ask normally, then I would think. Are we clear?”

I shyly lowered my head, and the girl triumphantly looked around me, and haughtily turned away. Totally ignoring me, as if nothing had happened, she went to the nearest large five-story building.

“Follow me! You will try again later!” imperiously she called me over her shoulder without looking back.

Still in a state of extreme excitement, as if hypnotized resignedly I trudged behind her.

“What's your name?” the girl asked me as we walked down the long hallway to the elevator.

“Tom,” I said excitedly. “And yours?”

“I am Maria. But this name is not for you. You will call me in a different way. Are you married?” she suddenly changed the subject.

“Yes, I am married.”

“Really? The wife, is sitting at home, waiting for her husband, and you saw a beautiful ass, and forgot about everything?” with these words Maria got into the elevator and pressed the button so fast that I barely had time to squeeze inside.

“No,” I hastily began to make excuses. “It is not, she is now in a different city. She went to her mother.”

“I got it! So, meanwhile you are looking for stimulations.”

I looked down in confusion, not knowing what to say to this shameless conclusion reached by my young Goddess. Elevator opened, and we went out into the hallway.

Maria had thought about something and stopped.

“Tell me, what do you want more now – to kiss my ass or to jerk off?” suddenly she asked.

“I ... I ...”

“Yes, say it, do not hesitate!”

Maria, same like few minutes ago in the park, walked away, then turned back to me her divine ass and lasciviously bent forward.

“Well? Choose - stroking or kissing my beautiful butt? What do you want more?”

“K-kiss ...” I replied, stuttering, not taking my eyes off Maria’s juicy buttocks.

“Ha-ha! Well, then get ready to ask for my permission!” Maria said cheerfully and walked quickly down the hall. “You haven’t forgotten my special condition yet?”

“No ... I r-remember ...” I mumbled, breathless with anticipation. “I remember!”

When we entered the hall, Maria prudently sat on the nightstand for shoes.

“Help me take off my shoes! Come on, put the bag on the floor and go here!”

I quickly threw the bag aside and sat down on one knee beside Maria’s feet. She immediately imposingly gave me her right leg, and I began to untie the laces.

“Hurry up!” slightly dissatisfied shouted Maria.

I nervously nodded in response and began hurriedly to pull off Maria’s shoes from her feet.

“Do you like it?” Maria suddenly asked when I finally put the boots on the floor.

She slightly lifted her leg and strengthened it nicely.

“Do you like my feet?” she repeated.

“Yes, I do,” swallowing saliva, I meekly replied.

“Kiss it!” calmly told Maria and handed me a leg "to kiss."

I timidly took a beautiful female foot in my hands, slowly leaned with my mouth toward it, and greedily licked my lips. Maria lazily looked down at me.

“Yes, kiss already! Stop licking your lips!”

I blissfully closed my eyes and began to kiss passionately the beautiful Maria’s leg through the thin nylon socks.

“Enough! Come on, take off the other shoe!” almost immediately she stopped me and took off her leg.

Dumbfounded I opened my eyes, panting, and hastily rushed to untie the laces on the second boot.

When I finally managed to take off the second shoe, Maria, not paying attention to my fussing at her feet, stood up from the table and calmly turned her back to me, again exposing her gorgeous round butt right up to my face.

“Well? Will you beg me?” she asked with a smile, looking at me over her shoulder.

“Y-yes,” I said stammering, unable to take my eyes off her beautiful butt.

“Ask now!”

Maria’s erotically switched her feet and her sexy buttocks exciting swayed right before my eyes. From the mad desire my lips trembled and I suddenly groaned loudly. Maria, stared down at me and laughed smugly:

“Ask until your brains will not be flooded with the sperm! Ha-ha! Well?”

“My dear ... lovely... Maria,” I said excitedly. “Your ass is the most beautiful ... the best ... it's perfect ..!”

“Ha-ha-ha” Make it shorter!” Ironically she interrupted my impulse. “Ask already!”

“I beg you ... cute Maria ... let me, please ... to touch your divine ... ass ...”

“Are you done?” she asked me mockingly.

“N-no ... I have ... I want to ... I'd like that ... well, in a kiss ...”

“What?” she asked more irritably. “I do not understand. What do you want to kiss?”

“W-well ... your ass ...” I timidly replied, continuing to dig with my eyes into elastic "leather" buttocks swaying in front of my face.

“You are such a moron!” quietly muttered to herself Maria and added loudly. “Come on, ask me again! I don’t understand you!”

With those words Maria casually shook her buttocks back and forth, my nose touched the smooth "leather" leggings tightly stretched over her juicy buttocks.

“I ask you, Maria, p-please ...” I mumbled hastily. “Let me kiss your a-ass ...”

I stopped waiting for a response, but instead Maria disappointedly again looked at me from the above.

“Well? What stopped you? Come on, ask me, and continue!”

“I beg you, to let ...” I re-started. “I really ... I really want to kiss your ass ... I've never seen such a beautiful buttocks ... I'm ready to do whatever you want, but please let me kiss your ass.”

Suddenly there was a sharp sound, so I flinched. It was a phone call. My phone was ringing. Hearing the melody I knew who called me - it was my

wife. Maria frightened too, jerked and quickly moved away from me, and turned to face me. I frantically groped the phone in a pocket of my jacket, and without looking pressed "cancel call" button. The noise immediately stopped.

“Well, who called you?” curiously asked me Maria. “Why haven’t you answered?”

Bewildered I turned my head away, not knowing what to say.

“It's ... it's ... “

-“Was it your wife?”

“Yeah ...” I looked down shyly.

“As usual!” Maria said irritably. “As always at the wrong time! Okay, forget it. Let's better continue.”

With these words Maria again turned to me her divine ass. She spread her legs wide and slightly bent forward. Again I blushed and my lips trembled.

My first tribute

“I thought you wanted to kiss it?” without looking back, said Maria.

“Y-yeah ... “-

“Kiss it now! I give you a permission,”

Without getting up from my knees I crawled closer and stretched out my arms to embrace her hips.

“Do not touch! You can only kiss!” Maria said sternly and lightly shook her hips in front of my face. Do you understand?”

“Yes ... Yes ...” I shouted excitedly and hurriedly lowered her hands.

“Then kiss it now!” commanded Maria and bent more forward.

I eagerly pressed my lips to the young Maria’s butt. I started kissing her passionately, tenderly caressing juicy buttocks through the thin smooth "leather" fabric. I did not expect from me such tenderness and passion, because I've never kissed a female ass.

Suddenly Maria straightened up and took a few steps forward. At first I jerked after her removed butt, but on my knees I certainly could not catch her. I quickly fell behind and stopped. Maria moved further and looked around:

“You didn’t have enough time? Ha-ha! We must train! Well, do not be sad! I just thought that it’s not fair. You kiss my butt, but I just keep standing there. Do you agree?”

I nodded stupidly, faithfully looking at Maria from the bottom up with a sincere willingness to fulfill her desires.

“What if ... for example, I was lying on the sofa, drinking champagne, eating fruits and there, and candy, and you would stand there and kiss my ass, would it be probably fair! Yes?”

I nodded again faithfully.

“But champagne is not here. You came to visit me without champagne. It is necessary to fix it! Do you have money?”

“Y-yes. They are on the card,” I said uncertainly.

“That is great! Here, as I remember, next to the elevator is ATM,” Maria passed me her bag and took something out of it. “On the last floor there is some restaurant, you can buy everything there!”

I was still on my knees, and saw very well as excitingly stretched fashion tights on Maria’s ass when she bent to the bag. Once again the desire have overwhelmed me. So, when Maria passed me back into the room, I could not resist and reached for her ass with my face. Maria noticed it and deftly dodged.

“First, follow all the instructions, and then continue!” strictly enough said Maria. “You’d better run, measure the time! For everything you have five minutes!”

She raised her hand with the object, which she pulled out of the bag. It was a stopwatch. She pressed the button, and the device obediently turned on, and began to measure the time allotted to me. I frantically scrambled to my feet.

“Hey! Wait! That means, champagne ... buy two bottles, fruit and sweets! Got it? Also, in order to go back as soon as possible, give me your cell phone!”

I hurriedly handed Maria my phone and have turned to run.

“Yes, I almost forgot. If you do not have time to perform all in five minutes, I’ll close the door and will not let you in anymore! So, in your place, I would be fast! Go!”

I nodded and hastily like a scalded cat, flew out the door.

My first mission

“Quick to the ATM! I left my cell phone, damn. I have to go back, anyway. But I did not want to go away! I wanted to go back quickly! And if here will be no time? I have to do it! I can do it!”

“How slowly the ATM counts the money. Now, run down one floor, to the restaurant. Let’s go right. I ran to the impasse! There is no restaurant. Ran the other way – it’s not here either! What to do?! Where is the damn restaurant?”

“Here goes the room maid - she certainly knows. It turns out the restaurant is one floor below. Let’s go there!”

“Waitresses are like sleepy flies! Could you move faster? Wow! There prices here are very expensive. I took not enough money! I have to go back!”

“Again I ran two floors up to the ATM! How slowly it counts the money! Two floors down to the restaurant. Take everything, change is not necessary! I beg you, please be fast.”

“Again have to go up. I could hardly breathe. How much did I run? I am certainly late. Trembling, push the door. Yes, I managed to open it!”

I went into the room and quickly took off my shoes. Maria was nowhere in sight. From the shower came the sound of water. I sighed with relief - so, just in time. I walked over to a small table standing in the middle of the living room (there were two rooms) and began to lay out everything I bought. There on the table laid quietly my watch and phone.

Soon enough, the sound of water in the shower stopped, and after a minute came my young Goddess - my Maria. She was wearing a short beige unbuttoned silk robe, under which could be seen a shining triangle of black panties. She was beautiful and flawless! I once again embraced a mad desire, and I trembled in anticipation of a sweet pleasure.

Maria slowly approached the table, while wiping her wet hair with a towel.

“Have you brought everything? Good for you, good boy!” she said, sitting down in a chair at the table. “What about the time?”

Maria picked up the stopwatch. Only now I noticed that it still continued to "tick".

"Ooh!" Maria mockingly held out and pressed the button. "Twelve minutes and forty seconds. You're late by more than minutes!"

"But Maria," I began to make excuses.

"I think I said that the name is not for you!" she sharply interrupted me.

"You're going to call me otherwise. For you my name is "Mistress"! Got it?"

I was taken aback a little. But to be honest, I was ready to do anything, so I meekly nodded:

"Yes, Mistress."

"That's better!" summed up a little calmer Maria and picked up my phone. So, you're late for seven minutes and forty seconds. Suppose my every second is worth one dollar. This means that for being late, you owe me four hundred sixty dollars. Right?"

"But Mistress," I tried to justify myself again. "I came back early. I just did not dare to touch the stopwatch without you.

"I don't care!" continued to insist Maria. "I see that you were absent for twelve minutes and forty seconds! I'm allowed to leave only for five minutes! So you're guilty and must be punished!"

I was very confused, I was not ready to pay such an amount. Especially since I just spent almost three hundred in the restaurant.

"Pour me some champagne!" imperiously ordered Maria.

I grabbed the bottle and started to fiddle nervously with the plug, still frantically thinking about my next actions. If I will agree to pay – I will have to explain to my wife what I did with so much money. If I will refuse - Maria, certainly, will show me the exit.

Facing a choice

“There is, however, another option,” arrogantly continued Maria, impressively leaning back in her chair. “I forgive you the debt, if I will like, how you will carry out my orders. Would you ever pour me a champagne?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I stammered faithfully, disposing of, finally, with this unfortunate stopper “I agree, I agree to anything, my lady!”

“That's good!” Maria said triumphantly, taking my full glass of champagne. Will you lick me?”

Maria casually spread her shapely bare legs and lifted her knees, placing her feet on the edge of the table. I hold my breath.

“Y-yes,” I croaked quietly.

“Then take off all your clothes! Then get down on you knees and crawl here!” Maria arrogantly commanded and pointed to her crotch.

I did not think about anything else, and only stared at the shiny black triangle of Maria's panties.

“Do it quickly!” eagerly snapped Maria.

“Yes, of course, Mistress. I ... I'm,” I muttered excitedly, hurriedly pulling off my jacket.

When I had to remove only treacherously "protruding" front pants, I suddenly hesitated. What am I doing?

“Come on, come on! Do not be shy!” authoritatively said Mistress Maria, lazily sipping champagne. “Or do you want to pay me four hundred sixty dollars?”

“No, Mistress,” I said, frightened and frantically pulled off my last piece of clothing.

Once completely naked in front of a totally unfamiliar to me girl, I suddenly felt a strange freedom - nothing to lose, I'm partly started the game myself. Maria quietly chuckling, gave me indifferent gaze and raised her left foot, as if opening a passage for me.

“Well? Come on, kiss my cunt!” slightly rude said Maria. Crawl here!”

I obediently went down on all fours and crawled to Maria's feet.

"Kiss!"

I, panting from the mad excitement, crawled under the foot of a perfectly slim young lady, and bent down to faithfully Maria's crotch. I slightly arched, to get to my mouth, and kissed the thin black panties in a place where, it seemed to me, is the most sensitive part of the female body. Maria comfortably leaned back in her chair.

"That's it. Come on. Move your tongue a little lower," Maria summed up with the commanding tone and lowered her raised foot on my back. "Today I am tired, and your tongue, will be just right!"

I meekly nodded, opened my mouth wide, and began to lick gently Maria's crotch through smooth fabric of her thin black panties.

"Do you like it?" with a grin said Maria, calmly looking at my efforts between her legs.

"Yes," I replied blissfully, and again pressed my mouth to her crotch.

"Hmm. Wrong answer," Maria said haughtily. "You had to answer "Yes, my Mistress," understand?"

"Yes, my Mistress," I muttered, not taking my mouth from shiny panties.

"All right! So from now on you will always answer my questions like this. Each sentence will be added with "my Mistress". Got it?"

Yes, my Mistress," I mumbled again.

"Remember! This is the first rule that you should observe! Of course, if you want me to forgive you your debt," Maria said sternly, and abruptly jerked my head back, gripping my hair with her hand.

"Y-yes ... Ah!" I groaned, wincing from the sudden searing pain.

"What? You're quite the moron!" suddenly she yelled at me in exasperation.

"What have I just said? Ask for forgiveness and answer normally!"

"Please forgive me!" hurriedly I groaned, closing my eyes in pain.

"Why after "forgive me" you did not say "my Mistress"?"

"Ah! Forgive me, my Mistress" I quickly corrected.

“That’s right!” a little calmer summed Maria and let off my hair. “Pour me another champagne and continue to lick me.”

Maria handed me an empty glass. I arched even more, got up on my knees and humbly reached for the bottle, which stood in the middle of the table.

“Listen to the second rule!” continued Maria when she again leaned back in her chair with a full glass in her hand, and I again touched with my mouth her crotch. “Since I am your Mistress, so you are my servant. This means that you have to carry out obediently all my orders. For failure to obey my order, you will be fined. Got it?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I faithfully answered, not taking lip from Maria’s panties.

“Finally, the third rule. Now you will cum only with my permission,” confidently said Maria. “So now, when you want to masturbate, first you will run to me and will beg me, so I’ll let you ejaculate. Ha-ha! I will still think about it, whether to allow it or not! Do you understand it, slave?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said almost automatically, not realizing until the end Maria’s intentions.

Everything that Maria said, for some reason was currently something extra. The main thing was that, by a strange coincidence, today I do not spend my time at home alone. In contrary, I stand here naked on all fours and caress with my tongue and lips the soft crotch of a totally unfamiliar girl. The main thing was that for some reason I like it very much it. My cock is in a stressed state of mad excitement more than an hour. It worked out somehow by itself, and I do not mind about what will be next.

“Well, if you understood, let let's start!” mysteriously said Maria again. She imperiously jerked my head back by the hair. “Stop licking! You will get used to it! Now I want to ride on you.”

My submission begins

Maria gracefully swung through my legs, got up from her chair and deftly sat on my back.

“Giddy up!” roughly commanded Maria. “Take me around the table, slave. Make it quick!”

Girl grabbed my hair with her hands and with a force pulled my head forward. I started awkwardly to touch her feet and hands, and humbly walked on all fours around the table.

“Let's hurry, slave. Run! Ha-ha! Gallop!” mockingly ordered Maria, feeling her full power over me.

I obediently began to try to crawl faster. This proved to be quite difficult. Outwardly frail Maria actually was quite a heavy load. Besides, I'm not used to crawl on all fours through the apartment, so I quickly got tired, not even having time to accelerate.

“Come on, slave, let's go!” cried dissatisfied Maria. “Crawl faster! Remember how fast you wanted to lick my butt! By the way, do you also lick the butt of your wife?”

I had not expected such a question, so confused I did not say anything. Instead, I just struggled moving forward, trying to crawl as fast as possible.

“Are you deaf, slave? I think I asked the question! Do you lick the butt of your wife?”

“No, my Mistress,” I said with difficulty, panting from running.

Why?! As I understand, you love to lick someone's ass! Ha-ha! Well?! Answer me!”

“I do not know,” I said quite ridiculously.

“Ha-ha. Did you ask? Well? Quickly tell me!”

“No, my Goddess. I didn't want it for some reason.”

“Ha-ha! Let's faster, slave!” Maria slapped me on the bare bottom with her hand. “Tell me more, about your wife's ass? Ha-ha! Is it thick? Yes?”

“No, she has a plain one,” I uttered in a last effort, continuing very hard to sort out my arms and legs to try to crawl faster.

“Ha-ha! Then it is all clear! We have arrived,” laughingly told Maria, when I once again ran past chair.

She vigorously peeled off my back and walked off into the hallway, leaving me to stand on all fours between the chair and the table. I, frankly, quite panting after my new role - the role of the horse, and, therefore, did not even look, where she went.

The fidelity shorts

“Now, put on this,” imperiously ordered Maria returning from the hallway, and gave me weird latex panties. “Stand up on your feet and put them on!”

I dutifully took the panties in my hands, with great effort straightened up and started trying to pull a strong rubber straps on my feet.

They were the real panties, but with something unusual. Firstly, they were made of thin but very strong transparent rubber, in which the entire surface was soldered with metal mesh. Secondly, the rear panty consisted of two parts - separately for each of the buttocks. These parts were connected at the top of the belt with the help of a round metal device, so that there was a long gap between the buttocks. Third, the separation of the "male organ" was made from a hard clear plastic, and also consisted of two parts, but firmly soldered together. Part of the scrotum presented a half empty plastic ball and the second part, for a penis, was a solid, wide and long tube tapering towards the end.

As I was very tired, from running on all fours with my young madam on my back, I forgot all about an excitation (the desire to survive was stronger), so naturally my cock went limp. However, apparently, for easier donning of the unusual latex panties, my dick was in a right state. My member easily inserted into a folded down tube and was in complete isolation. My excited by running legs slipped harder into their designated large symmetrical rings wide made from rubber belts reinforced with iron mesh. These rings were joined together in the front and were the basis for the plastic bulge. In the rear they had a swept thickenings, pointed upwards, on one of them was fastened a round combination lock.

When I finally put on these strange pants, Maria quickly came up to my back, deftly pulled the straps rings behind me, snapped the lock and walked away from my chair. At that moment I felt like plastic around my scrotum tightened so that now it was impossible to remove by myself.

“All done, finally,” Maria said smugly. “Come on! On your knees, slave.”

I still did not understand what happened. I obediently knelt between the chair and the table.

“The tricky thing, huh?” with a sneer in her voice asked Maria and without waiting for an answer, continued. “The Germans invented this thing. Specifically, for a slave to prevent to use his "stick" without a permission of his Owner.

I confusedly looked down at my dick, turned out to be now in a strong plastic tube, bent down. It became clear that neither the sex nor the masturbating was possible in such bondage.

“So, slave, you wouldn’t be able to take off these "fidelity shorts" alone! For this you need to know the code to open the combination lock on your back, and you do not know it!” said in a mock sympathy Maria and leaned toward me across the back of the chair. She added in a whisper. “Only I know this code. Do you remember the third rule, slave?”

Still not understanding her intentions, I began frantically to remember what she talked about this rule.

“I am your servant and I have to ask you ... well ... I mean ... when I want to cum ... I have to ask your permission,” I hardly remembered that Mistress told me, when she was sitting in a chair, and I faithfully licked her panties between her legs.

Suddenly I froze. Only now I finally realized why insidious Maria told me to wear those damn pants! Sooner or later I will want to take them off, but I cannot do it myself! Then I will be humiliated, to beg my mistress to take pity on me. I will do everything she will order, only for Mistress to open the combination lock on my back!

“Hmm ... that's right, slave. I see, you got it.” Maria said with a grin. - But again you haven’t said "my Mistress". For that you have to be punished, slave!”

Shortly after, Maria suddenly turned to me, and as if nothing had happened, took off her black panties and threw them in front of me on the chair. Then she impressively stepped aside and turned back to me, defiantly lifted the skirt of her short robe.

“Come on, crawl here!” she ordered loudly, without looking back.

I silently got up on all fours and crawled meekly to the ass of my young lady. Her elastic juicy buttocks were so beautiful that, despite all the fears

and resentments, my groin immediately filled with blood. However now my dick was inside that rigid transparent tube. She held it in the lowered state, without letting it to move even a little.

“Do you like my ass?” unceremoniously asked Maria and once again pointedly moved from one foot to another.

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said resignedly.

“Do you want to kiss it?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I groaned from the strong excitation and complete impotence.

“Do you remember that you still owe me four hundred sixty dollars?” Maria said, continuing to swing in my face her divine naked ass.

“Y-yes, my Mistress.”

“So, slave. Now you owe me 600 exactly. Got it? This is a punishment for your stupidity! Maria said irritably and let off her robe skirt, covering her beautiful ass. Bring money tomorrow. Then maybe I'll let you to jerk. Got it, slave?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said dejectedly, realizing with horror that in fact now I will bring the Mistress as much money as she orders.

“Well, if it is all clear, I allow you to kiss ... my robe!”

Breathless, I dutifully crawled closer and craned my neck. I touched with my lips the thin fabric of her dressing gown, which clung the very erotic buttocks of my insidious Maria. Through the soft silk I felt my as my lips inevitably touched her divine ass. Then, I closed my eyes and without thinking about anything else, began to kiss gently my favorite female butt through the thin slippery fabric.

“Hey, slave! I think, I told you not to kiss bathrobe, not my ass. Do you want to increase the debt for disobedience?” Maria said in a little irritated tone, and looked unhappy at me over her shoulder.

“No ... no ... my Mistress ... I beg your forgiveness,” I stammered fearfully.

“Please excuse me, my Mistress. I will do everything as you wish.”

“Okay! Shut up!” rudely interrupted me Maria. “Come on, kiss my robe and repeat loudly: "I am a slave of Mistress Maria", "I am a slave of Mistress Maria". “Got it?”

“Y-yes, my Mistress ... yes ... I am a slave of Mistress ... Maria. I am a slave of Mistress ...” I muttered meekly, trying to kiss Maria’s cloth robe as gently as possible, without touch her luscious buttocks.

“Crawl after me, slave!” imperiously ordered Maria and slowly walked toward the bathroom. “Come on, do not fall behind. Keep kissing and repeat your words.”

“Yes, my Mistress ... I am a slave of Mistress Ma ... I ... I am a slave of Mistress ... Maria.”

A new task

“Shut up briefly!” Maria abruptly stopped me when we went to the bathroom. “I have a job for you, slave. See my dirty underwear on the floor of, along with my socks and tights? Take them and wash thoroughly! Is it clear?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said meekly.

“I forbid you to get up on your knees. Also, without my permission you can’t leave the bathroom. While going to wash, loudly repeat the words: “I am a slave of Mistress Maria”. Got it?”

“Yes, my Mistress.”

“If I will hear that you stopped, or will see what you came out of the bathroom without permission, the amount you owe will double. Got it, slave?”

“Yes, my Mistress.”

“Do it!”

I humbly crawled on my knees to the shower, around which laid on the Maria’s panties, socks, which I recently was kissing in the hallway, and black tights.

“I am a slave of Mistress Maria. I am a slave of Mistress ...”

“Louder! I can’t hear you.”

“I am a slave of Mistress ... Maria. I am a slave of Mistress ... “

“Remember, if I do not hear your words, I will have one thousand two hundred dollars? Got it, sucker?”

“Y-yes, my Mistress ... I am a slave of Mistress Ma ...”

The girl came out of the bathroom, and I dutifully took her panties off the floor, crawled over to the sink and turned on the water.

“I am a slave of Mistress ... Maria. I am a slave of Mistress ...”

“Well? Did you finish, slave?” asked Maria, going to the bathroom.

I had already had washed pants, socks and tights and faithfully knelt beside the sink, holding the laundry.

"I'm a slave of Mistress Maria," I stupidly repeated my humiliating phrase in the three hundredth time.

"Hmm, let's check," with a grin said Maria. "Crawl here!"

I dutifully crawled to closer to my Mistress. I noticed in her hands some leather dressing, similar to the opaque glasses. Such armband was worn at a bedtime by those who suffer from insomnia.

"Give me the panties!" imperiously commanded Maria and snatched from my hands her wet panties.

Without thinking, Maria pulled them over my head and deftly tied behind my neck. My face was tightly covered with a thin wet cloth of her panties. Through the transparent black cloth I saw Maria clamped in her teeth leather bandage, took from my hands her wet stockings and went behind me. She sat down behind me, brought my hands behind my back and began to tightly tie them with her wet stockings. Her socks she pulled on my arms as mittens. A minute later, I was on my knees with my hands tied behind my back and women's panties on my head. Besides, my cock was caged inside unfortunate plastic "chastity belt", which could only be taken off by my lady. Maria with satisfaction came from behind me, holding a black leather armband already in her hands.

"There still the final piece left," with these words she put a blindfold on my eyes and tightened it. "Now we will see whether you are a faithful servant."

At that moment, when the leather glasses fell on my eyes, something snapped in my soul. I suddenly felt all my helplessness in the whole body. Even while I was only in rubber-plastic pants, I could at any time say: "Girl, leave me alone!" and quietly leave. After that, at home, taking locksmith tools, snack wire inside the rubber belts, cut the plastic ring, tightly girth of the scrotum, and free myself, but now ... Now blind, with women's panties, strained at my face, and, most importantly, with my hands tied behind back. I couldn't leave any longer.

"Wait here, slave!" Maria said, moving away. "When I will call, crawl into the room!"

Understanding my new status

In my head all messed up. What have I done? What will happen now? What else will invent this clever beauty? What do I tell my wife about the money? Do I really like it? Maybe I do not like it? From the constant excitement in groin is all itching and scratching, but plastic bondage securely holds swollen member in the "hanging" position. I tried to pull my hands of tight pantyhose – no luck. I couldn't take off the bandage from the head either. Now I'm surely a slave who is totally dependent on his mistress, who will fulfill all her orders.

“Hey, slave! Come here!” I heard the voice of my treacherous Maria calling me from somewhere afar.

I crept fearfully to Maria's voice. When without seeing anything around, I crawled, as it seemed to me quite a lot, she loudly commanded:

“Stand still!”

I dutifully stopped.

“Answer my questions, slave. Who are you?”

“I am a slave of Mistress Maria,” hesitantly I replied, turning my head to Maria's voice.

“Ha-ha. Great! What's your name, slave? How your wife calls you?”

“Tom,”

“What is your last name?”

“Maxwell,” I replied shyly and fearfully added. “M-my Mistress. “

“All right! Even better! Tell me, Tom Maxwell, how did you get here?”

“I ... I went after you, my Mistress,” not realizing Maria's intentions and why do we need this humiliating interrogation.

“Did you do it by yourself, or maybe someone forced you?”

“No one forced me, my Mistress.”

“Why did you follow me, slave?”

I was confused, not knowing what to say.

-“Well? What do you say, Tom? Answer!”

“I ... I went ... I like your ... your ass ... my Mistress.”

There was a metallic click, as though worked some latch.

“Ha-ha. You probably really wanted to lick my ass? Maria said as if at that moment she stared at something interesting, and by the way asked me questions.

“Y-yes, my Mistress,” I dutifully agreed.

I heard Maria approached me. A second later, I felt, through the thin fabric of her panties stretched over my head, my face touched something big and elastic. I immediately realized that it was Maria’s round buttocks. I trembled with excitement and unconsciously began to rub them on the face, trying to kiss her through her panties on my head.

“Do you like to lick my ass?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” panting, I replied.

“Do you want another lick?”

“Yes, my Mistress.”

Maria’s buttocks suddenly retired.

“What do you want more now? Kiss your wife on the mouth or lick my butt?” brazenly asked Maria while moving away.

“L-lick ... my Mistress,” I answered distractedly.

“Say it loudly, slave. Let me hear it” said Maria, again looking at something.

“I ... I ... I want to lick your ass ... my Mistress ... more than kissing my wife.”

Another phone call

Suddenly there was a sharp sound of the phone call. It was my phone! My wife called me again. I froze. I could not do anything, I could not pick up the phone with my hands tied behind my back and wearing mittens. I couldn't even see it. I was completely at the mercy of my Mistress.

"Ha-ha! Perfect timing," grinned mischievously Maria. "You will tell her everything, right now!"

Frozen in suspense, I heard when Mistress pressed the button and turned on the speakers.

"Hello, hello!" shouted my indignant wife. "Where are you? Why did not you call me?"

"I ... I'm at work ... I'm sorry I could not ..." frightened I began to lie to her.

"Why are you still at work? You should be at home already"

"I ... I stayed late."

"Why did you hang off when I called last time?"

"I'm telling you ... I could not ... I'm at work."

At that time I felt like Maria shamelessly threw her legs on my shoulders and sat astride my neck. Under the unexpected weight, I caved in dramatically forward, struggling to stay on my feet.

"Why are you talking like this?" Maria barely audibly snickered. "Why did you open a speaker?"

"I'm sorry. My hands are busy. I'm going to hurry home," I absurdly justified my actions.

- "You sound very strange. I do not like it!"

"No Everything is normal" Maria sharply bent my head forward and strongly pushed her hands on my shoulders. Next, she jumped right over my head. "It's okay ... I'm sorry."

"No, you do not sound normal. Somehow I feel that you do not want to talk with me. I do not know what you're doing out there!"

“I will explain you later,” at this point, Maria suddenly, firmly clutched my head in her hands, with my face firmly pressed between her buttocks.

"What?" indignantly cried my wife.

“F-fu-fu-fu ... in,” I mumbled, trying in vain to blow through Maria’s panties on my face.

"Fuck you!" shouted exasperated wife and finally hung up.

Through the loud busy tone I heard Maria laughing gleefully.

“Come on! Lick my butt, slave. Ha-ha,” mockingly laughing commanded Maria, continuing firmly to press my face between her buttocks.

Choking from an apparent lack of oxygen, I opened my mouth wide and began frantically to move my tongue, carefully caressing through the panties on my head the anus of my evil Mistress.

“Ha-ha. Take a little rest,” cheerfully said Maria, loosening her grip.

I involuntarily jerked my head from her buttocks and began greedily to grab some air, trying to catch my breath.

“Do you still remember the words you repeated in the bathroom?”

“Yes, my Mistress” barely breathing I said.

“Come on! Quickly tell them.”

“I am a slave of Mistress Maria.”

“Well done! Ha-ha. Now, whenever you hear the order: "Words!" immediately begin to repeat them, like a spell. Ha-ha! Now let's see how you got it! Words!”

“I'm a slave of Mistress Maria.”

“Ha-ha. Well, I think you got enough air,” maliciously Maria grinned and pressed with the new force my head in her buttocks. “Lick!”

Again, I dutifully worked with my tongue, carefully licking Maria’s anus through a damp cloth panties taut on my face.

This was repeated several times. Maria let go of her hands, and I withdrew my head from her buttocks, trying to breathe. She commanded "Words!" I breathlessly repeated humiliating: "I am a slave of Mistress Maria." Then

she with new force pressed my face between her buttocks with "Lick!" command. Next, I humbly processed with my tongue the gap between lush elastic hemispheres through the tight fabric of her panties on my head. It seemed like an eternity. My tongue tired, hands tied behind my back, unpleasantly stiff, knees ached from the unaccustomed crawling and standing on them. My member, encased in the plastic chains, buzzed with excitement and filled all the space inside a curved down tube. My face was burning from the constant friction of the synthetic cloth and Maria's behinds.

Finally, Maria again let go of my head and I heard as she moved away from me.

"That's enough for you, slave," Maria had said with a grin and moved away from me.

Something made a sound, and again I heard a strange metallic click. I was on my knees, not seeing where my Mistress is. She, silently was doing something somewhere away from me. I just heard a sound of some lock being closed, and a bump of some metal sticks into each other.

"Hey, slave. Crawl to me!" finally ordered Maria. "Do you hear where I am?"

"Yes, my Mistress," I answered hesitantly, and crawled on my knees to the side of her voice.

"Well? Are you satisfied?" Maria asked as I crawled closer. "Did you like to lick my ass?"

"Yes, my Mistress."

Suddenly Maria lifted from my eyes the leather armband. Through the black fabric of women's panties stretched on my face, I saw that we are standing at the entrance to the hall. Maria went around me and sat down beside me and began to untie my hands.

Receiving a new name

“You will now have a new name, slave,” she mysteriously whispered in my ear, untying the tight knots in her pantyhose, which was tied my hands behind my back. “I’ll call you “ass licker”. I think this name is very suitable to you. What do you think, slave?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said meekly, feeling as my cock once again jerked up and once again ran into a rigid plastic tube.

“Ha –ha. I knew you will like it, slave!” said Maria aloud, ending to untie my hands. “Don’t take off socks and underwear from your hands and head until I will tell you.”

I gingerly rubbed my stiff wrist, faithfully looking at standing in front of me treacherous, but incredibly beautiful lady.

“We are done for today, ass licker. Get dressed and go home,” calmly told Maria and casually paddled with her foot my clothes, which for some reason were on the floor in the hallway. I hesitantly grabbed with my arms, dressed in Maria’s nylon socks, my shirt and looked on my tormented member encased in plastic.

“M-my Mistress, I am ... sorry ... but ... what about this?”

“What?! Ah, your rubber underpants! Ha-ha! So you’re still not going to masturbate now! I do not allow it. You will come tomorrow and ask me. Now, ass licker, calmly get dressed and get out of here!”

Maria turned and walked into the room, leaving me alone. Without getting up from my knees, and without removing Maria’s panties from my head, I began to try to dress. My position was very worrying, but when I was still in the bathroom, I decided that, if needed, I can always take home clippers, cut the wire, break latex straps, and remove the ill-fated shorts. However, then I won’t be able to see my strict Goddess again. She simply won’t forgive me that.

“Yes, slave, I do not advise you to try to remove the “chastity shorts” alone!” suddenly shouted Maria of the room, as though she read my thoughts. “There is a black ring around the plastic material. This is a gunpowder.”

I looked down and saw that the whole really hard part, which just holds down my penis and scrotum, indeed surrounds a thin black tube.

“So, if you tear at least one wire in shorts, the gunpowder will ignite,” Maria arrogantly came to me again, holding a champagne glass. “Balls and dick you certainly will not tear! But it won’t be nice. As I was told, a plastic will shrink from the heat so much that you will be able to remove it from your member. So, ass licker, better not to experiment!”

I humbly looked at my Mistress from the bottom up through her thin panties, still stretched on my head.

“Tomorrow, servant, come to me at seven in the evening. Bring the money that you owe me, and my panties. Also wash them again at home, they are all wet with you saliva, ass licker. By the way, for the first time, I still allow you to remove them from the head! Socks take off and leave in the hallway on the floor – you will wash them tomorrow. It’s all for now. Go home, ass licker!”

Depressed I swallowed my saliva and hastily began to button my shirt.

Finally dismissed

In the subway I was thinking about what happened. I knew that I smacked into something, which I did not expect, and that may completely change my life, whether I want it or not. But the worst thing is that I couldn't influence anything anymore.

Finally, I decided, that no matter what, tomorrow I will beg Maria, to permit me to remove the explosive underpants. As soon as I will be free of them, she will not be able to hold me. I will sneak off, I will be gone. In addition, I will lie something about the money to my wife. Maybe I would be able to take them from this young sly bitch, and nobody in the world will not know about what happened today.

When I came out of the subway and approached the door of my house, thinking about my plan, my phone rang. The caller was unknown to me. On a phone screen was the inscription, "The number is not defined". With trembling hands I held the phone to my ear.

"Hello, ass licker," I heard the cheerful voice of Maria. "Have you reached the home already?"

"No," I said, stuttering of an animal fear.

"What do you mean 'no', freak? Did you forget how to treat me, slave? I will remind you right now, moron!" roughly shouted at me Maria from the handset. "I increase your debt, slave! Tomorrow bring me not six hundred, but one thousand dollars. Got it, slave?"

From this unexpected news my knees buckled, and frightened I stopped right in front of the door to my entrance.

"Please Mistress do not punish me, I'll get you tomorrow, six hundred dollars. Please, Mistress."

"Shut up, jerk. I said 1000, then that means 1000. If not – I won't allow you to masturbate for a whole month. Got it, ass licker?"

"Y-yes ... my Mistress," I said, crushed.

"That's right, moron. Also right now, tell me, do you have internet access at home?"

“Yes, my Mistress.”

"Is it fast?"

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said quietly into the phone, and for some reason added. “It’s a high speed from Xfinity.”

"It's great, slave. Then I will send you one link to your phone. There will be a large file. Download it and watch. Got it, ass licker?"

“Yes, my Mistress,” I replied meekly, enduring another insult.

"I think you will like it. Bye for now!" and Maria hung up.

I barely shoved the phone into my pocket, shaking from a new wave of excitement and fear, and forcefully pulled the heavy driveway door.

I have not had time to enter into the apartment, my phone received a message from Mistress. Without changing clothes, I rushed to the computer. Turned on, connected, and started to download. The file was quite large, so I decided to go to the toilet.

When I unbuttoned my pants, I felt a plastic bondage, firmly fixed on my cock. An unpleasant chill ran on my back. Again, I clearly realized that everything that happened to me, was not a dream, but real. I really kissed the feet of completely unfamiliar to me girl, then caressed her gorgeous buttocks, covered with smooth sexy "leather" leggings, then licked her delicate crotch through the thin panties, while being stripped naked. She rode me as a horse, laughing at me, humiliated me and finally completely captured me, became my Owner, my Mistress. All this is due to the fact that I had put on these derogatory "chastity shorts", which can be removed only by her.

Watching a movie

Back in the room, I saw that the file is already loaded. I unpacked the archive, it turned out to be a large movie. With great excitement, I ran the player expecting to see anything on the subject of female domination, and I was right.

On the screen I saw how from the open door crawled on his knees a male slave with his hands tied behind his back. On his head was something black. It seemed to like a leather mask to me.

"Stand still" I heard a loud voice of Mistress, which was not seen. Maybe she was the one who did the movie.

Strange, but Mistress's voice seemed very familiar. After her order, as expected, a slave obediently stopped.

"Answer my questions, slave! Who are you?" loudly asked Mistress.

At this time, the camera is "zoomed in" closer to the servant.

"I ... I am a slave of Mistress Maria," replied perplexed servant.

I froze. Image of the slave had increased, and I clearly saw that the servant is me. Now I clearly noticed that on his head a slave is not wearing a mask, but the tightly stretched black panties. From engulfed me despair and horror, I groaned aloud. Oh, my God! It was me - slave who kneels with women's panties on his head, and dutifully fulfills all orders of his Mistress. That is why was this whole circus with tying of hands and eyes, with restrictions to go out of the bathroom without permission, that's what I heard when something clicked and the ticked!

"Ha-ha. Great! What's your name, slave? How your wife calls you?"

"Tom,"

"What is your last name?"

"Maxwell," I replied shyly and fearfully added. "M-my Mistress. "

It was the end. I called my name. I confessed that Tom Maxwell is a slave! This video is now on the Internet. Every person in the world you just type the address, download the video and see what I am a stupid humble servant. Maria at the time set the camera and appeared in frame. She pulled up her

gown, and shamelessly held up to my face her gorgeous ass! I did not pull away from it, but, on the contrary, I began to rub admiringly my face on her buttocks!

"Do you like to lick my ass, slave?"

"Yes, my Mistress."

"Do you want another lick?"

"Yes, my Mistress."

It was a humbling and exciting experience. Maria suddenly stood up and left.

"What do you want more, to kiss your wife on the mouth or lick my butt?" I heard the humiliating question from Maria, who again went beyond the frame.

"Lick ... my Mistress ..." I responded faithfully to the screen.

"Let's say it clearly, slave. I want to lick, not a kiss ..."

At this point I stopped. I wanted to stop the video clip, shut down, but would not hear my words.

"I want to lick your ass ... my Mistress ... more than kissing my wife ..." said the treacherous servant in the monitor.

Suddenly out of the speakers of my computer there was a sharp sound of the phone call. Oh! This is the voice of my wife. I silly twist my head as if I want to see the phone, but with the blindfold, I do not see anything. I say somewhere in the void, lying about work ... ruthless Maria thriftily climbs on my shoulders ... hear, the wife gets angry again ... I'm lying, sitting hunched under my neck ... Maria jumps and pulls my face to her ass ... I stupidly mumble in her ass ... The wife hangs up ... Mistress Maria laughs, makes fun of me, let go of my head ... I humbly repeat the words "I am a slave of Mistress Maria" ... Again Maria presses a slave toward her succulent buttocks ... Orders to lick ... I carefully begin to move up and down my head, forced back into Maria's ass ... this was repeated several times ... My God, how embarrassing! .. I humiliate myself ... Now anyone can see it, if he knows the name of the links on the Internet ... I was ruined ... Now what can I do?

Video stopped ... Without trying to figure out anything, I ran it again ...
Suddenly my phone rang in my pocket.

Another phone call

"Well, ass licker? Did you watch it?" said Mistress Maria. With trembling hands I held the phone to my ear.

"Yes, my Mistress," I said resignedly.

"So, you know what I can do about it?" s

"Yes, my Mistress. Please don't do it," I babbled in a frightened voice.

"Ha-ha! That is not necessary, slave! I am still thinking what to do with it. You know... It all depends on you, ass licker" mysteriously said Maria. "By the way, have you washed my panties?"

"No, my Mistress ... But ... I will ...begin."

"Shut up, slave! Listen to me," snapped me Maria. "I command you, now go and wash my panties!"

"Yes, my Mistress."

"Shut up!" Maria began to get angry. "First listen to the end, loser! After the wash, take a white sheet from your bed, and put it on the floor. Then, carefully arrange my panties on the sheet, undress and get up on your knees in front of my underpants. Next, you will kiss them all night! Take pictures every ten minutes! Got it, moron?"

"Yes, my Mistress," I said dejectedly.

"The photos will be sent to my e-mail. You will know it on the site, from which you have just downloaded a movie. At least one photo you will send at the wrong time, you will be sorry! Your wife will receive the first link. The last photo you will send should be at eight o'clock. Do not forget to come to me tomorrow at seven with money and my underwear! Bring one thousand dollars. Do you understand, slave?"

"Yes, my Mistress," I replied meekly and quietly started to cry.

Maria hung up and I sat in front of the monitor and wept from weakness and fear.

At this moment, I suddenly realized that time is running out and I have not done any of the things that my Mistress ordered. I got up from my chair,

stripped naked and rubbed tears from my face, humbly walked into the bathroom to wash Maria's black panties.

Beginning of a new appointment

Exactly at seven o'clock in the evening I went to a restaurant where I made an appointment with Mistress Maria. This was the restaurant in the hotel where I yesterday bought champagne and fruit. The hall was almost empty - at a table by the wall sat a middle-aged couple, at a table near the window two women settled. Maria was standing at the bar with a glass of beer in her hand against the door. She wore the same trendy black "leather" leggings, which I first saw on her in a subway car yesterday. Again, I saw a beautiful round ass fitted by a shiny black cloth, and my groin once again hopelessly filled with blood. However damn "chastity underwear" squeezed my male organs once again so that I jerked sharply from a strong pain in the abdomen. Door handle pulled out of my hands and the front door slammed loudly. Everyone who was in the restaurant, looked in my direction. I looked back at Maria. When she saw me, she grinned mischievously and turned her back to me. Obviously wanting to make fun of me, she bent to the bar and erotically moved from one foot to another. Her chic juicy buttocks excitingly rubbed against each other, and I crouched again by the mad tension in the groin, accompanied by a sharp dull pain. I hardly went to the bar and stood by my mistress.

"Maybe you will say hello, ass licker?" quite loudly said Maria.

I anxiously looked around - all sitting in the restaurant could hear her words, but it seems no one paid attention to them.

"H-hello ... my Mistress," looking around, I forced myself to say.

"Hello, slave. Come to the table," loudly said Maria and went to the table in the center of the room, while with uncertain motion capturing a small handbag and unfinished glass of beer.

I understood that Mistress was already quite drunk. From this I tensed even more, because a drunk person can do something that sober would never allow.

"Did you bring the money?" brazenly asked Maria, when we sat at a table right in the middle of the restaurant hall.

"Yes, my Mistress," I replied shyly.

“Give it to me!”

I took out of my pocket and handed across the table a stack of bills. Mistress snatched it with her unsteady hand and counted.

“Looks like a right amount. Where are my panties?”

I hesitantly took out a small bag in which were rolled her thin black panties.

“Give it to me, ass licker. I saw you kissing them at night. Did you like it?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said gloomily, remembering tonight like a painful nightmare, but, realizing that another answer, surely, will make Maria angry.

Mistress unwrapped the package and without any hesitation, stretched her shiny black panties on the table, directly in front of my face. After waiving them a little, Maia suddenly threw them on the table in front of me.

“Raise your ass! Lift up my panties with your mouth, and give them to me!”

I froze in fright. Maria clearly wanted to humiliate me in front of people. This time I was not ready.

“Don’t be so stupid, slave. Don’t you understand the order? Lift up my panties with your mouth, moron! Do you want me to call your wife and tell her that her husband likes to lick my butt more than kiss her on the lips? Do you want it?”

“No, my Mistress,” I answered dejectedly and leaned hesitantly facing the table.

I understood that everyone who was at that moment in the restaurant, was looking at me. Filled with shame I closed my eyes, grabbed Maria’s panties with my lips, and slowly straightened up, humbly holding them in the mouth.

“Come on, slave!” Maria grabbed her panties from my mouth and once again threw them on the table. “Lift them!”

Again, I bent over the table and grabbed with my mouth a thin black women's panties. She grinned maliciously and deliberately took them from me. After a little pause, Maria defiantly looked me in the eye, and carelessly threw her panties on the floor in the aisle between the tables.

“Lift them!”

From this humiliation and shame, I almost cried.

“Please, my Mistress, do not humiliate me like that.”

“Lift them!” adamantly repeated Maria and took the phone.

“But, Mistress ... Yesterday you said that I could pay the penalty ... I beg you ...”

“Oh, apparently, you are very tricky, ass licker. Yes, you can pay the fine and avoid to carry out my order. The penalty would be another thousand dollars!”

I was speechless. It was a very large sum for me.”

“So, will you pay the fine, slave?”

“But ... my Mistress ... I ... I do not have so much money,” I wailed.

“What were you thinking, ass licker? Did you imagine yourself in a fairy tale? Pay thousand dollars, or quickly lift my panties!”

From all the excitement, I was covered in a cold sweat. I could not help it. I slid down from the chair and, burning with shame, humbly knelt in the aisle between the tables. I realized that my humiliation is now watched by all those was in the room. I awkwardly turned to Mistress’s panties laying on the floor, crept closer, got up on all fours, bent over with my mouth. I took her panties, without raising my head, and turned to Maria.

“Come here, slave” she ordered loudly, and I quickly crawled to the table.

I hesitantly straightened and stretched my neck, with my mouth feeding thin panties to my Mistress. But Maria, was clearly in no hurry to take them from me. Instead she suddenly stood up from her seat and bypassing me, swaying, went to the bar.

“Stay here, slave!” she carelessly said to me.

I was kneeling beside the table where we just sat humbly keeping with my mouth her tender panties.

"Such a jerk!" I heard the voice of one of the girls sitting at a table by the window.

I further shrank my shoulders. From all the humiliation and shame, I would like to run away.

“Get up, ass licker, let’s go to my room!” commanded my Mistress, coming to the table. “Grab my beer too!”

Getting ready to enter the room

Maria gave me four bottles of beer, keeping two of them in each hand. I dutifully got up and took the bottles, not letting her panties out of his mouth. Mistress arrogantly bypassed me and walked out of the restaurant.

“Well, slave! You did a good job tonight! I think you can get a reward. I'll let you masturbate today and let kiss my butt of course, if you will ask me good!” Maria said, as we walked down the hall. “By the way, my pants look better on your head, not in the mouth!”

With these words, MS stopped, pulled her panties out of my mouth and deftly pulled them over my head.

“Here, much better! Now you look like a real ass licker. Ha-ha! Come on!”

Maria smugly looked on me and went down the hall. I dutifully trudged behind her, fearfully looking around in the hope that we do not meet any of the hotel guests, and no one else sees my humiliation.

This time I was lucky - the hallway was empty and we without meeting anyone, came to the room of my Mistress.

“Come in and strip naked!” told me Maria when she opened the door to her room. “Gather all your clothes in this bag. I am counting to ten. If you will not finish – will call your wife. Got it?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I hastily replied.

“One ...” without hesitation, began to count Maria, and pulled a phone from her purse.

“Two ...”

I fearfully put the beer on the nightstand for shoes, and without removing Maria's panties from my head, quickly began to undress. Mistress has not entered the room, and remained standing in the hallway, commanding me through the open door.

“Three ... Four ... seven ...”

“Why is it "seven," my Mistress?” I asked hurriedly, fearing even more.

“Because I want it to be seven. Not of your business, ass licker. You will talk again, it will be "ten"! Got it?”

“Yes, my Mistress” I humbly replied, shaking hands, taking off my shirt without unbuttoning buttons.

“Eight ... Nine ... Well, guess what, ass licker? Ha-ha! I'm calling, right?”

“No! No, my Mistress ... I am begging you!” I almost cried from fear, hastily pulling off my pants immediately with shorts, socks and shoes.

“On your knees, creature! Crawl here!” strictly ordered my drunk tormentor, with a smile looking at my humiliating fuss.

“Yes, my Mistress,” with a trembling voice, I mumbled, shoving my clothes in a bag, that laid on the floor in the hallway.

“Nine already, ass licker! You did not manage, slave! Ten! I'm calling your wife. Ha-ha!”

With these words Maria picked up the phone in front of me, turned on the "speakers" and pressed the "call" button. I heard a long beep.

“No! It's unnecessary, my Mistress!” I shouted, hurriedly kneeling and crawling into the hallway to her feet. “I am begging you, please ... I'll do everything you want ... please ... do not tell her ...”

Maria smiled mischievously and gave me handcuffs.

“Hey, ass licker, put your hands behind your back!” she ordered. I literally snatched the cuffs of her hands and immediately snapped them behind me.

A surprising conversation

At this point, a long beep suddenly changed to a voice of my wife.

- "Hello, who is it?" the voice on the speaker asked in surprise.

"Hello! You do not know me, my name is Maria," as if nothing had happened, said my lady. I work with your husband. He asked me to call you."

I was pitifully kneeling at the feet of my infamous Mistress and was afraid to move, listening to her sudden conversation with my wife.

"What? Why are you calling me? Where is he" irritably asked my wife.

"Yes, you know, he really cannot call you. He is very busy. Some very important meeting.

Maria said calmly, and not paying attention to me, went into the room.

"He even turned off the phone, and asked me to tell you not to worry."

"Aha! Thank you. Do you know how long it will take him?" suddenly asked my wife, deciding that the meeting took all my attention.

"Oh, I do not know. Well you know how it happens. Probably until they all will get bored," immediately reacted Maria to the question of my wife. Suddenly she abruptly turned to me. "Well, what are you doing there? Heel!"

I held my breath. Mistress said it very loudly, and, certainly, my wife clearly heard everything.

"What?" I heard a puzzled voice from the phone.

"Sorry, it's not for you!" as if nothing had happened said Maria. My dog does not obey me here. Will have to punish him now!

"Ah, now it's clear!" said my wife. "Well, thanks for calling I wish you good luck in the education of your dog"

"Thank you. Goodbye," calmly said Maria and pressed the hang up button.

"Well, ass licker? Now do you understand that I'm not joking?"

Another humiliation

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said dejectedly, crawling to her feet still with women's panties on my head.

“Once again just you will not have time to carry out my orders, I'll tell your wife the truth. In addition, I will show her the movie. Do you understand, slave?”

“Yes, my Mistress.”

“Okay. Now ask permission to lick my ass, ass licker!” imperiously ordered Maria. She abruptly pulled her panties off my head, and held up to my face her round buttocks covered by sexual shiny cloth.

“I beg you, my Mistress, please let me ... kiss your ass,” with a sinking voice I said, still trembling with fear, after a phone conversation between Maria and my wife.

“Come on! Begin! Also, thank me, dog, for keeping your little secret. Ha-ha!”

“Thank you ... thank you, my Mistress,” I whispered faithfully and touched with my mouth her admirable buttocks.

“Thank you, my Mistress,” I muttered excitedly licking thin black "leather" Maria's leggings, elastically stretched at her juicy buttocks.

Maria disdainfully looked at me over her shoulder and grinned mischievously.

“Thank you ... thank you ... my Mistress.”

“Ha-ha. This is just the beginning, slave,” she announced through her clenched teeth. “Soon you will crawl to me on your knees, right in front of your wife, and with tears of happiness will also lick my butt! Ha-ha. I promise you, slave!”

“Thank you, my Mistress,” I went on excitedly whispering, feeling more and more pain in my groin, encased in durable plastic.

“By the way, ass licker. Don't you want to masturbate?”

“I do want it my Mistress ... very ... very ... badly,” I wailed plaintively.

“Ha-ha. So why did not you ask? Maybe are you waiting until your member will turn black and fall off? Look, ass licker, it’s not healthy to wait for so long.”

“I beg you ... my Mistress ... please let me ... to masturbate,” I began hesitantly to ask Maria, while continuing faithfully to lick her gorgeous ass.

“Ha-ha. What are you talking about, slave?” willfully asked Maria and walked away from me.

I instinctively followed her sexy swaying behinds.

“I beg you, Mistress. Please let me cum.”

“Ha-ha. Crawl to the bathroom, creature!” commanded the girl and first went to the side of the toilet.

I groaned at the realization of a humiliation, which I am exposed, and at the same time from the mad excitement and desire to be discharged as soon as possible. Dutifully I crawled after the retreating ass of my young Mistress.

“Hey, slave, masturbate on my panties!” Mistress humiliatingly snapped when I crawled behind her to the bathroom, and threw carelessly on the floor in front of me her panties.

I helplessly looked at her, because I still wore shorts made of rubber and plastics, unable to touch my member with the hands.

“Ha-ha. You can’t reach your dick,” rudely laughed Maria, walked around, and sat behind me on her heels.

Code lock clicked and I felt as a "chastity underwear" weakened. After a few seconds, they slipped out of my body and fell to the floor. My tired of futile tension member instantly stiffened.

“Start to masturbate!” ordered Maria and sat down on the toilet seat as a throne, spread wide her beautiful legs, still tightened in the "leather" leggings.

I nervously twitched wishing faithfully to execute the order of Mistress. Then I realized that I wouldn’t be able to succeed, because my hands are safely cuffed behind my back. So, it is simply impossible to reach my liberated member without someone’s help. I anxiously raised my head and timidly looked at the grinning impudently Mistress.

“I will punish you now, slave. Ha-ha! Again you did not fulfill my orders. Jerk off, I said!”

I can't, my Mistress,” hopelessly I hung my head, trying to show to my tormentor my hopelessly protruding member.

“I do not care! That's an order, ass licker. If you are not going to jack off – I will kick your balls!” with these words Maria stretched out her leg and slightly kicked my trained testicles with her shoes. “Do you want to try it, moron? After that you will have to pay another thousand dollars.”

“No, my Mistress,” I said almost crying. “Please don't do it.”

“Then, moron, start working! Also, come on, kiss my panties!” Maria got up and left a toilet. When I will get back, I should see your sperm on the floor. Otherwise, do not expect mercy, ass licker. I'll beat you in the balls long and hard.”

Trying to obey

Having said that, my Lady smiled and proudly walked out of the bathroom. From helplessness I involuntarily cried, not knowing what to do now. So, I was freed from the ill-fated "chastity underwear", but I was completely naked and shackled. My hands tightly handcuffed behind my back, so by no means, I could escape. From the other hand, the very thought of being kicked in the groin made me sick.

Choking with tears, I fell awkwardly to the floor and crawled to Maria's panties. First I wanted to take them by mouth and then again get up on my knees and hang them on the hook like a towel. Then I planned to start kissing them and to try to masturbate, pressing my sticking member to the wall. However, while I was crawling to the panties, I realized that I don't have to get up. So, I began vigorously to rub my excited groin on the soft rubber mat lying on the floor in front of a shower.

I was uncomfortable, and I was in a hurry. In addition, I heard Maria talking on the phone with someone, but could not make out with whom and about what. All this prevented to focus on masturbation. Yet my stress, accumulated since the previous evening, helped me to accomplish my task. Very soon I happily ejaculated right on the floor mat. At the same moment, the door to the bathroom opened, and my insidious Mistress majestically entered.

"Well did you fulfill my order, ass licker?" she casually asked, watching from the top with disdain on my orgasmic writhing at her feet.

"Y-yes, my Mistress," gasping with ecstasy, I replied.

"Lucky you," quipped Maria. "Ok, slave, crawl into the shower and lie down on your back!"

While saying this, Mistress came to the bathroom stall, opened the door and turned on the water. I barely rolled over the low curb and crept into the cabin. Instantly, my groin was hit by the jet of ice water. I cried out in horror and cringed, trying to dodge the scorching cold shower.

"Where are you going, creature? Lie quietly, ass licker!" ordered Maria, continuing to pour ice water on my groin. "I am doing for your own good.

You can't wash yourself. Ha-ha."

Unable to do anything else, I just groaned aloud.

"Ha-ha. Okay, get out!" told me Maria and dropped a large towel to the floor near the shower. "Dry out your little dick, and we'll dress."

I dutifully crawled at the feet of Mistress and began diligently to squirm, trying to wipe my groin on a towel lying on the floor.

A minute later I was kneeling in front of my domineering Owner, and my dick was again encased in a plastic "chastity underwear".

"Well. Should we continue, ass licker?" clearly mocking, said Mistress and without waiting for an answer went to the bathroom door. "Crawl after me!"

I humbly bowed my head and humbly crawled behind the retreating girl.

Sending a package

I was trying to get closer to the chair, which stood near my lady, when suddenly there was a knock on the door of the room. Maria maliciously chuckled and went into the hall to open. I cautiously crept back closer to the bathroom, to make myself not visible from the hallway.

“Hello. Service delivery,” I heard a young woman's voice from the hall when my lady opened the door.

“Well. I want to send this package, at this address!” responded Maria.

“Good. Please sign here,” said the girl. “Who will take this package?”

“Nobody will. You just put the package at the front door, that’s all.” Maria responded while signing.

“No. Sorry, but we do not put,” as if trying to justify the girl said. “I cannot accept your order. I need here to sign the recipient. “

“Okay! Let me right now to solve this problem,” unceremoniously interrupted Maria, and looking out of the hallway ordered imperiously.

“Hey, ass licker, crawl here! There is a need for your signature!”

“But ... but, my Mistress,” I wailed.

“Faster, moron!” Maria sharply interrupted me. “Run!”

I helplessly looked down and crawled into the hallway.

Girl-postman was standing right at the door, but when she saw me, she dumbfounded jerked back and leaned on the door.

“Come on, ass licker, sign a piece of paper, which holds that sweet girl!” imperiously ordered Maria and strongly pushed me forward with her hands.

“But ... but you cannot,” girl started to protest. “The signature is required upon delivery!”

“Yes, it doesn’t matter! I do not understand!” immediately interrupted her my Mistress. “Money is paid, all signatures are obtained, and the authorities will not find anything wrong. We also will not complain. Right, ass licker?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said, and humbly bowed my head.

“Well, I do not even know ...” she said doubtfully.

“Well, ass licker. Go ask the girl nicely. Come on, kiss her feet!”

I am diminishingly looked at Maria, but then realized that the hope for the mercy and the abolition of the humiliating order is useless.

“Yes, my Mistress,” I muttered resignedly and meekly crawled to girl’s slim legs.

Stunned girl finally shrank at the door. I hesitantly crawled to her feet and awkwardly bent, carefully stretched my mouth to her little black shoes.

“Well ... well ... I agree ...” hurriedly said the girl, looking with dismay at my fussing at her feet.

“Hey, slave. Enough! Straighten up! Come on, sign the document and crawl to me!”

I humbly straightened up, not daring to raise my head and look in the eyes of the girl, standing in front of me. She, too, clearly uncomfortable, with shaky hands held both receipt and pen closer to my face.

“Ha-ha!” cheered Mistress Maria. “His hands are not here. He will not be able to get them. You have to put a pen in his hands.”

I looked around pitifully, without raising my head, and silently tried to pull out my hands, cuffed behind my back. The frightened girl again jerked and bent down to my hands. With trembling hands, she put a pen in my fingers and held up the receipt. I arched to see my hands and carefully signed a receipt causing a huge laughter of my Mistress.

“Well done! It was hilarious!” Maria had fun. “Come on, slave, and thank this Lady! Kiss her in the ass!”

Almost crying from shame, I raised my head and obediently pulled my mouth to the girl’s ass, which was at that moment at my right.

“Thank you,” I muttered bluntly.

She straightened up quickly and shied away from me as like from a patient with some contagious disease. I looked plaintively at her and tried to crawl closer, but she cleverly walked between me and the door, quickly grabbed the bag and ran out the door.

“Ha-ha! What are you doing, ass licker? You scared the poor girl,” Maria laughed loudly, looking at my humiliation at the door. “Come on, crawl into the room! Let’s continue your education!”

Continuing my education

Burning with shame and some dull despair, I turned slowly and without raising my head, crawled past the slender legs of my cruel Mistress.

Maria, casually pushed me with her foot in the ass and slowly walked behind me to a table in the center of the room.

“Have you ever sucked a dick, ass licker?” shamelessly asked Maria when I hopelessly crept to the table.

“No, my Mistress,” I said desperately, without looking at her.

Mistress leaned over the table. Just now I saw a big black rubber cock on the table. It had a flat solid base, to which fastened the narrow leather belts on three sides. Maria calmly took in her arms a cock with the belts and moved behind my back. Without looking I waited tensely for what would happen next.

“Hey, ass licker! Come on, suck my dick! Fast!” arrogantly commanded Mistress Maria in a minute.

I timidly looked around and saw the girl, a big black dildo, stuck right on top of the black leggings.

Well? Come quickly, slave! Crawl here!” Mistress ordered and sent a dildo to my face.

I dutifully turned around and crawled closer to Mistress. Burning with excitement and shame, I opened my mouth wide and, awkwardly clutching a dick with the lips, began hesitantly to suck it. Immediately Mistress grabbed my hair with her hands, and pulled my head so that her rubber dick went very deep into my mouth.

“Come on, ass licker, move! What? You never saw how a whore sucks? Ha-ha! Today you are my whore! So start working!”

I began diligently to shake my head back and forth.

“Like this! Suck, whore” Maria kept saying with satisfaction, even stronger clutching my hair with her hand.

I noticed that my insidious Mistress is holding something in her free hand. Soon I learned what it was and why.

While I diligently suck her big rubber dick, Maria confidently brought the cylindrical object to my head. I heard the distinctive sound and felt an unpleasant vibration. At the same moment, past my eyes flew the lock of hair. Startled, I jerked and tried to pull away from the Mistress, but with the strength she pulled my head to her, so that her rubber cock filled my whole mouth.

“Do not twitch, whore! Otherwise, I will cut your ears!” she ordered sharply. “Suck! Don’t get distracted!”

I realized with horror what the object in her hand was, and knowing that she is now doing to me, shook with the next wave of powerlessness and humiliation. I looked at my cruel tormentor bottom up, still dutifully sucking her big black dick sticking out of her leather leggings.

“My servant shall be bald! It's my wish!!! Got it, ass leaker?” said Mistress with authority, continuing with one hand to keep my head, and with the second to shave off my hair. “At the same time we will surprise your wife, slave. Ha-ha! She will come, and see such a gift waiting for her.”

I groaned and continued, smacking loudly to suck a large rubber penis, and at that point my last hair fell to the floor.

“Done!” said Mistress Maria with satisfaction and forcefully pushed my head away. Rubber cock finally popped out of my mouth, and I was able at least to say something.

“But ... my Mistress ... why?” I whispered ridiculously, lost in the words and thoughts about the humiliation and fear.

“What is the, slave? You are dissatisfied with something, creature?” roughly interrupted me Maria, leaning close to my face. “I made you a free haircut! Are you unhappy?”

“N ... my ... my Mistress” I stammered fearfully.

Thanking my Mistress

“You are my slave Got it? You're not a human! You are my object, my toy,” Maria suddenly ruthlessly screamed in my face. “Now I'm going to do with you whatever I want! You, bald moron, you will be silent and thank me for everything! Got it?”

“Yes ... my Mistress,” I said resignedly and humbly bowed my head, realizing that Maria is telling the truth.

“Well, slut, raise your head!” imperiously ordered Mistress, roughly lifted my head up my chin and spat in my face. “Come on, thank me for it, a slave!”

“Thank you ... my Mistress” I said softly, closing my eyes from the awareness of my insignificance.

“Thank me for everything, slave! Got it? This is your new rule!” rigidly ordered Maria and again spat in my face.

“Thank you, my Mistress,” I said dutifully.

Maria spat again.

“Thank you ... my Mistress,” I humbly said, without waiting for orders.

“Well, slave, crawl the bathroom freak!” loudly commanded the girl and straightened, giving me the way.

“Thank you, my Mistress,” I muttered automatically and crawled toward the bathroom.

“Come on, bitch, lift up your head and open your mouth wider!” dissatisfied ordered Mistress Maria when I crawled into the bathroom. “I really want to pee ... Now, you'll do it right in your mouth! Got it?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said resignedly, and obediently opened my mouth.

Maria stood in front of me, deftly undid her rubber cock and pulled off her fancy shiny leggings to the knee. Absolutely nothing was beneath them, and Mistress unceremoniously parted in front of me her gorgeous thighs.

“Come on! Bring your face closer!”

I dutifully approached and stuck my chin between her divine naked thighs, I could not stop looking at them. Almost immediately into my mouth flowed a powerful jet of urine, and I began patiently and diligently to swallow it. Part of the urine did not get my mouth and humiliatingly ran down my cheeks, mixing with drying that my tormentor spit in my face.

“Come on, whore! Swallow!” Maria murmured contentedly, peeing in my mouth. “Oh! It’s so much fun, At last I emptied my bladder!”

Maria finished peeing and scornfully pushed my head.

“I do not hear any thanks, slave!” she haughty said, taking the paper and wiping the remnants of urine from her crotch.

“Thank you ... my ... Mistress,” I said, sheepishly looking at the clean-shaven labia of my cruel Goddess.

“For what?” Maria said irritably, and turned to me sideways. “Let’s learn to give thanks right, ass licker! Well?”

“Thank you, my Mistress, for peeing in my mouth.” I obediently replied.

Only now, looking at the gorgeous naked thighs and legs of beautiful Maria, I suddenly realized that has never in these two days touched her naked body with my lips. All this time, devotedly licking and kissing her ass, legs and crotch, I did not touch her body. All the time something prevented it - first "leather" leggings, then thin panties, then a silk robe, then again Maria’s panties, only this time stretched over my head. Today it was almost the same thing.

“Hey, ass licker! Stop staring at my thighs! Come on, take this broom in your mouth, and crawl into the room!” Maria ordered sharply. “Clean everything there! I don’t want to see any of your hair left! Got it, slave?”

“Yes, my Mistress,”- I meekly replied.

“Come on! Do it! And I will take a shower!”

“Well, slave, shove your dirty face into the toilet! Do it faster!” commanded my naked Goddess Maria, pulling on her beautiful legs thin nylon stockings when I crawled back with a broom into the bathroom.

I released the broom out of my mouth, quickly crawled to the toilet and dutifully bent over. Maria triumphantly put her foot on my head and

flushed. Startled, I jerked, but Mistress only stronger pressed the foot on my head in the toilet.

“Easy, ass licker!” I heard a voice of my Maria from the top. “Wash your face, do not twitch!”

The flow of water in the toilet bowl weakened, and Maria lifted her foot from my head.

Filming a new movie

“Right now we will do another the movie! Let's make another surprise for your wife,” calmly said Maria when I straightened up, and casually tossed on my cropped head her towel. “Ha! Wipe your face, and come on, crawl into my room. Take with you my pants, on which you jerked off here. Got it?”

“Yes, my Mistress.”

When I crawled on my knees from the bathroom into the room, holding in my mouth Maria's black panties, she was doing something bent to the TV. Additionally, I almost immediately noticed that there were small changes in the room - the chair pushed back from the table to the wall and turned to the window. Near the window on a tripod I saw a video camera. I froze in fear. That could only mean one thing - now I am waiting for new cruel humiliation, which Mistress Maria is going, as well as yesterday, to shoot on a video, then upload to the Internet. I suddenly wanted to scream and run away wildly, and to say that everything is over, I have had enough of these games.

However, I couldn't do anything. All gone too far! I'm on my knees naked and bald, my hands tied behind my back. I keep in my mouth thin women's panties and on my cock is a plastic bondage, which can be removed only by Maria - my Owner. Most importantly, the Internet already has a video in which I openly humiliated myself before this brazen cruel bitch, begging her to let me lick and kiss her gorgeous ass!

Now my full-fledged Mistress Maria can easily make my absolute humiliation, public. In order to prevent it, I'm going to do everything that she would order me. I will crawl on my knees after her, and humiliated will ask permission to masturbate. I silently will endure all her tricks, will lick all that she wants, will swallow her piss and saliva, and will faithfully thank her. At that moment, I suddenly found myself thinking that, in spite of all the humiliations which I experienced yesterday and today, and that will surely waiting for me very soon, again, I avidly looked at Maria's buttocks, almost as much as watching yesterday in the subway. Exactly as before, I really wanted to kiss and lick her nice round ass.

Maria was now wearing a short silk robe, the same as yesterday. Maria came back to me, strongly bent forward, so her robe went up very high, revealing not only the divine feet of my new Owner but her perfect juicy buttocks. From all this, I suddenly felt such a strong attack of excitement and the familiar dull ache in the groin, which I could not resist, and quietly groaned.

“Crawl to the chair, ass licker!” told me Maria. She finally, looked at me, and a little dissatisfied added, “What are you doing? Are you looking at my ass?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” hesitantly, but honestly I replied, trying not to drop her panties, which I held in my mouth.

“I think it's time to take money from you for looking! So, you owe me another five hundred dollars! Got it?” brazenly said Mistress, not looking back.

“No ... it is not necessary, my Mistress. I beg you,” I wailed in fright. “I do not have this money.”

“I do not care! You don't have money, earn it! Otherwise your wife will find out a lot about you! Do you want it?”

“No ... no, my Mistress.”

“Then shut up, moron! You'll do what I want! Pay me as much as I told you! Got it, slave?” summed Maria, straightening up from the TV.

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said resignedly and humbly bowed my head down.

“Great job, slave! Never argue with me again!”

Mistress calmly took some leather strap off the table and approached me.

“Look on the screen, ass licker! Ha-ha!” clearly mocking, said Maria, pointing me to the TV.

In the middle of the room was kneeling naked bald servant handcuffed with his hands behind his back, holding with lips the black panties. Next to him stood a beautiful lady in her open robe and powerfully dragged out a slave collar on his neck. I helplessly stood at her beautiful legs and waited horrified, almost crying, looking at the television at my hopeless situation.

When the collar was finally fixed on my neck, and a long leather leash was attached to it, Mistress Maria moved away from me and took from the table a black marker. She returned and busily sat in front of me on her heels, her legs wide set apart. Involuntarily I glanced down at revealed bare shaved Maria's crotch, and at the same moment, received a severe blow with acute female fist on the cheek.

"Listen, jerk! Enough of staring at me! The fairy tale is over! Lift your face up, slave!"

"I am sorry, my Mistress," I mumbled quickly, fearing a new penalty, and raised my head, feeling like Maria is beginning to write something with a marker in front of my chest.

Mistress sets the new rules

“Now you will look at me only when I allow or order! Got it, ass licker?”

“This is another rule for you, slave!”

”Yes, my Mistress,” I humbly agreed.

“Now you, as a real slave, can only look at my feet! If I will notice that you raise your head without the permission – you will be severely punished! You will have to pay a fine of another thousand dollars!”

“Yes, my Mistress. From now on I will only look on your feet,” with derogatory voice I began to mutter I even lipped tighter, in order to keep in my mouth Maria’s panties.

“Shut up! Come on, face the floor!” Maria rigidly ordered and stood in front of me.

I quickly dropped my head down. Mistress with the force pressed on my head from above.

“I said, face the floor slave! Bend down!” she cried nervously and twice swiped her hand across my neck.

I obediently leaned forward so that my forehead banged against the floor. Because of this, my bare ass rode up above. Rubber halves of my "chastity panties" with my hairy buttocks parted to the side, exposing my still virgin anus.

“Stay still like this, slave, until I will permit to straighten up! From now on you will always stand in front of me like this. It is another rule for you, ass licker! Do you understand?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said, still clutching with my lips Maria’s panties, although they were now completely lying on the floor.

“You are going to do all that I command without question or objection. Otherwise you will get a fine! Got it, creature?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I mumbled into the floor.

“If I will order to straighten - unbend! If the command is "take a position" – bang your face into the floor!” Maria said firmly, moving away from me back to the TV.

“Yes, my Mistress, “I meekly agreed to the new terms.

“So. Finally! To all my questions you will have to answer with a "yes, no". That is to the first question reply with "yes" to the second with "yes", the third with "no" and so on. Any mistake – you will earn a fine. Also do not forget that you can now look only at my feet and you have to thank me. Well, that all, ass licker. Let’s start the show!”

At that moment I heard something ticked and make a same sound like yesterday. I realized that the camera is standing in front of me turned on, and now my humiliation will become known to all who will get this record.

“Hey, slave! Well, straighten up!” imperiously commanded MS Maria and came closer to me.

I meekly obeyed and sat in front of her. In any case, I did not raise my head, afraid accidentally to violate the order and to look above the permitted height. Yet, with the corner of my eye I noticed that she was holding in her hands a long braided whip stick.

Questions and answers

“Come on, moron, what have you brought me?” willfully asked Mistress, and without waiting for my answer, continued. “Oh, it seems, my panties! Give them to me, ass licker! “

Maria reached forward and picked up with a stick her black panties, which I still had in my lips. She pulled up her panties, and I obediently let them go of my mouth.

“Do you like to kiss my panties, jerk? Answer me!” loudly asked the girl.

“Yes, my Mistress,” I humbly replied, without looking up, and immediately thought of the order of the answers that I have given.

“Do you like to wear them on your head, huh?” Maria continued, waving a stick with panties on the end right in front of my face.

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said resignedly on her second question.

“Then catch them!” loudly and sharply commanded Maria, and threw them up.

I did not even realize what wanted my tormentor, and when understood that she ordered me to catch her panties. They have already fallen to the floor in front of me. Immediately I quickly bent down to them in order to grab with mouth a thin shiny fabric, but at that moment my back burned from a strong whipping. I groaned in pain and slightly arched back.

“Come on, take your position, slave!” angrily commanded Maria. “You showed sluggishness and for that you're supposed to receive a reward! Take that!”

Before I could bend down to the floor, as Mistress just ordered me, her stick twice walked on my back with burning whips. I screamed in pain and my eyes filled with tears.

“I can't hear any gratitude! Are you unsatisfied with something?” Maria said irritably.

“No, my Mistress ... Thank you, my Mistress,” I replied meekly, my face buried in the floor.

At that moment I suddenly realized that I just accidentally answered the third question, and seemed to be correct so it should not cause Maria's anger. From this I was even a little pleased and prepared to continue other humiliating tests. Maria came closer again and picked up from the floor, her panties with a stick.

"Ok, slave, want to try again?" she asked haughtily, standing right over me.

"Yes, my Mistress," I confidently replied, without looking up.

"Then catch!"

Mistress again threw her panties up, and this time I quickly straightened up and jumped, trying to catch the delicate fabric with my mouth on the fly. Yes, in spite of all my efforts, thin Maria's panties just touched my face and fell to my knees. I looked hopelessly at Maria, forgetting that I cannot look higher than her ankles. As a result, I got a hard and sharp punch to the jaw with a stick handle.

"Come on, take your position, creature!" I heard her furious scream in my ear. "Faster!"

I hurried to comply.

"You seem pleased to get the whip on the back! Right?"

"Yes, my Mistress," I obediently replied, trying not to lose count.

At the same moment I felt again on the back a sharp burning from a relentless stick.

"Well?" yelled at me expectantly Maria after she slapped me three painful blows.

"Thank you, my Mistress," I stammered frantically, trying to remember what I forgot to do, and why my young cruel Mistress is angry.

"What? I did not understand, ass licker! Say it louder!"

"Thank you, my Mistress. Thank you for spanking me," I said loudly, obediently looking at the floor in front of me.

"That's better, slave. Well, come on, ass licker, try one last time! If you will not catch my pants, you would be able to cum for a month!"

Mistress Maria again picked up her black panties with a stick and dramatically threw them at me. I'm all arched and placed my face under the falling down thin panties, so they wouldn't be able to fly by, but instead will fall right on my face. And when the black shiny fabric touched my cheeks, I frantically began to catch them with my lips and at the last moment I was able to capture them, so that the panties were left in my mouth.

"Good for you, creature! Finally you learned!" approvingly said Mistress and walked away from me to a chair, which stood a little farther from the camera. "Crawl for me, slave!"

"Thank you, my Mistress," just in case I muttered resignedly and crawled behind a lovely Maria to a chair.

Girl proudly sat in a chair, her legs crossed, and I faithfully crawled to her divine legs and stood sideways to the camera, head bent down in a humble anticipation of the continuation of my humiliation. During the "catching" of Maria's panties I even managed to forget about what it all recorded on a camera, and just now remembered it. At the same time, I restored order of the responses to Maria's questions. It appeared to be just in time.

"Do you also kiss and bring in your teeth your wife's panties?" suddenly Maria asked her "third" question, taking a stack of her panties from my mouth.

"No, my Mistress," I readily answered, without looking up.

Reading the inscription

At this point, I finally managed to read the inscription, which was carefully written with a black marker on my chest by insidious Maria. It turned out that on my whole chest was written "My wife is an ugly whore!" It made my whole body to shake again. Now it turns out that I am not only debasing myself, but also my unsuspecting got involved in this dirty stupid game.

I suddenly realized that this humiliating and treacherous inscription is not simply painted on my chest, but recorded on videotape, because while I carefully caught Maria's panties, I have several times unbent and showed my breasts to the camera. This means that anyone who sees the film, not only will be able to laugh at my paltry humiliation, but also be able to make fun of the my wife. Apparently, Mistress also noticed my utter confusion.

"Kiss my panties, jerk!" suddenly she ordered, casually waving them in front of my head.

I gingerly straightened and stretched my mouth obediently to Maria's panties hanging in front of me at the end of the long stick-whip. Several times I tried to touch her buttocks, but my tormentor every time playfully pulled a stick to one side, forcing me to crawl on my knees nervously at her feet, trying in vain to catch the shiny fabric with my mouth. Every time I "missed", Maria grinned mischievously, saying in my next address derogatory comments. Finally, Mistress threw panties closer to the camcorder, to the same place, where a few minutes ago, she whipped my bare back me with a stick.

"Bring them to me, loser! Faster!" Mistress commanded, and I dutifully crawled on my knees to her soft panties lying on the floor. "Come on, kiss my panties on the floor as you did it last night, and then bring them with your mouth.

I almost already familiar bent to thin Maria's panties and began to kiss them faithfully.

"Starting today, you will also kiss your wife's panties too! You will do it for this ugly whore, as you call her. Got it, slave?"

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said dutifully, burning with shame, but still constantly kissing tender shiny panties.

“Also you will wash them for her, creature! Panties, socks and tights! It is your slavish duty, to wash panties for every ugly whore!”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said loyally.

“Remember that, ass licker. Well, come on now, bring my panties here!” quietly ordered Maria.

I dutifully grabbed with my lips very familiar Maria’s panties, straightened up, and crawled back to the chair. Maria gestured for me to turn around, and I stood next to her feet facing the camera. Mistress immediately picked up her panties with the stick, and raised over my head.

“Kiss, ass licker!” she unceremoniously told, and I obediently lifted my head up, trying to reach hanging over me panties.

At that moment I realized that freely I demonstrate my chest with a treacherous inscription directly at the camera. But what could I change? In my position any disobedience would have been even worse.

Answering more questions

“Do you want to be with your little wife today?” suddenly asked Maria her “third” question, knowing that I have a right to answer it only with “no.”

“N-no, my Mistress,” I said, staggered from my betrayal.

“Why?” with feigned interest asked Maria, and with the same compassion added, “Probably because you love to lick ass, and her butt is flat? Yes? Ha-ha”

Y-yes, m-my-Mistress,” choking with humiliation, I muttered while stretching higher and higher to reach with my mouth to the thin panties of my tormentor.

“Do you want to lick my ass?”

“Y-yes, my Mistress.”

“Ha-ha. Does your wife's have the beautiful breasts?” treacherous Maria continued her examination.

“N-no, my Mistress,” I obediently responded to another “third” question.

“What about her cunt? Is it hairy?”

“Y-yes, my Mistress,” I said in a trembling voice, with shame, but not ceasing to try to reach with my mouth to Maria’s panties hanging over my head.

“Does your wife have a wide open cunt?” not appeased my tormentor.

“Yes, my Mistress,” I muttered, almost crying from humiliation.

“Ha-ha. You got a good slut, ass licker! With flat butt, plain chest, and a wide opened hairy cunt! Ha-ha! Have not forgotten anything, moron?” with these words Maria suddenly threw up her panties. She caught them with her hands and tucked between her and the chair. I helplessly looked down at the floor.

“No, my Mistress.”

-“Does you ugly wife like to fuck?” clearly mocking my helplessness, said Maria.

“Yes, my Mistress.”

“Oh yeah, she's ugly and you are slut too, ha-ha! So, of course, she loves to fuck, ha-ha. How about to suck? Does she love to suck dick?”

“Yes, my Mistress.”

“Well, just a real whore! Ha-ha. What about you? Do you like to fuck your wife?”

“No, my Mistress.”

“Of course, ha-ha .Of course with such a small dick like yours, you are in her wide opened cunt feel like a pencil in a glass, ha-ha,” ironically Maria knocked the end of the stick on my plastic "chastity panties". The same damn panties in which my exhausted soft cock was chained. Next, she suddenly asked slyly. "Maybe you want your wife to be fucked by someone else? Answer me, moron!"

“Yes, m-my Mistress,” I said desperately, knowing that anyway already said a lot of humiliating things, and it seems that my torture is coming to an end.

“Then you probably would like to lick all over him, huh?”

“Y-yes, my Mistress.”

“Will you be jealous at her, creature?” Maria asked imperiously.

“No, my Mistress,” I muttered resignedly.

“Do you really want it, huh?”

“Yes, my Mistress,” I said, no longer wondering.

“Well, I'll arrange it. Soon you will be like a real cuck to sit in bed and watch as your ugly whore is fucked, and then carefully you will to lick her. For the training purposes you will lick me, and maybe someone else. Let's see, ha-ha. Do you want it, slave?”

“Yes, my Mistress.”

“That's great!” summed up in triumph Maria. “You have not forgotten what you have to say to me for this?”

“No, my Mistress... Thank you, my Mistress,” I humbly thanked his tormentor.

“Come on, kiss my feet, creature! Kiss and thank me for my kindness to you, creature!”

I dutifully crawled closer to the legs of the Lady, turned sideways to the camera, bent down and pressed my lips to the foot of beautiful Maria, which she gently waved.

“Thank you, my Mistress,” I began to thank Maria devotedly kissing her bare leg. “Thank you for your kindness, my Mistress.”

From a touch of overheated lips with delicate skin on the legs of my brutal, but still incredibly beautiful and desirable Mistress, my whacky member immediately filled with blood and painfully ran into a hard plastic of "chastity panties." From this, I twitched, and barely audibly groaned. Suddenly I found myself thinking that for the first time in two days of my humiliating torment I touch with my lips Maria's pretty body- my random acquaintance from yesterday, who bewitched me in the subway with her buttocks. From these thoughts I even closed my eyes, and with even greater tenderness began to caress with my lips delicious Maria's foot.

Mistress, putting away the stick, took something out of her chair and waved the subject towards the camera. Apparently, it was a remote control, because after a while I heard the familiar beeping and some buzzing. A recording has stopped.

Diary of a captive man

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Going out again

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Beginning

That serene summer day I went for a walk in the park. I loved to wander there, without thinking about anything. This calm and quiet park atmosphere helped me to relax. With all my busy schedule and work pressure, I cherished every moment I could spare for myself. Working in the sales department of a well-known IT company was highly rewarding, but very competitive. So, I strolled slowly through the tracks watching leisurely the tall green trees, fully grown grass, and patches of soil. By all means, it was the happiest hour of the day for me.

Oh, my bad. Let me first tell you about myself. My name is Jim, and after tedious college years, I succeeded to land my current sales position. Profits, royalties, margins, and investments became my true nature. Working around a clock, I hardly had time for myself, not mentioning for anyone else. Still I was dreaming about finding that special girl who will walk together with me through my life.

So, here I was, pacing, enjoying the surroundings. Nothing had prepared me for the upcoming adventure.

She sat on a bench, with her legs crossed, reading a book. As I said, my thoughts at this time were far from being able to admire women. I then looked on the completely different problems. When I passed her, I gave her a casual scattered look. Something made me rethink my opinion. She wore a white pretty open dress, so you could see the upper part of her breasts. Something special was in her appearance, and it something caught my attention. I stopped, and already without taking my eyes, looked at her. In front of me was the ideal woman, which I imagined of in my dreams. Blond hair accompanied with blue eyes and perfectly shaped oval face, all made her a sight for sore eyes.

I openly stared at her body, unable to take my eyes off her amazing legs. Perfectly shaped toes were neatly encased in the white high heel sandals. In addition, short blue skirt made her wonderful long legs fully visible and as close as possible. Mesmerized by her divine look, I kept standing there, unable to move my eyes.

She definitely felt my gaze and looked up. She carefully looked at me, and it seemed to me that her lips slid a faint smile. I became very embarrassed, so I looked away and walked on. Or rather my body went on. My soul remained nailed to the spot where I had been standing.

Neither during my work day, nor through late evening hours at my house, could I get rid of thinking about my Lady. This is how I called her in my thoughts, “my Lady”. I understood that I fell in love with a complete stranger, but nevertheless kept thinking about her. For the first time in my life, I became truly mesmerized by a woman. My work hours turned to be a total torture, while I counted every hour and every minute until I will get home. Finally, my work day was over, and I was able to leave to my place.

When I had arrived home, I immediately took off all my clothes and sat naked on the sofa. I imagined how I hold her divine body on my knees, and slowly touch her skin with my tongue. Absolutely obsessed with my Lady, I first caress her neck with a tip of my tongue, and move slowly further down to take my place between her heavenly breasts. I put my hand on her left breast, while sucking her right nipple. She starts to moan from pleasure, while I slip my hand between her legs. I part her outer lips with my fingers, and she already starts to tremble in my hands. Her pussy becomes all wet when I enter her vagina, while tenderly kissing her lips with mine. We both ecstatically cum together at the same time.

I must admit, this fantasy of mine, made me very hot. Maybe, it was the hottest of all times. My member became hard as a rock and stood still emphasizing my excitement. Already on the edge of coming, I slightly stoked my dick and blasted the sperm high in the air. The white liquid spread all over the floor, leaving yet another trait of my utter delight. Was I embarrassed by my behavior? Not even a bit. During all my adult life I was used to masturbate and dream about beautiful women making love with me. Unfortunately, the real situation was far from my imagination. Earning nice six digit salary wasn't enough to meet a woman of my dream. Each new encounter was very short handed and inevitably ended with a painful breakout. Despite all my tries, all women I met so far, disliked something in me.

At night I dreamed about a beautiful stranger. I imagined how I met her again and told everything about my feelings. How I knelt on one knee, and asked her to be my girlfriend. Somehow, I felt absolutely right to take this position in front of her. Hoping for the best, I kept standing there waiting for her answer. Yet, she took her time and just went on completely disregarding me. Slightly annoyed and surprised by her ignorance, I yelled for her attention. My Lady, in her turn, just slightly smiled and walked away. Devastated, I woke up in the middle of the night, heavily breathing after such a nightmare. Finally, after a few sleepless minutes I was able to catch some peaceful sleep.

The next day I went to the park again. I would go in any case, because I went there every day. Yet now I went there not to relax and calm down after a severe work pressure. My whole mind was occupied with very different obstacle. I was determined to speak with my Lady if I see her again. So, instead of going when I used to leave the house, I went around the time when I saw her. Thus, now I am standing next to that bench.

However I couldn't see her on this bench. It was all empty. That piece of wood colored in brown was the only reminder of yesterday's meeting.

Bitterness crept into my soul. I looked around. Not far from me was an elderly couple, women with strollers were sitting on the benches surrounded with kids frolicking around.

Yet she was not here. My whole dream crushed to pieces in front of my eyes. At this point, I even started to wonder whether I indeed saw my divine Lady. How silly was I to think that this heavenly creature is real? How dare me to imagine myself next to her!

Unable to concentrate on anything, I called my work and took a day off. Devastated and sad, I went home. At home, I tried to distract myself by lying on the couch with a book. Nothing worked. She stood before my eyes. In the end I took a horse dose of valerian and went to bed.

Needless to say that the next day I went to the park again. However this time, I went early in the morning, hoping to spend the whole day, but to find a mysterious stranger. I couldn't imagine what I'll tell her when we will meet. This time, somehow I was sure I will meet her again.

Another meeting

I had a long walk in the park, for several hours. Then I saw her. She was walking quickly, loudly knocking her high heels. She was wearing a white dress and the black nylon stockings. I stopped dead on my track. She walked directly to me. When passing by (I could not say a word), she suddenly dropped her handbag. Quite unconsciously, obeying only the inner impulse, I picked up the bag and handed it to her.

“Thank you,” she said, and looked at me searchingly. This her short common word seared through me. Her voice was full of a kind of inner dignity.

“You are welcome,” I muttered.

After that she was gone. The meeting, which I with trembling waited for so long, and that did not come out of my head, was over. Our short encounter made wonders to me feelings. With the renewed feelings, I kept dreaming of her. Delighted with my small gesture, I was waiting in anticipation for our next meeting to come.

In the following days, I also went to the park, but she was not there. A week has passed. Little by little, my thoughts began to return to usual problems. Then one day, when I was sitting on the same bench, I suddenly saw her. She was standing very close to me.

This time she wore white blouse and blue tight jeans, nicely fitting her perfect body. The blouse had a small cut in the middle, showing slightly her breasts. That little revelation didn't bother her at all. In contrary, completely aware about the impression she made, my beautiful stranger looked at me and asked:

“Are you here every day?” she asked.

“Yes ... almost,” I replied.

She laughed and asked the following question:

“Only on this bench?”

“Y-yes, that is, no, I mean, yes ...“

She laughed again.

“So no or yes?”

“Yes.”

She sat next to me, and I breathed the fragrance of her perfume. We spoke about our work. It turned out that her and my work places are very close to each other. She was working in the other large IT venture, our bitter competitor. We even laughed about such a coincidence. I couldn't even suspect at this time that our meeting is not a surprise, but a well-planned operation masterminded by my beautiful stranger. Her name was Laura, and she readily expressed her delight of meeting me. For the first time in my life, I felt so open and excited with a woman.

I drove her to a cafe, and we once again had a very good conversation. We discussed some local and business news, market trends, and even opened up a little about our personal lives. Surprisingly, she still was single and even actively looked for a partner.

“You see, Jim, I have the very high standards for my boyfriends. I will not go deep inside that now, but believe me that somehow every potential candidate had failed me, so far.”

Little by little, I gathered all my confidence, and plucking up spirit, I invited her to the movie. She readily agreed. There was no happier person on the earth at that moment, other than me. My ultimate dream of dating this amazing woman, started to become real.

A cup of tea

Looking at the screen in a dark movie theater, I did not understand what was going on in this picture, I sat completely still. She, who was sitting next to me, and with obvious interest was watching what is happening on the screen, held all my thoughts. I couldn't believe my luck and let my eyes to linger on her from time to time. At some point, she put her hand on top of mine, and caused me to breathe heavily. As if lighting had struck me, I felt a sudden jolt and jumped on my seat. Reassuringly, trying to calm me down, she slightly tapped my hand with her fingers, causing an excitement on my side.

When we left the theater, it was already dark, and I went to accompany her home.

“Want to come for a cup of tea?” she suggested. I could not believe my ears. She invites me to come to her home. Of course, I did not object.

When we got to her place, I saw a big two store house in front of me. Modern look and apparent recent renovations, all added to a feeling of nicely looking home. Obvious touch of lovely Laura's hands was very imminent and clearly visible. Starting from splendidly colored backyard paving, and continuing with the carefully selected window shades, her emphasize on details was apparent too. When we reached the porch I turned around and took a peek on the surroundings. Large backyard was absolutely hidden by the high wood fence. Neatly cut grass looked as another apparent characteristic of Laura's love for perfection.

When my Lady opened the entry door, she invited me inside. I made a few steps forward and found myself inside the large living room. All floored with hardwood, the room contained a small tea table, comfortable sofa, and a large desk, all conveniently located in front of the large TV hanged on a wall. Colored in a light maple, room's floor together with the white walls made the room to feel very bright and inviting. The lovely touch of Laura was imminent here as well.

Laura sat down on a chair and began to take off her shoes. Then as if someone pushed me, I surprisingly asked her:

“Let me help you.”

She smiled.

“You are welcome.”

Today she was wearing black sneakers, which were slightly dirty from all the walking. Without any hesitation, I put my fingers over the grimy spots and pulled off her shoes. Strong sweat odor struck my nostrils. Slightly appalled by the scent, I gently touched with the tip of my fingers her divine legs. As I noticed already, Laura’s feet were small, neat shaped, covered with nylon stockings. I seized a passionate desire, and pressed my lips to the tips of the legs. After only an incredible effort of will, I pulled myself together and put on her slippers. When I looked at her, she looked at me with a kind but slightly mocking smile.

“Why are you so alarmed?” she asked sympathetically. “Even blushed red?”

“Oh, nothing,” I muttered and hurriedly got up.

“Thank you,” she thanked me.

We sat on the couch next to a small table while drinking tea. The conversation, at first was walking about anything, slowly went to the men and their gallantry towards women. Apparently, not the least role in this played a recent episode with slippers. In addition, we were talking about the custom of kissing a woman's hand. Then she suddenly said:

“I got the impression that your inner nature is more consistent with the shape of the reinforced customs.”

“In what sense?” I asked.

“The fact that in a woman's hand kiss you invest not just gallantry.”

“What?” as something silly I asked.

“Yes,” - she said. “Your kiss symbolizes the worship of a man to a woman.”

“Do you think so?” I blurted out, although I had to say something else. Although, I really wanted to admit it.

“I'm sure about it.”

I paused for a moment.

“If a man wants to show his admiration for the woman he falls for a kiss in front of her,” I said finally.

I probably did not need me to say it, no one was pulling my tongue to talk about my knees. And it is not always the man kneels down, even if he wants to emphasize adoration. But I would like to say just that. And I said. Perhaps this phrase has determined my whole future destiny.

She stared at me with a long searching look. But I did not say anything. She seemed to be waiting for me, to develop my initiatives. I no longer hesitated. Getting up from the couch, I slowly sank to my knees. Then she smiled.

“Don’t you think it is much more natural, and especially for you?” she asked.

“Yes, you are right” I had to admit.

“Then stay on your knees, I like it. By the way, do you agree to do whatever I like this evening?”

“Yes,” I replied without any hesitation.

“Then kiss my hand.”

She gave me her hand. My head began to spin. I pressed my lips to her fingers. They were cold.

“Do you like it?” she asked.

“Yes, yes,” I said quickly. “Even ...”

“What is “even”?”

“I’m afraid to hurt you.”

“You did not offend me. I know what you want to say. I knew it even then, when you picked up my purse, in the park. I became finally convinced of this, when you change my shoes. Therefore speak boldly.

“Well ... if so ...”

Suddenly with the completely changed tone she said:

“Stop. I asked you. Answer me!”

This phrase seared through me like a hot iron. How many times such woman's tone of conversation haunted me in my dreams. Finally, now it has become a reality.

“I'd really like to kiss your feet,” I said loudly.
So, what took you so long to say such a simple thing?”

I nodded.

“I think I asked you a question!” she said sharply.

It seemed to me that she was going to give me a slap.

“Yes, I did not dare to,” I said.

“Well, that all solved now,” she said. “You can kiss my feet!”

She leaned back on the couch and turned her back leg, covered with nylon stockings in front of me. Only half an hour ago, I barely restrained myself not to kiss her. Now, though, when I received permission to do so, I could not decide to do it.

“Come on,” she said impatiently and lightly tapped her foot on the chin.
Only then, in ecstasy, I pressed my lips to her foot.

“Well, you see, nothing will happen to you,” she smiled. “Stay on your knees.”

Then she started asking me questions. I had to answer them directly, without concealment. I felt that I could trust this woman. After a while she knew about all my secret thoughts and desires. When finally the questions came to an end, my face flushed, tears flowed from my eyes. She ran the tip of her foot on my face.

Getting a chance

“Calm down. You are in vain so ashamed of it all. Nothing wrong with that, thousands of men suffer from not finding the exit of their passion. However you can be happier than them. I'll give you a chance. If you manage to use it, I'll give you that happiness. I offer you to become my boyfriend, but on one condition. You will obey my every order. Any disobedience from you side, and we will break up for good.”

“You seem to be overwhelmed with all this stuff. I will let you to sleep on that, and make your decision. Remember, I am not in a hurry, and doing it for you. I can really help you to become a better person. Let's meet tomorrow in the same place at the park. Go home now and take a good rest. Believe me, as I see it now, you will need all your strength in a near future.”

After these words I opened the road to immeasurable bliss of slavery. Slavery to the woman who became my mistress. Slavery, which I have for many years and remain to this day.

Needless to say, the rest of the day was all about the offer. I thought about all the consequences and implications. From one side, I am losing my freedom and will have to obey the orders of a complete stranger. From the other side, that stranger is a beautiful young girl who seems to be sensitive and gentle. Her openness, attention to details, and lovely touch, all were very attractive to me. Be with such a woman is a dream of every man. Yes, there are some obvious negative parts here. However, the fact that our agreement can be cancelled anytime was that crucial part which helped me to make my mind. However, I wasn't ready to fully agree yet. Something in me told me to wait and try to know Laura better. I wanted to understand her motives, experience her first orders and see whether this kind of lifestyle is suitable or me.

Next day I readily waited for Laura near our bench. Standing there became already a custom for me. Curiously I noticed that I never paid any attention to any benches before I met my beautiful Lady. I went multiple times over the words I prepared to say. Somehow, deeply concentrated on my future speech, I totally missed the appearance of my idol. Only when she was next to me, I became aware of it, and stared at her eyes. Without blinking,

she returned a favor and gazed back at me. We exchanged look for quite a while until I blinked acknowledging my defeat.

Without further ado, she took the matters in her hands:

“So, Jim, what will be your answer? Do you agree to become my boyfriend, on my terms?” she asked.

All the preparation vanished from my head. As having a complete blackout, I felt on my knees and just mumbled:

“Y...e...s, Laura.”

“I don’t understand. Say it clearly, out loud!”

“Yes, Laura. I agree to your terms!”

That moment I felt like I passed a huge obstacle. I openly told Laura the most important decision of my life. I prepared myself for a different resolution, and even worked on a sort speech explaining it. However, completely taken away by her beauty, I couldn’t do anything but to submit to Laura.

“Good. Because I already started wondering. Let’s check how far your dedication will go.”

My first gift

With the last words, she put her leg on the bench. Next she took off the shoes, raised her skirt, and started to unbuckle her stockings. Speechless, completely mesmerized by the view I continued to stand there on my knees. For me there was no anything in the world except these beautiful legs. Absolutely disregarding my reaction she slowly rolled down the stockings, and then with a vicious smile turned her head to me:

“Open up your mouth, Jim!”

Obediently, without any will to refuse, I complied. When Laura forcefully shoved her stocking inside my mouth, I was ready. What else can do a girl with her stockings other than thrusting them into her boyfriend’s mouth? I wanted to cry from all the humiliation, but just thought about my beautiful new girlfriend. Already familiar with the scent of her sweat, now I have to taste it too. Slightly salty, the taste wasn’t actually that bad. The soft fabric gently touched my tongue, and was immediately covered with the saliva. Unknowing Laura’s intentions, I kept my mouth wide open waiting for her instructions. When the second stocking followed the fate of its predecessor, I heard Laura again:

“Go to your work now and wash my generous gift in your mouth. Come to my house at 7, and bring it back. I want it neat and clean as new.”

Unable to replay, I just mumbled something and saw her turning away. I stand on my knees for a few more minutes until I finally realized how ridiculous my posture is. I quickly stood up and ran to my work while still keeping Laura’s hosiery in my mouth. I tried to moisturize it with saliva as much as possible. Keeping in mind the washing machine, I span the fabric with my tongue, while swallowing any residue. Unfortunately, the salty taste hadn’t gone entirely. From time to time, I still can sense some perspiration. Deeply concentrated on my cleaning task, I completely forgot about anything else. Only when one of my coworkers asked me something, I realized that I can’t afford myself to open my mouth. I muttered some excuse and quickly ran to the bathroom.

In fact, this is how my day work schedule was looking like. Every hour or so, I went to the bathroom in order to wash Laura’s garments in my mouth.

I also used that time to sample the flavor. Rest of the day I tried in vain to concentrate on my work, while thinking about other possible humiliations I would experience today. To my utter disbelief, my check at 6 o'clock, still showed some traits of Laura's sweat. Devastated, I threw away the idea of cleaning the stocking in my mouth, and tried to rinse them with the tap water, instead. I prayed not be seen by anyone while doing that. Apparently, someone heard my request, as I was able to complete my task after several more minutes. Hurriedly, I put the hosiers in my pocket and ran away to the parking.

Our second date

Luckily, driving like crazy, I was able to make to Laura house in time. When I have arrived, I went straightly to her entry door and rang the doorbell. My girlfriend, oh what a sweet word, opened the door and invited me inside. Before letting me in, she hastily brought her tender lips to me and slightly kissed my cheek. Completely surprised I felt in heaven. All the troubles of the day, went instantly away with that kiss. Still overwhelmed, I slowly paced inside.

“Jim, where are my stockings? Are they clean?” she asked me.

“Here,” I replied and pulled out her garments from my pocket.

After I gave Laura her stockings she closely examined them. All that time I hold my breath. When no blemishes were found, I could gather some air again. However, her next question got me in trouble.

“Have you washed them all the time in your mouth, as I required?” she asked and stared at me.

“Obviously, I should tell her the truth,” I said to myself. Any lie will make the matters even worse.

Without much choice, I admitted my attempt to fool her. To my surprise, she wasn’t angry at all. In contrary, it seemed as she was waiting for such a reply.

“I admire your honesty. However, I do not like to repeat my orders. When I said, “it should be done with your mouth”, I meant it. I believe, people should pay for their mistakes in order to learn. I will punish you later. That should show you the importance of my words.”

She sat down on a coach and continued with her soft voice:

“Jim, I want to describe my plans for you, and for our future relations. In order to get suitable for me, you have much to learn. In fact, your learning will never cease. It will be a continuing process in which you will find new things about yourself.”

“So, let’s start your training. Jim, please take off all your clothes,” she ordered me in a much stricter tone.

Without any hesitation I quickly obeyed. Couple of minutes later, I found myself standing completely naked in the middle of the living room. To my absolute surprise, it felt completely natural to demonstrate my body to Laura. Of course, I got excited. Yet, my futile attempts to cover myself were met with another strict command from my gorgeous girlfriend:

“Raise your hand high in the air. I want to see everything I bought” she playfully ordered.

When I meekly complied, Laura closely checked my whole body, paying special attention to my genitals. My arousal was clearly noticeable, but it only amused her. Ashamed I had to hear her joyful comments:

“Oh, look on your member. It has a decent size, but obviously lacks some practice,” she announced with the smile while pointing her finger at my dick.

After that, she gestured me to come closer and kneel at her feet. In order to clarify her message, Laura’s index finger showed me the exact spot on the floor where I should sit. After I took the required spot, she asked me to take off her shoes with my hands. As yesterday, the soles were all covered with grease and soil, but I just disregarded it.

Next, she pointed toward her legs and ordered to inhale the odor coming from them. I brought my nose closely and deeply breathed with my nose. Already familiar with the scent of her feet, I still was unpleasantly surprised by this smell. Incased all day in the shoes, her feet smelled really awful. It was a mix of the daily sweat, dirt, and fabric all tangled together. No doubt, it was disgusting and stinky. My face expression probably told it all, as Laura laughed sarcastically.

“Jim, start cherishing the odor. Be assured, you will quickly find it very arousing and delightful. In fact, after few times you will desire to inhale that smell more than any perfume in the world. While you are enjoying my generous present, I will teach you how to treat my feet,” she announced with a big smile.

My humiliation was intense, indeed. The stinky scent was coming from everywhere. The feeling was like my skin and hair will carry this smell too,

for ages to come. However, at that time Laura already thought about the next step in my training.

“Let’s now talk about a feet worship. As a Lady I will require frequent feet service from you. That means, cleaning my feet with only your tongue. In no way you are allowed to use your hands. You should start with the soles by moving from the heels all the way up to the toes. I expect all the dirt and crumbs being collected and swallowed. Crisp, clear soles should be your top priority. When you will arrive to toes, you should first lick each toe. Then, your mouth should suck each and every toe separately. A special attention should be given to the spaces between the toes as little dirt morsels tend to collect there.”

“Enough with the theory for now. Let’s start with the practice. Show me your tongue,” ordered Laura.

Obediently, I opened my mouth and stick out my tongue. She grabbed it between her fingers and pulled it out to the maximum with her hand. Then, she brought her right foot closely and calmly waited for me to start. I took a deep breath and slowly touched her heels with my tongue. My dream was about to become true. I was about to clean most beautiful feet ever, the feet of my Lady.

Excited and trembling with anticipation I licked and licked like there will be no tomorrow. My whole existence was dependent on that job. Beginning with the heel, I gradually made my way toward the toes, scrapping all the dirt with my teeth. While cleaning all the salty sweat, my tongue also applied saliva to her divine skin. After leaving her sole spotless and shiny, I paid a special attention to the toes. Sucking each toe one by one, I heard moans of joy from my superior Lady. Reassured by my correct actions, I had proceeded to the second foot. All this time, Laura’s hand was on my head leading and controlling me.

Delighted with my performance, Laura softly patted my head. Seeing my enjoyment, she smiled at me.

“Jim, it was really something. Thank you very much for your commitment and enthusiasm. I want to pay you back. Let go out to some restaurant tomorrow evening. What is your favorite cuisine?” she asked me.

Surprised by a sudden change of subject, I quickly came to my senses.

“I prefer a traditional Japanese food. In fact, I know some decent restaurant in downtown.”

“Great. Please send me all the details. How about meeting there at 7?”

“Hmm, sounds great. I will make a reservation for us.”

“Ok, glad this thing is done. Now, as you remember, we still have one more small issue. It’s your punishment. I decided that I will spank you for your fault to follow my orders fully.” she announced and sat comfortably on the sofa.

Next, she ordered me to lay down on her knees. Her finger clearly pointed to the right spot. Hesitantly, without much choice, I had obeyed. She squeezed my genitals between her legs, and put both her hands on my buttocks. I couldn’t think about more humiliating position. Trembling from fear, I laid there expecting an imminent pain. In a complete silence she squeezed my buttocks for several times. Obviously noticing my tense body and sensing my panic, she tried to calm me down:

“Jim relax your muscles. It’s not in your hands anymore. I am going to spank you anyway. Yet, you can ease your pain, if you will loosen a little.”

After that, she first slapped me slightly with her bare hand. It felt like a sudden painful sting. While the pain was spreading over my body, few more slaps followed. Laura gradually increased the force with each slap, as trying to test my limits. Shortly after 5 or 6 slaps, my poor ass started to burn, as like it was set on fire. I had started to scream and begged for forgiveness. Both the humiliation and pain caused me to cry. Yet, my punishment hasn’t ended yet.

“Jim, remember that moment. Next time you will think about disobeying me, remind yourself about your current state. How vulnerable and pity you feel now, wishing for your punishment to be over already. I am not into this stuff, but I have to do it for your own good. Believe me, it’s painful for me too to teach you like this,” she calmly had explained and continued her beatings.

At the end, when I couldn’t even move, Laura had ordered me to lay down on the sofa. Yet, seeing my condition, she pulled away and jumped over

sofa's back, instead. Next, she left me for a while, and then returned with some soothing cream and wipes. The cream was gently applied on my bottoms. Still sobbing from enormous pain I heard Laura's soft calming voice again:

"You really had disappointed me today. I was so mad on you. But it's all over now. Believe me, I am doing it for your own good. Only through the pain and the punishment you can learn your mistakes. You can go home, when you would be able to walk. See you tomorrow at 7," she proclaimed and walked out of the room.

It took me at least half an hour to come to my senses and be able to walk. Slowly, I put on all the clothes and made my way back home. My buttocks were still in pain and I could barely sit while driving the car. After I have arrived home, I went straightly to the mirror and took a careful look on my behinds. They were all swollen red and very itchy.

Was I mad on Laura? I would say definitely "Yes". She never mentioned any punishment during our initial conversation. I badly wanted to be with her, and she used it against me. One thing I learned for sure. It's better not to get her angry. For the first time since I met her, I started to be unsure about my decision to date Laura. Yes, she was the most beautiful woman in my life. From the other hand, her endless will to dominate and humiliate me, made me nervous about my future. Was I anticipating such behavior? The answer is positive. Yet, probably, I was thinking about a slightly minor version, with mild acts of humiliation and without any punishment. The reality, once again, has turned to be very different from my dreams.

Going out

After restless night and enormous time spent to find the less painful spot, I somehow managed to get dressed. Still shaken and groggy I left to work. When I finally arrived, I became suddenly aware of my poor situation. With red eyes, twisted uncombed haircut I made a very bad impression. Thus, before reaching my office, I ran to the bathroom. It took me another 20 minutes to get some presentable look, and be ready to meet my coworkers. Luckily, my office partner was sick and took a day off. That enabled me to stand most of the time for an obvious reason. For the same exact reason, I was first who called my favorite restaurant when it became open. I scrupulously made a reservation for 2, and even called one more time to verify it. Exactly at 6, I left the office and walked to the parking lot. Another date with my amazing tormentor was waiting for me.

I arrived in time and was led to the reserved table. When waitress asked me whether to bring the menu, I instantly refused, of course. Knowing my girlfriend's temper and attention to details, I didn't want to mess up again. After a few more minutes, Laura has appeared in the hall. She was wearing nice short evening dress which perfectly fit her body. Colored in blue the dress openly showed her amazing legs encased in the white high heel sandals. She paced slowly toward my table causing jealous gazes from all the men inside. I started to feel uncomfortable under all these looks, but Laura found a quick way to calm me down. Instead of taking her seat, she made one more step toward me and softly kissed my cheek with her divine lips. I felt like I was in heaven, the Goddess just showed how she feels about me. Some tiny part of her saliva was left on my check, reminding me of my fortune.

As if nothing special happened between us yesterday, we chatted absent mindedly about work, news, and even politics. There were many similarities between our views on a variety of subjects. Surprisingly, Laura haven't been used to Japanese food, so I tried to explain her the basic terms. To her request, I readily helped her with her order. After our order was taken, the tone of our conversation suddenly changed.

"How is your back? I remember you complained about some pain yesterday. Is it still painful?" she asked me with a mischievous smile.

“The pain is still there. I barely can sit,” I frankly replied.

Looking directly at her eyes, I decided to warm up the conversation.

“My heart is aching too. It was badly hurt yesterday,” I added, while keeping Laura’s tone.

Her eyes shortened for a moment. Obviously my little rebellion was quite unexpected for her. Still, in a matter of seconds, she managed to suppress it. She put her hand on top of mine and stared directly at me.

“Jim, I am not going to apologize for yesterday’s treatment. I still think it was a necessary measure. Let’s move on to a different subject. What are your plans for this weekend?”

“No plans so far. I will probably be at my home all of the time.”

“Hmm. That sounds boring. Do you want to spend it with me? We will do a lot of interesting things resembling our yesterday’s adventures.”

Only then I realized her true intentions. All that conversation was done for only one purpose. To see how I really feel about last night punishment. Skillfully, she played with the words in order to see whether I managed to get over it already. Understanding that, helped me with my next reply. Openly smiling, I hold her hands in mine and triumphantly acknowledged:

“It will be a great honor to be your guest during this weekend. I am open for any, and I mean “absolutely any” of your ‘suggestions’.” I emphasized the last word with my voice as having a special meaning known only for both of us.

I obviously passed that test, as Laura’s face beamed with joy.

“Thank you Jim. It was the nicest sentence I ever heard. Be assured, I have a lot of wonderful ‘suggestions’ for you,” she playfully replied.

Our order had arrived, and for a while we ate in a complete silence. To my delight, Laura was obviously enjoying her meal. She savored every bit of it and was noticeably very pleased. I looked on her, and felt like a happiest man alive. Oh, how much I would give in order to see this joyful face expression always!

A first kiss

When the dinner was over, and we were already outside, Laura held my hand and pulled me closer.

“I wanted to thank you for a wonderful dinner. I really enjoyed it!”

With the last words, she brought her lips closer to my mouth, and tenderly touched my lips with hers. Not waiting for my reply, she let her tongue out and gently licked my lips prompting them to open. Then, her tongue probed inside my mouth and rolled around. Amazed by such forceful attack, I slightly was taken aback. Laura noticed my tension, and took my face in her hands.

“Calm down, silly. You have to learn to trust me,” she softly whispered to my ear.

After that, with a renewed energy, she thrust her tongue again into my mouth. This time however, instead of just rolling it around, she slowly moved it up and down contacting my tongue and palates. I must admit, the feeling of her tongue inside my mouth was overwhelming and very exciting. It took me some time, but eventually I came to my senses and have started to reply back. I took her top lip in my mouth and started to suck it gently, like a candy. A sweet taste of her saliva was pouring inside my mouth. Later on, we switched places. She caressed my lips, while I tried to copy Laura’s tongue actions. First hesitantly, but gradually with more confidence I probed her mouth.

I lost the count of time we spent switching places. By all means, it was the sweetest and most successful kiss in my life! We both lost ourselves in that kiss. After a while, with some sort of embarrassment, Laura announced:

“Well, you have a great potential. We should definitely do it again. I will call you tomorrow. Bye.”

She quickly turned around and left. I kept standing there unable to comprehend the latest events. For a moment we were very close, and then, all of the sudden, she abandoned me with a simple “Goodbye”. It wasn’t normal. Yet, whom was I kidding? Our relations never have been normal. I just learned my new lesson. Laura’s behavior is totally unpredictable. Thus,

I shouldn't be amazed or surprised next time. Still wondering about my girlfriend's plans for this weekend, I strolled home.

A surprising invitation

I kept wondering until I got her call next morning. With her soft voice, Laura immediately caught all my attention.

“Good morning Jim. How are you doing?”

“Morning, Laura. I am doing well. How about yourself?”

“I am OK too. Listen, about the weekend. I will wait for you at 7 at my house. Please don’t bring anything with you.”

“Hmm. I don’t understand. What about my clothes and personal items?” I asked in a little perplexity.

“Hahaha,” I heard her laughing.

“Come as you are, and we will deal with it later,” she said in a much stricter tone.

I immediately sensed the change and without much choice meekly replied:

“Yes, Laura. I will be there at 7.”

“Great. See you when,” were her last words.

I couldn’t invest more time into our last conversation as I had a very hectic schedule. Many things were waiting for me before I could safely go home, more precisely got to Laura’s home. The thought of us being together was very pleasant and reviving. Each time I remembered our last kiss, I joyfully smiled. My strange relations surely have their down side, but also brought pleasant perks too. Reassured, I kept doing my work struggling to complete it in time.

Somewhere around 5:30, I started to feel worried. I still had a lot of things to do, but my time was running short. Facing the inevitable choice, I decided to call Laura.

“Hi Laura. It’s me, Jim. Do you have a minute?” I asked her politely.

“I am sorry, gentleman. This is my boyfriend. I will join you in a minute,” I overheard her saying to someone.

“Jim, I am in the middle of the important meeting. Is it something urgent?” she worryingly asked me.

“Laura, I terribly sorry. I can’t make it at 7. I have a pile of tasks waiting for me,” I tried to explain her.

“Look, Jim. I don’t care. I said 7 and it should be exact that time!” without saying any “Goodbye” she abruptly hung up the phone.

Left in a bad mood, I tried to continue my work. I tried to accomplish as much as I can, before leaving. However, still angry on Laura for her lack of consideration, I couldn’t concentrate. Annoyed, I threw away all the papers and ran out of office. My work week was over and I headed toward Laura’s house. Preparing myself for a long uneasy talk, I hastily started my car and drove away. I wanted to tell Laura how unacceptable was her demand. All my life I draw a definite line between my work and my personal life, and never allowed them to interfere with each other. In fact, the work priorities always came first, as I regarded myself as a highly motivated professional.

A first argument

Still going over the last events, I rang the doorbell. When Laura tried to kiss me at the entrance, I instantly moved away. Her perplexed look was met with my quick explanation.

“Look Laura. We have to talk. I didn’t like our last conversation. My work is very important for me, and our time together could surely wait for couple more hours,” I told her.

“Hmm. Ok, let’s talk. Sooner or later, we should have been doing it, anyway. We will do it on my terms, of course,” she said completely unsurprised, and led me to the middle of the room.

“Strip naked, and sit on your knees!” she suddenly yelled at me.

Totally taken by surprise, I kept standing still there.

“I gave you an order! Do it!” Laura almost lost her temper.

Reluctantly, all trembling I started to undress. Speechlessly, Laura looked on me all that time. Her burning gaze, could make a hole in my body. After I was done with the clothes, I slowly sat on my knees waiting for her further instructions.

“Great. When a natural order of things is restored, let’s continue our conversation,” she announced and sat on the chair in front of me.

“I want to clarify something about our relations. By no means, they are equal. As long as you are with me, my word is a top priority for you. You can definitely argue, debate and express your opinion. However, only I will decide what is best for both of us. Do you agree with that?”

Completely taken aback by Laura’s revelation, I struggled to find the answer. Was I surprised, by her last statements? Well, maybe a little bit. From the start of our relations, I suspected something like this. The notion of inequality was always in the air. It just got all cleared up now. My thoughts were suddenly interrupted again.

“Jim, I asked you a question. Answer me!”

“Yes, Laura,” I almost whispered.

“I didn’t get it. Please say it clearly!”

“Yes, Laura. I agree to your description of our relations,” I reluctantly admitted. I felt like another point of no return was successfully passed by me. I just gave Laura more authority and power over me.

“Great. I am glad we have reached an agreement!” she triumphantly announced. Obviously, she was very delighted with my last acknowledgement.

The order is restored

“With all these events, I completely forgot about my legs. They are still waiting for your attention!” Laura stated playfully.

She gestured me to come closer and brought her legs to my face. Already accustomed, I wordlessly pulled off her shoes and started to inhale the stinky odor coming from her feet. The already familiar strong scent hit my nostrils. I tried to move my lips closer in order to kiss Laura’s feet wrapped in the black stockings. However my attempt was surprisingly interrupted by Laura.

“I don’t like my garments to become wet. Please take them off,” she asked me, and raised her skirt.

I immediately lifted my eyes and was awarded with a pleasant gift. For a first time since we met, Laura let me clearly to see her underwear. White silky panties instantly became a new place of worship for my eyes. Comfortably fitting my Goddess, they took all my attention. I badly wanted to sniff the divine odor of my Goddess coming from them. To touch them with the tip of my tongue became my new obsession. Laura had to waive her hand in front of my eyes in order to bring me back to my senses.

“Jim, my feet are still waiting for you. Keep working!” she told me.

Gathering all my will, I succeeded to turn my eyes away. I started to roll down the stockings when Laura abruptly stopped me again.

“I got an idea. Instead of worshiping my feet, I want you to do something else. Stick out your tongue!” she commanded me, and quickly took off her stockings.

When I meekly obeyed, she started to wipe her feet on my tongue, as if it was a kind of towel. Laughing with joy, she forcefully moved her soles up and down my face. In no time my tongue became all dry, completely covered with Laura’s sweat and small dirt particles. Unimpressed, my cruel girlfriend continued her initiative for a while. Yet, after couple more minutes, she concluded that there should be some change.

“Your tongue is useless now. I can’t clean my toes. We definitely need to make it wet again. Follow me!” she told me and got up.

I tried to stand up too, but was abruptly stopped.

“I don’t remember telling you to stand up. I only ordered you to follow me. That means you should crawl on all fours!” stated Laura, and even slightly slapped my cheek.

“Always pay attention to my orders. Don’t try to improvise!” she angrily added.

Pacing fast she led me to the bathroom. I tried to catch up with her as much as I could, but I obviously lacked any experience. Annoyed with my slowness, Laura grasped my hair with her hand and strongly pulled it. My cries for mercy were met with a complete disregard.

“I am sick with your laziness and stupidity. Don’t worry, we will work on your crawling again and again until it will become your true nature. For now, just move faster!”

Finally, we reached the bathroom. Completely exhausted, I was ready to take a break and rest for a while. However, my cruel girlfriend had another plans for me. Without giving me much time, she pulled me closer to the sink.

“Jim, I want you to drink the water from the tap. That should make your mouth useful again,” she told me and waived me to stand up.

Defeated, I obediently opened the tap and started to sip the water. Fortunately, the water was clean, and I could fearlessly drink it. Yet, at that moment, all my thoughts were about something else.

“How this beautiful amazing young girl could be so cruel? How she can do it to me?” I kept asking myself.

“Wash your mouth thoroughly. It should be all clean to meet my toes,” sarcastically added Laura.

When her last wish was done, I was send back to kneel on the floor. As previously, Laura commanded me to stick out my tongue again. As expected, determined to complete her idea, she continued to wipe her feet on my tongue. This time, however, she moved only her toes up and down. Unsatisfied with the result, she gestured me to open my mouth. Next, she forcefully shoved her toes inside, and ordered me to suck them. Defeated, I

filled my mouth with saliva and then poured it on the toes. In addition, each toe was thoroughly licked with my tongue. From time to time, I felt some small dirt residue hidden between the toes. Then, I sucked these particles and immediately swallowed them in order to make some room for more. Long ago I stopped thinking about the nature of these particles and how disgusting my task looks like. I already learned how dangerous is to question Laura's authority. Now I only strived to fully obey her every order. When both her feet received the same treatment, Laura finally allowed me to get some rest. Left alone, I closed my eyes and took several deep breaths. After 5 minutes or so, my relaxation time came to an end.

Pulling my hair with her hand, Laura took me back to the living room. This time however, she wasn't in a hurry. She slowly walked ahead of me letting me to crawl at her feet. This way, we made several rounds around the room. My amazing girlfriend probably tried to teach me how to keep up with her pace. She gradually increased the speed of her steps while allowing me to adjust to her rhythm. At some moment, my body started to give up on me. All covered with sweat, exhausted, and breathing heavily, I pleaded Laura to stop. She tried to pursue me to move further, but something in my condition convinced her. She let me lay on the floor for a while, and then sent me to take a bath.

After I thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned myself, I faced yet another problem. There was only one small towel hanging there. Puzzled, I asked Laura to bring me a new one. Her answer was somewhat mean.

"Use the small one. I don't see a reason to give you a better towel, yet," she told me.

When I finally was able to exit the bathroom, Laura asked me to come to the kitchen. She invited me to eat the dinner with her. We sat at the table across each other, like a regular couple. We exchanged jokes, ideas, and views, same way as all couple do. Yet, somewhere in the air between us there was that tension about all the things she have done to me recently. I was pretending to be happy and joyful, but deep inside I was hurt and fragile.

"She probably tries to invent a new humiliation for you. So, be ready," I kept telling myself.

When the dinner was over, Laura quickly cleaned up the table. Next she turned her attention to me.

“You see, I am doing something useful in this house. I prepared dinner, and cleaned the dishes. What have you done so far?” she playfully asked me.

“Hmm. I entertained you, and cleaned your feet,” I hesitantly replied, unsure what to say.

“That’s not enough. I think you should do more for me,” stated Laura.

“What do you mean?” I tried to ask her.

“Well. How about cleaning the house? That can be a good start.”

“No problem. Do you want me to do it now?” I asked her.

“You are right. It’s probably too late already. Do it tomorrow’s morning after the breakfast. Let’s take some rest now,” told me Laura and holding my hand took me to the living room.

Yet another gift

We sat on the sofa and watched TV for some time. Suddenly, I felt Laura's hand on my genitals. Surprised I look at her, only to find a smile on her face.

"I want to return you a favor. Relax and enjoy it!" she proclaimed and moved closer.

She put her right hand on my stiffened member, while her left hand caressed my balls. Skillfully, evident to vast experience, she tightly hold her fingers around my stick and squeezed them gently. Her other hand, in contrary, was just wrapping my balls giving all the support and warm. Gradually increasing the speed of her strokes, Laura quickly brought me to an edge. However, that wasn't enough for her. She quickly removed her hands and waited until my dick will calm down. After that, she quickly made my penis hard again and then abandoned it. The process continued for several times, until unable to hold it anymore, I begged her to let me cum. However, my pleas fell on deaf ears. Not just she refused to listen to me, but she even continued for couple of more time. When my balls ached like hell, and I was ready for everything, Laura presented some metal tube with the ring before my eyes.

"I will allow you to cum if you will promise to wear this device. Will you?" she asked me.

"Yes. Yes, Laura. I will do everything. Just let me cum, please," I answered her, almost fainting.

Satisfied, Laura pumped my cock several more times until I ejaculated. I was still in pain and tried to get to my senses, when I felt some cold around my member. Wondering, I lowered my eyes just to see my dick encased into the metal tube. The ring on its edge was quickly wrapped around my balls. Unable to resist, I silently watched as Laura locked the ring with a small padlock.

"What are you doing? Are you out of your mind?" I angrily yelled at her.

In no time, I understood my mistake. Laura mercilessly slapped me number of times. Furiously she kept beating me, even then I cried for mercy. After I

tried to protect my face with my hands, she used her legs to kick my body. I felt like a punching bag. My whole body was set on fire, and I stopped counting the blows. It took Laura some time to calm down and cease my execution. Still afraid of continuation, I tried to check my status.

Surprisingly, no real damage was done. Several bruises and scratches here and there. Obviously, my violent girlfriend was studying mortal arts too.

“You will never talk with me like this! How dare you? I care for you, feed you, and spend my time with you. Instead you pay me with insolence and disrespect.”

“I am sorry Laura. That will not happen again. I was just frustrated with this device.” I tried to apologize and explain my motives.

“OK. I will forgive you this time. Obviously, you are not different from the rest. All men lose their temper when their penis is in danger.”

“This device is called “chastity”. It disallows your member to get hard. As you can see, I have the only key. That means, I am the only person who will decide when, where, and how you will cum. Any questions?”

“I don’t like it. You tricked me into all this thing.”

“Yes, I know. It looks weird at the beginning. Yet, it is done for your own good. You will be more attentive to my needs, and will regard yourself as my true partner. It will also remind you about me. Isn’t that wonderful? We are not engaged yet, but you already have my ring!”

“Hmm. I guess so. I didn’t look on it from this side.”

“You see. I told you already to trust me. Now when you are ready, let’s go to sleep!” joyfully announced Laura, and grabbed my hand.

Still unsure about a whole “chastity thing”, I meekly followed her to the second floor. When we reached the Master bedroom, she asked me to wait inside. In her turn, she went straightly to the bathroom. I took a seat on a large bed and tried to explore the surroundings. Spacious bright room was nicely decorated with pleasant wall colors, pictures on the walls, and cute curtains. Heated hardwood floor gave feeling of a warm welcome.

Adjourning walking closet was really big, and seemed to be fully packed with different dresses, shirts, blouses, and other parts of clothing. I guess, in a regular circumstances, I would simply adore such a gorgeous

environment. Yet, I couldn't afford myself to fall a victim to my sense of beauty. With the sad expression I downed my eyes on the damn cage which encased my privates. Will it be seen through the pants? Will it allow me to urinate freely? I hoped to find the answer to my questions shortly.

Meanwhile, Laura has returned from the bathroom wearing her pajamas. Light blue night gown showed made her perfect body clearly visible and so close. Captivated, I couldn't take my eyes from her breasts bumping like two big apples. Decorated by 2 berry like nipples, the breasts just prompted me to open my mouth widely in a sheer appreciation.

"Hahaha. You look like a zombie. You will sleep here alone. Good night," said my Lady and was about to leave.

Recognizing that something went wrong, I curiously asked her:

"Won't we sleep together? I thought that we are a couple."

"Well. I don't think it's a good idea. Maybe later," answered me Laura, this time leaving for good.

Shocked and abandoned, I laid in bed trying to get some sleep. The cursed chastity tube all of the sudden became noticeable again. The device felt very weird and disturbing, especially when I tried to lie on my stomach. In addition, I couldn't stop thinking about today's event.

"How she can be so cruel? Does she even like me?" I kept asking myself over and over again.

Morning duty

After a few restless hours, I finally fell asleep. My morning started when Laura had opened my door. Still wearing her night gown, she entered the room and told me to get up.

“The breakfast will be ready shortly. Meanwhile, please go to the bathroom, and make the bed,” my amazing girlfriend instructed me.

Seeing such a beauty first thing in the morning, was like a continuation of my happiest dream. I smiled openly at her, and readily jumped out of bed. Her hysteric laugh came as an unpleasant surprise.

“Look at you. Romeo, wearing a chastity lock. You look pathetic!” she pointed her finger at my penis, and knowingly put me in my place.

My morning enthusiasm instantly faded away.

“Good morning, Laura. I hoped for a better welcome,” I replied to her.

“Oh, I am sorry. Someone thinks he has enough guts. No problem.”

“You know what? For your little rebellion, I will leave you without a breakfast. Your assignment starts now! You have to scrub all the floors, wash, and clean all the bathrooms. You will find all the supplies in the bathroom. Good luck, jerk!” she angrily yelled at me and left.

Cursing my luck, I slowly walked to the bathroom. It took me several very long hours to finish with the second floor. Tediously I mopped the floors, wiped the walls, and moved the furniture. When I finally was able to start with the living room, Laura suddenly approached me and hold her nose.

“Jim, you smell awful. Go, and take a bath. Please also put back your clothes. Make it quick. We are going out,” announced my tormentor.

Happy to leave all the hard work behind, I ran to the bathroom. I washed and scrubbed myself trying to get rid of stinky odor. Excited to go out with Laura, I was ready to do everything to look presentable in her eyes. Dying with anticipation, I hastily dressed and exited the bathroom. Suddenly, my left ear was struck by the strong pain. Extremely angry stood next to me and pulled my ear with her fingers. She dragged me to one of the corners of her bedroom. I forgot there a small pile of dirt while I was cleaning the floor.

She also showed me number of other places, where I could probably be doing a better job.

“Look, Jim. This is unacceptable. I gave a simple order, but you failed to follow it. I will have to punish you. You are lucky, that I have reserved a table and we can’t be late. Let’s go now!” Laura angrily told me.

“Laura, I am truly sorry. It won’t happen again. Can I make it up to you?” I asked her apologetically.

“Hmm. Actually you can. You will introduce me to your parents. That doesn’t mean your punishment is canceled, though” she said.

“Sure. I will be honored,” I readily replied amazed by the speed the things are moving between us.

Apparently, Laura thought the same way too. She put her hand on my shoulder and proclaimed:

“You are the best boyfriend I ever had. If only you listened to me more, you would be priceless. Yet, I like you as you are,” she joyfully told me, and softly kissed my cheek.

Going out again

Her sudden changes of temper made me mad. Just moments ago she was extremely angry on me, and now she is fondling me. Despite my numerous attempts to find out about the place we are going, Laura kept it secret. Only when we arrived there, I figured out that she got us in a best restaurant in town. This small Italian venture was well known way beyond our city. It was absolutely impossible to make a reservation there without strong connections. Yet, my handsome girlfriend, succeeded to get us a table. I was truly impressed. My admiring look told her probably everything, as she playfully winked.

When we entered restaurant's hall, we immediately became the center of attention. Slowly pacing between the tables Laura led me toward our table, completely disregarding all the looks. She wasn't interested in anyone except me. When we finally sat, Laura bent slightly to me.

"So, Jim, how do you like your girlfriend, so far?" she casually asked me.

"Honestly?" I asked.

"I always want you to be honest with me." Was her immediate answer.

"Well. I think, I am in love with you. One part of me likes your beauty, openness, and intelligence. Surprisingly enough, the other part of me likes your "suggestions" and the way you convince me to follow them," I said the last words and felt like I did another step toward changing myself.

I openly admitted now, not just my desire to be with Laura, but also my enjoyment from her treating me so far. I told her my best kept secret, something I refused to concede until now. Yes, all these humiliations were very intense and demeaning. Yet, I liked them as they emphasized the enormous gap between me and my Goddess. Don't get me wrong, by no means had I liked to suffer. No, not at all. I just got excited from every opportunity Laura showed me my true place. I was shocked by my honesty. Surprisingly enough, Laura received my confession with pleasure.

"Hmm. It comes a little early, but I really hoped for that. I told you that you are my best boyfriend, and you keep proving it. Let's celebrate it!"

My special drink

She ordered an expensive French champagne. When it arrived Laura asked the waitress to congratulate me with a “special occasion”. Quiet embarrassed, red faced, I had to listen to all the blessings. People kept coming to praise and I sat still with the filled glass in my hand. Finally, when the celebration was over, I raised the glass to my lips in order to drink from it. However, Laura moved her index finger from side to side as telling me to stop. My amazed look was met by her mischievous smile.

“Today, you will be drinking something else. I want this occasion to be forever in your memory. Also, a new drink perfectly fits your confession,” she joyfully explained.

Puzzled, I stared at her. I really didn’t have any clue whatsoever about this “new drink”. When Laura asked me to excuse her and took my glass to the kitchen, I became slightly worried.

“What is she planning to do to me?” I kept asking myself.

After 5 minutes or so, my vicious beauty had returned with the glass. Seemingly, the same yellow liquid was still there. When with the innocent smile she gave it back to me, I was surprised to find it much warmer than it was before. My perplexed face expression instantly changed when I brought the mixture closer. Strong familiar scent immediately told me the truth. I was about to drink the other sort of champagne, the champagne of my lovely Goddess. Disgusted, I grimaced and hastily put the glass on the table.

“Jim, I want you to drink this glass,” told me slowly Laura, as if speaking to a kid.

Moreover, she stared at my eyes to see any objection. I started trembling from the impossible dilemma. From one side, the mixture in the glass was absolutely off limits for me. From the other side, Laura has an overwhelming power over my free will. Eventually, the struggle between these two was absolutely won by the latest. Conceding my defeat, obediently, I took back the glass and made a small sip. Surprisingly enough, the taste wasn’t that bad at all. It was a slightly sweet liquid quite tolerable otherwise, if you forget the stinky odor and the origin of this substance. Laura’s face flourished with approval. Her eyes narrowed a little, as she

was still trying to apprehend my surrender. It looked like some kind of test she wanted me to endure. We both realized that I just successfully passed it, and crossed another point of no return.

“Jim, I am so proud of you. You made a huge advance in your training,” reassured me Laura.

Her last words made wonders to me. With the renewed confidence I continued to drink my mixture, not paying attention to anything else. Keeping Laura happy and proud of me, was the most important part. I got quickly accustomed to this strange taste and shortly enough the glass was empty. Laura’s beaming with joy look told me everything. She was enjoying my utter debasement even more than I did.

Next, Laura tried to remind me my promise.

“Jim, call you parent. Tell them that we can visit them tomorrow’s evening. Our morning hours are booked already.”

“Ok, no problem. I am not aware of any plans for tomorrow.” I replied.

“Jim, stop be such a jerk. I told you we have plans. That’s all you should know for now!” she almost screamed on me.

I called my mom and asked whether I can visit her tomorrow. She was surprised by my sudden request, but gladly agreed when she heard me saying:

“Mom, I am bringing my girlfriend. She wants to meet both you and dad.”

“Oh, Jim. This is so sweet. I didn’t know you have a girlfriend. We are available all day.”

“Thanks mom. We will see at evening, Bye.” I told her and hung off.

When the lunch was over and we were on our way out, Laura pulled me closer and tenderly kissed my cheek. My attempt to return her a favor was met with a grimace on her face.

“No, Jim. After your last drink, you can’t kiss me. This is gross,” was all she said to me, and quickly left to our car.

Slightly disappointed, I followed my amazing Lady to the car. Without telling me where we are going, she confidently took driver’s seat and

motioned me to sit in the back.

“Your mouth stinks like a toilet. I don’t want you to sit next to me,” she explained.

My punishment

When I took my seat, Laura quickly turned on the engine and started to drive. Afraid to ask her too many questions, I just gazed around trying in vain to guess our destination. To my utter surprise, we arrived at the pet shop.

“I thought how to punish too. Then I realized that if you can’t clean after yourself like a human, than you should be treated as animal. So, I decided to keep you all this evening as my puppy. Any objections? No. So, let’s purchase some equipment,” Laura explained and strolled inside.

We went straightly to the dog department. Overwhelmed with all the variety of choices, my cruel tormentor started to choose a collar for me. I knelt on the floor while she attached and checked different devices on my neck. Apparently, it was hard to find the right piece as most of the dogs had narrow necks. People were staring at us with different face expressions all the time. Some with understanding, other grimaced with disgust. When the right collar was finally found, we moved few steps across to look for the matching leash. Laura even tried one of the straps on me. She attached it to my collar, and gestured me to crawl while holding the other end with her hands. Obviously, she was checking leash’s strength as she abruptly pulled me back several times. Next, we chose a feeding bowl together with a big plastic bone. Laura definitely preferred sturdy looking accessories.

“Knowing your tantrum, I expect us to play this game very frequently,” she playfully explained me.

Finally, we reached the cashier to pay for all the purchases. I felt like the eyes of everyone in the store are attracted to me. Blushing and ashamed I hastily swiped my credit card and turned away.

“You know, we offer a free consultation for the new pet owners. Will you be interested?” asked the cashier.

“Nope. We do not need it,” I quickly replied on my way to exit.

“Jim, you ruined all the fun. Don’t you want to know how to handle our dog?” playfully asked me Laura in the car.

Already accustomed to her sarcastic sense of humor, I preferred to be quiet. We drove in silence all the way back home. I thought all the time about the recent events and their implications. I met Laura only a few days ago and we already tried so many different things together. I felt like I know her for ages. She instantly became a part of my life, more precisely my life spun around her. I began to be attached to my Lady so much, that I couldn't imagine myself without her.

When we arrived home, Laura surprisingly parked the car inside the garage. Usually she was leaving her vehicle on the street. I opened the door and stepped outside to check the new structure. However, Laura was already waiting for me with the new accessories.

"Where do you think you are going? Don't you remember your punishment? Please act as a puppy," she told me.

I instantly knelt and started to crawl toward her. When I reached Laura's legs, I tried to bark in order to entertain her. My futile attempts to mimic a dog, made my tormentor smiling from joy.

"What a wonderful puppy? Do you want your collar?" she playfully asked.

"Woof, woof," was my reply.

"Silly puppy. Clothes are for humans, not for dogs. Strip naked, and I will give you your collar!" announced my beauty.

Still under the influence of her soft voice, I hastily started to undress. When I was standing on my knees before her, my Goddess triumphantly locked a collar around my neck. She approvingly patted my head while repeating "Good puppy, good puppy" for several times. Next, through the open garage doors, she quickly threw the large bone we just bought.

"Fetch, puppy!" she screamed on me.

Seeing my puzzled face expression, Laura took a deep breath and tried to explain:

"Bring the bone with your teeth, silly dog!"

I hastily ran to look for the plastic piece. When I proudly returned it, the bone was all covered with my saliva. Grimaced Laura quickly threw it back on the grass. We played "Fetch" for a while. The bone became all soiled

with pieces of dirt, grass, and my saliva. At the end I hated this plastic chunk so much, that I wanted to torn it to pieces with my teeth.

Seeing my desperation, Laura pitifully tried another activity. She led through the backyard on the leash, trying to teach to follow her steps. Already accustomed to do it without the leash, this time I was dragged back and forth like a true dog. Whenever the fully stretched leash prevented my cruel girlfriend to walk further, she forcefully kicked me with her legs. Soon enough I learned how to do it right. The trick was to keep to watch closely her steps and keep the same distance all the time. Once I realized my mistakes, the leash became always loose again. Satisfied Laura gradually increased the pace trying to test my new ability. Yet, even when she started to run, I was able to follow her closely.

It was already late, when we both felt exhausted. Ordering me to stay put, Laura slowly walked to garage. She brought back with her a long hose with a valve on the end.

“Oh no. My dog is all dirty and stinky. I have to wash him!” she announced.

Next moment, I found myself standing under a strong cold water stream from the hose. Shivering and shaking I tried to sustain the chilling experience. However determined to do a good job, my amazing girlfriend kept pouring water on me. It took her some considerable time to clean me. Eventually, she stopped the stream and waived for me to crawl home. Luckily, my leash had been taken away, so I ran excitedly inside.

We went directly to the second floor. Crawling the stairs was a new experience for me. Carefully I switched my hands and legs afraid to fall down. Amused Laura closely watched my effort and even made some comments from time to time.

“What a wonderful puppy I have. He knows to climb the stairs like a big dog. I can find so many uses for his new skill. He will definitely be a big help for me!” she happily declared.

When we reached her bedroom, Laura surprisingly let me in. She commanded to wait for her and quickly disappeared in the bathroom. I kept sitting on the floor trying to survey the surrounding. Even though I already have been here before, I curiously looked around. This room was identical

to the one which I got previously. Yet, some girly touch on the walls and cabinets was clearly visible. This room was also very spacious and bright. Tired from all the day activities, I unconsciously took a nap.

I was awoken by the loud noise caused by opening the bathroom. My gorgeous Lady was standing before me in her divine nightly gown. Still unsure whether I am still dreaming, I tried to say something. However my attempt to express my appreciation, was abruptly cut.

“Good night, Jim. You are sleeping here on the floor tonight!” told me my tormentor.

My desperate pleas for mercy were fruitless.

“Stop whining already! One more sound and you will find yourself sleeping outside!” she angrily explained.

It took me a long time to find a suitable position. I constantly rolled back and forth trying to get some rest. Quietly, afraid to wake up my Goddess, I stretched and folded my numb legs and hands. Unfortunately, after I finally succeeded to hibernate, I felt a strong urge from my bladder. After all my attempts to suppress it had failed, I reluctantly decided to wake up Laura. Remembering to address her properly, I started to howl loudly.

“What is it puppy? What do you want now?” angrily asked me Laura.

She opened the light and looked inquiringly at me. Unable to explain with my own words, I just pointed my hand down to my belly.

“Do you want to pee, puppy? Is that what you want?”

“Woof, woof, woof,” I quickly replied, sure about grave consequences.

However, my gorgeous Lady wasn't mad at me, at all. In contrary, she seems to be very happy with my decision to wake her up.

“My puppy is housebroken! He knows where to make his needs. Let me take you there!” she proudly exclaimed, and led me downstairs.

Feeling the incredible pain inside, I didn't pay attention to where I was going. I just went down the stairs as fast as I could and followed Laura to the backyard. She led me to the tree, and left standing there waiting for me. Unknowing how to proceed I looked perplexed on her. At this moment, cold and awoken at the middle of the night, she started to lose her temper.

“Look, puppy. I can’t stay here all night. Do your business, as a dog should do, and I will take you back home!” she angrily screamed.

Embarrassed and shameful I raised my left leg, and tried to empty my bladder. Slow urine stream left my member and fell on the ground. Despite my tedious efforts to aim on the tree, my knees and even hands received their part of a waste too. When I finished and a pain faded away, Laura took me toward the familiar spot. She hosed me thoroughly once again, before allowing to enter her house. Extremely tired I followed my girlfriend back to her room, and laid on the floor. Although she also was worn out, Laura had other assignments for me.

“Go downstairs, and bring me your bowl, puppy!” she ordered.

Without much choice, I slowly raised my body and crawled downstairs. After 5 minutes or so, completely wasted, I stood in front of my Lady holding the bowl with my mouth.

“Turn around. Don’t be so rude. I have to pee too!” she commanded me next.

I quickly obeyed and changed my position. After I heard a noise of a pouring stream, I was allowed to turn back again. Expectedly, the bowl was full of Laura’s waste. She told me to drink it fully as another sign of my “commitment to her”. Already familiar with the taste, praying to go to sleep, I quickly lapped the smelly mixture. In no time, the bowl became empty and even shiny, as I licked it with my tongue. Laura appeased by my performance, closed the light and wished me goodnight. This long busy day came to an end.

Morning news

At morning I was woken up by a strong kick from Laura. Already dressed she ordered me to clean up her room, and wait for her to call me for breakfast. Still drowsy and shaken, I made Laura's bed, and swept the floor. When I was almost done, I heard Laura calling my name. I swiftly ran downstairs to the kitchen to meet my girlfriend. To my surprise, she put only one plate on the table. The second one was set on the floor.

"I can't sit at the same table with you. It's unthinkable and counterproductive. When we eat alone, you place will be always on the floor at my feet. Got it?" she asked while pointing her fork at me.

"Yes, Laura. I understand." I replied.

"From now on you will call me as "Mistress". I will not tolerate anything else from you."

"Yes, Mistress," was all I could say at that moment.

"Wait. I am not done with you, yet. If I am your Mistress, when that makes you my ...?" she asked me for continuation.

"Your slave, I guess, Mistress" I meekly answered, saying that word for the first time.

"Exactly. You are my slave! That is absolutely true!" Laura exclaimed loudly.

She gestured me to start eating my breakfast. Obediently, I dropped on my knees and savored my meal. It was tasteless and raw, but I didn't pay attention to it. All I could think about is my new status. I willingly became Laura's slave, her human possession. Even though I prepared myself for something like this, it all happened too fast. I lost all my free will, dignity, and self-esteem in a matter of seconds. There was no way back from that point. Defeated and completely devastated, I started crying. Instead of trying to calm me down, my new Mistress simply stood up and left.

A surprising outcome

After nearly 10 minutes she returned wearing most surprising outfit I have ever seen. She came into the room in black stockings, white bra and wearing the strap on device attached to her hips. The dildo stick was quite large and moved invitingly from side to side. Laura ordered me to stand up and bend my body forward, while placing my hand on the bed. After I eagerly complied, she pulled out some lubricating cream and smeared it over her fingers. Mistress even put some cream on my ass crack causing me to twitch. My trembling was met with the strong warning:

“Stay still, lousy bastard. I don’t remember allowing you any movement.”

After thoroughly moistening all my ass hole with cream, she shoved her first finger inside me. She wiggled it there for a while, pulled out, put back the finger again. Such alternation went on for some time until at some point I realized that two her fingers are already inside me. Frankly speaking I was surprised to have them inside without feeling anything unusual. I hoped that further intrusions would be painless too. However, my hopes were met with the cruel reality. When her third finger followed previous two, I felt sharp aching in my sphincter. My whole behinds went instantly on fire, and I started crying from intolerable pain.

“Shut up your mouth, slave!” Laura shouted at me.

When I stopped whining, she suddenly said:

“Turn your face to me.”

I turned and saw in front of my face the rubber stick, which persistently tried to climb into my mouth. I opened my mouth and heard:

“Well, little whore, now you know what it feels like to suck dick.”

I was surprised to hear the voice of my Mistress, but quickly regained my posture.

Suck deeper, bitch!” Laura said roughly.

With these words I began to stick my head on this dildo, and Laura increased the speed and pushed it deeper. A rubber member already rested deep inside throat, but she did not pause and had continued her violent intrusion. I tried to pull away, but it was not possible. Grabbing me by the

hair with both hands, she did not let me, continuing to grind a dildo of my throat, and it slipped surprisingly easy to somewhere in the larynx. After my face boiled down to her belly and her strap was on my chin, she pulled the member with the words:

“Well, how do you like it when I am so deep in your mouth? Believe me, this is just the beginning,” with these words, she continued to fuck me in the mouth.

The strange thing is that I loved it all, more and more. I was glad for the fact that she took my mouth first allowing me to lubricate the dildo thoroughly. I was sure, that my ass would thank Laura too, if only it was able to speak. Pulling once again a rubber stick of my throat she started to slap with it my face while saying:

“Oh my whore, do you like it?”

Since her spanking interspersed with planting of a dildo inside my mouth, I could not answer. However, my answer was not necessary for her. Tilting my head back she asked:

“Well, bitch, do you want more?”

Afraid to angry my Mistress, I just nodded. Laura pulled out a nylon bag and threw it to me, while saying:

“Then quickly dress up!”

The package turned out to contain the red stockings and lace thong of the same color. After I put on all this, I stood in front of my Mistress not knowing what to do. I felt like a real slut, with my standing member protruding from the top of the stockings. My awkward posture was instantly noticed by Laura. Laughing with joy, she playfully announced:

“Well, now you look like a whore, but you are still a virgin. Turn your back toward me. I'll fuck you in your little ass and made you my little bitch.”

Kneeling, once again, I felt how some grease is applied to my ass. Then Laura sharply pressed her artificial cock into my anus, and it went all the way through. I almost cried, the pain was wild. I tried to jump and pull away, but it did not work out. In front of me was a closet, and behind me, tightly holding was my Mistress.

“What do you want, whore? Don’t tell me you didn’t like that. I don’t believe you. All whores love when they get fucked from behind. I don’t care about your opinion, anyway. You are my slave and have to endure whatever all my wishes. I can guarantee you that this is only the beginning. I plan to use your filthy ass every day.”

The pain gradually went away, although the feeling that my ass is torn out, still remained. When my Mistress started to move, the pain came back. With every move she pushed deeper and deeper, until she reached my prostate. Taking me by the hair with her hand, she began to fuck me. Her dick nearly jumped out of me and she shoved it back, each time increasing the speed, while asking:

“Well, do you like it, whore?”

The whole mixture of speed, depth and power of punches, surprisingly excited me and made me hot. My member stiffened and I was ready to spit my sperm all around me. I focused on it and even started to moan from pleasure. I even moved in tact with Laura as if trying to help her dildo to penetrate me deeper. However my Mistress suddenly pulled out her dildo, and forcefully slapped my ass. Then she put it back at me, as if something had exploded from the inside, I felt such a buzz I have not received ever in my life. She began to repeat it on every movement, took out, clapped, then thrust again. I do not know how long it lasted, I just dropped out of the reality.

When I came to my senses, I found myself lying on the floor. Laura was sitting at the table and browsing through a pile of papers. Still filling pain, I made some sounds to get her attention.

“Are you awake already, bitch? Go to the bathroom and make yourself presentable. Your parents are waiting for us.” She ordered me.

I quickly obeyed and ran to the bathroom. Already taking a shower, I realized that something is inserted into my ass. I tried to touch with my fingers, but only sensed a small round surface on its edge. I immediately went out from the bath tub and bent my body in front of the mirror. To my surprise, some foreign object was indeed clearly seen inside of me. I tried in vain to take it out, but all my attempts failed. Worried and frightened I ran back to Laura. Remembering my manners, I asked her politely:

“Mistress, I have some object inside my behinds. I can’t take it out,” I confessed to her.

“Relax, bitch. This is a butt plug. I put it there for my convenience. Next time, I will want to use your ass, it won’t be so tight,” she readily replied.

“Mistress, can you please take it out? It feels weird.” I begged her.

“Hahaha. My whore doesn’t like her anal toy. Don’t worry, you will have used to it. Go put on your clothes, asshole!” she yelled at me.

Visiting my parents

We almost reached my parent's house, when Laura suddenly stopped the car and turned her head to me.

"I am going to tell them, that we are getting married. Any objections?" she absent mindedly asked.

"What? Are you insane? Why are doing it?" I almost yelled at her.

"I will forgive you for now for the lack of respect. I decided that we have to marry. Don't you want to marry me, slave?" she inquired in a strict tone.

"Yes, Mistress. I will be honored to marry you." I answered, still not sure whether to be happy or sad.

From one hand, to be with such gorgeous woman was all my desire. Yet, that would also mean to be her permanent slave. Perplexed, I didn't know how to react. The things really ran too fast between us. I only knew this girl for a few days, and she already wants to marry me.

"Great. I think, for now we will wait with a specific date. It will be enough if we just let them know our intentions. Don't you agree, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress. You are absolutely right. My parents are very conservative. They wouldn't like to marry so soon." I answered.

Shortly enough, when we finally made to their house, my parents became mesmerized by Laura. She completely captivated them with her beauty, perfect manners, and intelligence. She endlessly spoke about our mutual love, respect, and passion. Surprisingly enough, she never fully lied to them with her stories. She just dropped some details, portraying a humiliating activity as a tale filled with appreciation and lust. My poor parents were all crazy about Laura, and quickly regarded her as part of our family.

"So, you have to marry that girl!" told me my dad when we were left alone.

"She is a perfect match for you," added my mom.

From that moment I understood that I am completely surrounded and conquered. My own parents will never forgive me if I will abandon Laura. In addition, a small engaging ring on my scrotum together with a butt plug, all ensured my sheer dedication to her. Lastly, her absolute power over me,

gave her an undeniable advantage in all our possible arguments. Overall, in no time that girl succeeded to make me her true subject, and even ensured the endless longevity of this my new status.

Honesty is a virtue

We kissed my parents goodbye and drove home. Silently I sat in the back seat still thinking about my observations. My thoughts were abruptly cut inside the house, when I was told to strip and to take my position on the floor.

“Tomorrow, I want you to collect all the information about your strategic customers. You will bring me all this data including names, addresses, and terms of their deals. Is it clear, slave?”

“I can’t do it, Mistress. This is a strictly confidential material. I can be fired, or even sued for this.” I replied her, already starting to suspect something.

“I do not care slave. Don’t ask me to repeat it twice. I need this information, and you will bring it to me!” she insisted.

“Maybe we can find some compromise? Please understand me, Mistress.” I tried to beg her.

“Hahaha. You don’t understand it yet, stupid creature. Let me tell you a story.”

“My manager left our company last month. Since then, there is a nasty competition between me and a couple of other guys. I was working hard to get this promotion. However, last week I learned that someone else is taking the place, which I already regarded as mine. Unable to accept my defeat, I needed something quick in order to convince everybody. When I accidentally found your name, I understood what I should do.”

“I met you and quickly convinced to date me. To my surprise, you became obsessed with me. Moreover, your submissive nature had prevailed, and you started to enjoy my power over you. From that point, my task began very easy. All I should do is just to find out new ways to humiliate you further. I must confess, that if at the beginning I was quite appalled by it, I started to like this new life style.”

“Our trip to your parents, should be serving my purpose too. I tried my best to impress them. Now they are on my side too.”

“You know what? I will give you two options. You can put back on all your clothes and leave my house now. I promise I will not tell anyone about what

happened between us. Of course, you will have to deal with our break out, the toys I left on your body, and your parent, of course.”

“Another option is to stay here on my terms. To stop questing my orders, and become my property forever. The choice is yours, Jim!” she triumphantly proclaimed.

The problem was that I didn’t have any choice for quite some time already. I already decided everything for me way back ago. During her confession I became even more convinced in a correctness of my decision.

Slowly I stood on all fours and crawled toward Laura’s legs. Sticking out my tongue I eagerly started to lick her divine feet. My submission to her just became final.

“I would take it as a “Yes” for second option, I guess. Goodbye, Jim. Welcome back home, my new slave!”

The END

San Francisco. January 2017